November 28, 1962

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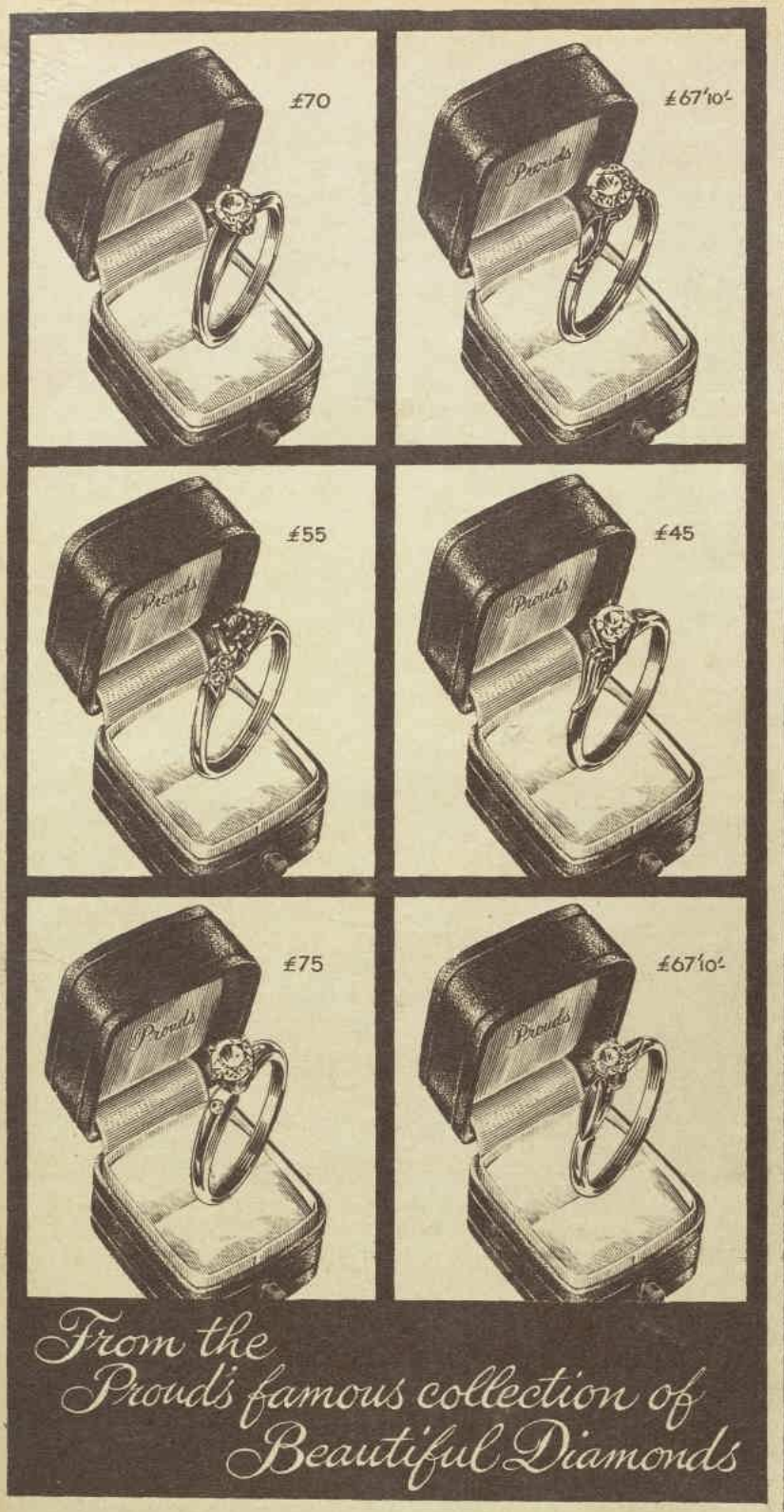

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● "Could World War III start by accident?" This is the theme the most chilling suspense novel of the atom age, which we beg in this issue (page 43) as a serial in two long parts.

"FAIL-SAFE" electrified America when it was published there last month.

Its authors are Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler, shown relaxing below in the Californian sun at the former's beach house after finishing their final revision of the novel.

Eugene Burdick, co-author of another sensational novel, "The Ugly American," is a Professor of Political Science at the University of Southern California.

Harvey Wheeler is also a Political Science Professor —at Washington and Lee University, Virginia.

When Eugene Burdick was in Australia in August to collect material for a book on Australia and New Zealand, he talked about "Fail-Safe" to staff reporter Carol Tattersfield.

He told Carol he had interviewed President Kennedy for background and to discuss the telephone calls with Premier Khrushchev, which are a feature of the novel.

He also said that talking to physicists had convinced him that the production of so many missiles and nuclear techniques could lead to war by accident.

★ ★ ★

CYNTHIA ROBINSON, who prepared our special Commonwealth Games preview, which begins on the opposite page, says:

The flags of the 33 competing nations flutter colorfully inside the entrance to the Games Village, Perth, and they'll remain there till the teams leave for home after the Games — or till they're souvenired.

Every time the Olympic and Commonwealth Games are held, the problem of protecting the flags from souvenir-hunters becomes a tougher challenge than winning a gold medal.

This year, competition among the athletes to souvenir flags is likely to be keener than ever, for there are some fascinating new flags making their fi Games appearance.

These include the striki red, black, and yellow strip flag of Uganda, which gain its independence on Octob 9, and the green, yellow, a black striped flag of Tanga yika, which won indepe dence last year.

It won't be easy for at letes to souvenir these flag but at least they won't fa the penalties they did wh they tackled the flags at t Rome Olympic Village 1960.

In Italy there's no su thing as souvenirring. I all regarded as stealing.

Luckily the athletes wl made daring midnight rai on the flagpoles there e caped capture, but at lea one journalist spent the nig in a Roman gaol after he been hauled down from flagpole at the Games Pre Centre by Italian police.

★ ★ ★

"YOU Never Can Tell the short story 1 Eileen Herbert Jorda (pages 20, 21), has a American setting, but it the story of any woma any family, any husban anywhere.

We think you'll like very much. We did.

The American author, private life Mrs. John Lo nam, has a blue-eyed sma daughter, Ellen Cary.

● *Authors Burdick (left) and Wheeler.*

Our cover

● A flock of sheep on country road—a peace ful scene typical o Australia. Mr. T. F. Co tello, of "Riverview, Upper Manilla, nea Tamworth, N.S.W. moves the flock with horse and dogs. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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PREVIEW OF THE GAMES

***FLAGS OF THE NATIONS** taking part in the Perth Commonwealth Games flutter in colorful formation inside the entrance to the Games Village. The Duke of Edinburgh, pictured above, will open the Games.*

● When the Duke of Edinburgh officially opens the Commonwealth Games on November 22, Perth will become, for ten excitement-packed days, the hub of the Commonwealth of Nations.

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

AS host city for the Seventh Empire and Commonwealth Games, Perth is entertaining thousands of overseas and interstate visitors, in addition to nearly 1200 competitors from 33 nations.

Top of the guest list is, of course, Prince Philip, who is visiting Australia for the first time since he opened the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne.

It's no wonder the city is bursting—both at the seams and with pride.

The pride has increased daily as more and more people have arrived by road, rail, sea, and air, and Perth has got properly into its international swing.

In an effort to make these the biggest and best Commonwealth Games ever staged, the West has spent more than £3,000,000 on preparations, including magnificent Olympic-standard venues.

Second only to the Olympics on the international sports calendar, the Commonwealth Games, like the Olympics, are held every four years.

Though this is just the seventh time the Games have been staged, their history goes back seventy-one years to August, 1891, when an Englishman, J. Astley Cooper, outlined his plan for a "Pan-Britannic Festival."

In a letter to the "London Times" he suggested that "Imperial athletic contests" were desirable since "the future relationship of the various portions of the Empire rests chiefly in the hands of the young men of the Empire."

It wasn't until 1911, however, that the first recorded Games were held.

Then, as part of the celebrations at the coronation of King George V, there was a "Festival of Empire."

The kingsize cup

Invitations were sent to Australia, Canada, and South Africa to compete with the athletes of Great Britain in deciding Empire supremacy, and the Canadian team took home the trophy—a kingsize 340oz. silver cup.

The next development on the Empire Games front was delayed until 1928, when, during the Amsterdam Olympics, the goodwill and friendliness of Empire athletes strengthened the idea of regular competition among them.

The first British Empire Games were held in Hamilton, Canada, in 1930, when 11 countries competed. Since then they've grown enormously in size and popularity and have been held every four years, except during the war.

Though the Games have grown, the cup has "shrunk." In 1934 the massive silver trophy was melted down to make a cup of smaller dimensions, to be retained in perpetuity by the Games Federation, and several replicas, which were presented to the countries forming the Games movement.

In general construction and strictly amateur principle the Empire Games are based on the Olympics model. The essential difference is that they are intended to be taken less seriously than the Olympics and they usually are.

To quote the official document which proclaimed the decision to hold the first Empire Games: "They shall be merrier and less stern and will substitute the stimulus of a novel adventure for the pressure of international rivalry."

The name of the Games was changed to the "British Empire *and Commonwealth* Games" in 1952 to cope with the changing Commonwealth scene as more and more countries gained their independence.

Perth is the second Australian city to stage the Games; the first was Sydney, the host city to the Third Empire Games in 1938.

On that occasion, and again in Auckland in 1950, Australia proved to be the Commonwealth's top sporting nation.

This year, fielding a biggest-ever team of 247, Australia hopes to take the honors again, but it won't be easy to down the star-studded teams from England and Canada.

Two major nations missing from the Games scene this year are South Africa and India.

South Africa, which has always been one of the toughest nations to beat, has withdrawn from the Commonwealth since the 1958 Cardiff Games, and India's last-minute decision not to send a team was made when its border war with China flared up recently.

● Continued overleaf

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THE GAMES VILLAGE

. . . suddenly it's "home" to athletes from everywhere.

THE BLACK SWANS in the pond at Perth Airport were alone in their indifference as excited athletes from Commonwealth countries began pouring in for the Games. Watching the swans with great interest are (from left) Brian Davidson, Scottish diver; B. Cowie, Scottish breaststroke swimmer; Bob McGregor, Scottish freestyle swimmer; two English divers, Margaret Austen and Joy Newman; and Ian Blythe, Scottish butterfly swimmer.

THREE BELFAST GIRLS. The girls (from left) are sprinter Joan Atkinson, high-jumper Thelma Hopkins, and shot-put star Mary Peters.

● The Commonwealth Games Village at Perth is a sea of panama hats—and almost every athlete has had his troubles with his hat.

By WINFRED BISSET

THE Aden team, first visiting team to have its flag raised in the Village, could not keep their hats on their heads before the ceremony, and proceedings were held up while first one then another of the team chased his hat along the bitumen road in the teeth of a tearing gale.

Some of the Kenya hats were too big and the locals had to put the team on to the lurk of filling the inside band with paper to make them grip.

Despite this, a capricious wind still whipped them off.

Several of their hatbands were of striped zebra-skin.

The Uganda team had no hats at all, and within two hours of arrival were having their heads measured for a Perth firm to make 23 hats.

The English teams wore theirs firm and straight on the head. The Scots were inclined to curl up the brims on either side and push them up in front like a lot of American newspaper correspondents.

We felt the sunny West had cast a slur on its reputation by turning on September gales for the two days of the biggest number of arrivals.

The English arrived at Perth Airport before dawn.

"Isn't it warm?" they said, with memories of November fogs in England.

The Africans arrived in a gay Italian plane at 11 the same morning.

"Is it always as cold and blowy as this?" they asked as they buttoned their inadequate blazers and hung on to their brand-new hats.

The Fijians arrived in blazers and lap-laps—no panama hats.

Australia was new to the Africans, and they stepped from their planes rather solemnly with a look of not knowing what to expect.

By the time the photographers had jollied them on the tarmac and the welcoming committee had met them in the main hall of the airport, they were all smiles.

Perth Airport has never been asked to take such a battering in its history. We were all proud that the overseas visitors were greeted by the lofty halls and up-to-date amenities of the new terminal.

Only the black swans in the airport pond were unimpressed. They ruffled their feathers, huddled together against the wind, and turned their backs on the arrivals.

At the Games Village we the sound of Scottish pipes Mr. James Mackay, aged 8 and former Seaforth Highlander, was doing his bit, piping the raising of the flag outside the Village home of each newly arrived team.

Aden was the first for the ceremony. Six athletes came from this sunbaked corner of the world.

The pipes could be heard

ZEBRA-SKIN briefcases were carried by each of the Kenya bowling team. They are (from left) Jimmy Noon, Malvin Katzler, Ted Wiltshire, Bill Coackley, George Ashford.

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LEAPS TO LIFE

HAT TROUBLE for the Tanganyikans, who could not manage their panamas in the high wind. They are (from left) long-distance runner Paschal Mfyomi, manager K. B. Abdallah, and long-distance runner John Stephen. All three are from Dar es Salaam, African for "House of Peace."

DAWN FRASER, Australia's swimming sensation, pictured arriving in Perth with her mother, Mrs. Rose Fraser, of Sydney. Dawn, who hadn't then received her uniform, wore a white Breton hat.

first in the distance. Then the hoisting party came into view — a member of the Navy, Army, Air Force — preceded by Mr. Mackay.

They stood to attention in front of the flagpole. The Aden party stood to attention and took off their hats.

Slowly the Aden flag with its Arab-dhow insignia fluttered to the top of the pole, and a little silence fell, broken only by the crash of waves of the Indian Ocean just over the sandhill.

Then James Mackay pressed the pipes firmly under his arm, a sad but impressive sound floated over Aden House, and the ceremony was over.

Thirty-two more countries were given the same treatment by Mr. Mackay. He lived at the Village until his work was over.

A man pulled up in a car and a dozen of the English team gathered around. He had a live kookaburra in the car. The English girls stared, fascinated. The kooka stared back.

All sorts of accents floated around the canteen as we had lunch there — clipped English, soft African, musical Welsh, good strong Glaswegian, Highland Scots, and delightful Irish.

Track suits in vivid colors went flashing by the window.

The Village is no place for a person with skinny legs. If you have bulging calves and have forgotten to bring your pass you have a much better chance of getting past the gate guard.

One thick-set journalist left his accreditation at home. He looked like a weight-lifter and was let through as one!

The girls' quarters are behind high wire fences. We passed through (with accreditation, but scrutinised carefully nonetheless) looking for the English swimmer Anita Lonsbrough. But she had gone sightseeing after the 27-hour plane trip and we couldn't find her.

Unpacked cases were on the floor, the beds were neatly covered with gift parcels, stationery, invitations, and there was a milk bottle outside on the doorstep ready for a cup of tea if need be. A large TV set was ready to be switched on.

Twenty-four hours after the overseas teams' arrival, their washing was out on the rotary-hoist clotheslines — frilly things on the girls' lines and business-like track suits with the odd nylon shirt on the men's.

It was like a holiday camp. The athletes moved in and out of the post office, queued for the public phone, meandered into the banks, or drank coffee out in the sun while hit tunes came over the public-address system.

Curfew is at 9 p.m., but long before that there was peace over the Village, lights on in the Village houses, and empty milk bottles out on the doorstep.

After four years of preparation the Games Village was fully occupied.

After four years of effort, the organising committee got their reward when one English girl was heard to say to another out at Perry Lakes Stadium, "Come on, let's go home now."

They knew then that the Village was home to the athletes, and that they had done a good job.

A LITTLE BIT OF HOME. Mr. James Mackay plays "Ye Bonnie Banks and Braes" to Scottish boxer John McDermott (left), boxer Bob Mallon (centre), and weight-lifter James Moir. James Mackay, who came originally from Caithnesshire, Scotland, is now a resident of Perth.

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Sybille's menus pack a punch

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● If Australia's glamor boxer Tony Madigan scores a gold medal at the Perth Games, he'll attribute his winning punch to his wife, even though her rich Continental cooking almost sabotaged his training programme.

THE WINNER: Kendall Madigan, the 15-month-old son of Games boxer Tony Madigan, gives the victory sign with his father's glove.

FOR Tony, who wed attractive German-born Sybille a month or after the Rome Olympics in 1960, believes marriage is the greatest thing that can happen to athlete."

Certainly the 32-year-old boxer, who a few months ago terminated his successful male-modelling career in New York so that he could compete in the Games, has never looked better.

Just before he left Sydney for Perth, Tony said he felt he was fighting more effectively than ever before.

"I'm sure this is because I've never been happier or more relaxed, and married life is the reason," he said.

"For one thing, I'm eating regular meals.

"I have a good breakfast instead of just grabbing a cup of coffee, and I have a regular dinner at night.

"When you're single you spend half your time at parties or eating out."

Tony's deep blue eyes looked earnest.

"Also, when you're a bachelor you spend a certain amount of time worrying and wondering about girl-friends," he said.

"You wonder about whether you've impressed your latest craze, or whether you should ask for a date with some cute blonde.

"When you're married you're emotionally secure. You can concentrate 100 per cent. on training, and this is more than half the battle."

Marriage has so far brought only one problem—and it's a weighty one.

"I'm 13st. 1lb., the heaviest I've ever been," he said. "In the light-heavyweight division I'm allowed to be 12st. 10lb., but I like to fight at 12st. 7lb., so I have some reducing to do.

"You know, I couldn't work out why I was putting on weight till the other night I saw Sybille preparing a sauce for dinner.

"It was the greatest to eat, but boy, those calories! After she'd mixed about a quarter of a pound of butter with onions and all those things, she poured a pint of cream into it."

A rugged six-footer, Tony represented Australia at the Helsinki, Melbourne, and Rome Olympics, and at the Vancouver and Cardiff Empire Games.

At Cardiff he won a gold medal; at Rome, a bronze one. And he's regarded as a gold medal certainty for Perth.

"But I hope no one's counting too much on that medal," he said.

"You don't know what weird but winning punches some of those wild men from Africa come up with."

THE MADIGAN FAMILY. Tony, his wife, Sybille, and baby Kendall pictured outside their flat in the Sydney suburb of Woollahra.

"Fabulous"

If Tony hadn't liked boxing so much he would now be lazing in luxury on a world trip instead of training hard in Perth.

"Just before I left New York in July, I was offered a free trip," said Tony. "It would have taken several months, and the only work involved was photographic modelling in tourist spots.

"It would have been fabulous, but I'd have missed out on the Games.

"But I guess that's the story of my life. Often good opportunities have cropped up, but I've turned them down for boxing."

Tony, formerly a sales representative for an Australian cigarette firm, has in recent years been earning 40 dollars (£A18) an hour modelling in New York.

Now, back in Sydney with his wife and their 15-month-old son, Kendall, he is working as a car salesman.

"Regrets about leaving New York? Not really. It's a great place to live, but now that I'm a family man I must start to settle down and build a career.

"I'm still doing a little male modelling, but there's not the scope or money here.

"Anyway, I don't want it as my life work. There's not much personal satisfaction in it. You can't go home to your wife and say, 'Darling, it's been a tough day . . . so many big decisions!' Now, can you?

"Besides, everyone thinks you're such a prawn."

Tony, who had bit parts in a few American TV series, including "The Naked City," said his real ambition now was to become a TV sports commentator, even if it meant just part-time work.

When you're talking to the charming Mr. Boxing of the amateur world it isn't long before the conversation reverts to the fight game.

"I've no regrets about turning down offers to become a pro," said Tony.

"Pro fighting is for the birds. Many end up broke or punchy, or both."

Boxing used to be Tony's favorite topic of conversation, but these days two other subjects often beat it.

First there's Sybille, a brainy, model-type beauty who was working in New York as an interpreter with a publishing firm.

Then there's Kendall, about whom Tony admits he's "crazy."

"I didn't think I'd be this sort of father, but I suppose it happens to us all one day," said Tony with a proud grin.

NEXT WEEK:

How to care for pets

—six-page section

Have you—or would you like to have—a dog, a cat, white mice, or a tortoise as a pet?

A special six-page feature, adapted from a book by a leading Australian veterinary surgeon, tells how to care for your pets.

It advises on feeding, housing, and safeguarding pets to keep them happy.

There are hints on what to look for when choosing a dog or cat; how to tell whether they are healthy.

All the advice is in a handy section to pull from the paper and keep.

● To make a water-garden

Until lately, making even a small garden plot was a difficult project. Now it is simplified by plastic materials.

A four-page feature, illustrated in color, tells how to construct plastic and concrete pools; suggests the plants to decorate them to add cool beauty to your garden.

● Twenty Christmas recipes

Fun and food go together — especially at a Christmas party.

In a four-page section are 20 recipes for appetisers, supper snacks, and easy-to-serve main-course dishes for buffet meals.

All the recipes have been planned for a party of ten, but they can be easily adapted for a larger or smaller number.

● Teenagers choose own fashions

Students—boys and girls—from Sydney University chose from a store's summer range the clothes and accessories they liked best. Some of these smart and wearable fashions—which the students would love to own—are shown in color in Teenagers' Weekly.

● Hartnell parade at stately home

"Cliveden," stately English home of Viscount and Lady Astor, was opened recently for a special showing of a collection by Royal couturier Norman Hartnell.

In color are pictures of the fashions, "Cliveden" itself, and Lady Astor, formerly Bronwen Pugh, top model at Pierre Balmain's Paris salon.

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Behind the scenes

• At the Games Village, Perth, there are nearly 1200 Commonwealth athletes, each with his or her own story. Here are the stories of five members of Australia's team.

Aborigines make first appearance

THREE boxers from the peanut-growing district of Kingaroy, Queensland, will create sporting history in Perth by becoming the first full-blooded aborigines to represent Australia at the Commonwealth Games.

The trio, who are full of pride at winning their Australian blazers, are lightweight Adrian Blair, bantamweight Jeff Dynevor, and flyweight Eddie Barney.

Perhaps the proudest of all is 20-year-old Eddie Barney, who nearly won a trip to Rome for the 1960 Olympics.

When he missed out on a points decision in the Olympic selection trials he threw his steel guitar over his shoulder and went "walkabout" for more than a year.

He took odd jobs droving and boundary-riding, and after this spell of sleeping under the stars it was a much tougher Eddie Barney who returned to Kingaroy to put on his gloves again and win his way into the Perth Games.

Eddie, who could cause a Games upset by punching his way to the finals, and possibly to a medal, now works with the Murgon Shire Council.

He's the son of Eddie Gilbert, the fastest bowler Queensland has produced and the man who caused a sensation by dismissing Sir Donald Bradman for a duck in Sheffield Shield cricket.

Eddie fights under the name of Barney because when he was a child his father became ill and he was adopted by friends (named Barney) at the Barambah Settlement, north-east of Kingaroy.

THREE ABORIGINAL BOXERS . . . Adrian Blair, Jeff Dynevor, and Eddie Barney.

It's tough when you're all at sea

BURLY, red-haired Charles Morris, who represented Australia in the hammer-throwing division at the Melbourne Olympics and the Cardiff Empire Games, thinks he's since had "unfair competition from landlubbers."

For Charles, a lieutenant in the Royal Australian Navy, spent 1959 and 1960 at sea.

"I've had my feet on firm ground just long enough since then to clinch a place in the Perth Games team, but as soon as I've thrown the hammer there I'll be back at sea," he said.

An Englishman, with a good touch of wit, Charles began his athletic career in 1955 with a Sydney naval club.

He began as a walker, but the club was short of a hammer-thrower, so the obliging Lieut. Morris tried his hand and one season later was representing Australia at the Melbourne Olympics.

He maintained his form to go to Cardiff in 1958, but then joined H.M.A.S. Melbourne and spent nearly all of 1959 and 1960 on SEATO exercises.

"I still had thoughts of making the Rome Olympics, but it's a helluva job trying to train for hammer-throwing aboard an aircraft-carrier," he said. "A good throw and the hammer's seaborne."

A shore posting at H.M.A.S. Albatross, Nowra, N.S.W., has given Charles the chance to train for Perth.

He's not over-optimistic about his chances of winning a medal, but says there's "some hope." It's possible the top Commonwealth man will not throw over 200ft., and in pre-Games throws he has reached 196ft. 6in.

Win, lose, or draw, it's back to sea for Charles as soon as the Games are over.

He flew to Perth with the rest of the Australian team, but he'll be returning to Sydney by sea. H.M.A.S. Quickmatch, his new ship, will be in Perth for the Games and he'll join it there.

HAMMER-THROWER . . . Lieut. C. Morris.

WRESTLER . . . Police Sergt. Jim Armstrong.

At 45, Jim is still a champ

THERE'S no age limit to winning a gold medal, and a broad-shouldered, 45-year-old Sydney policeman is likely to be Australia's oldest champion at the Perth Games.

He is light-heavyweight wrestler Sergeant Jim Armstrong, who already holds the title of the oldest member of Australia's team, with the exception of the lawn bowls veterans.

Sergeant Armstrong found wrestling was a compulsory course when he joined the Police Force 22 years ago, but he was a natural. In his first year he won the N.S.W. amateur title, which he has held since.

He also held the national heavyweight title in 1946, 1948, and 1950. In 1948 he won a bronze medal at the London Olympics and in 1950 he won the heavyweight title at the Empire Games in Auckland.

Until 1960 he was a heavyweight, wrestling men weighing up to 20st.

"They were always a bit big for me at 16st.," he said. "When they brought in the new light-heavyweight division in 1960 I brought my weight down to 15st 4lb. so I could wrestle in that class."

Then in 1960 he belied the saying that "they never come back" by becoming Australian light-heavy champ.

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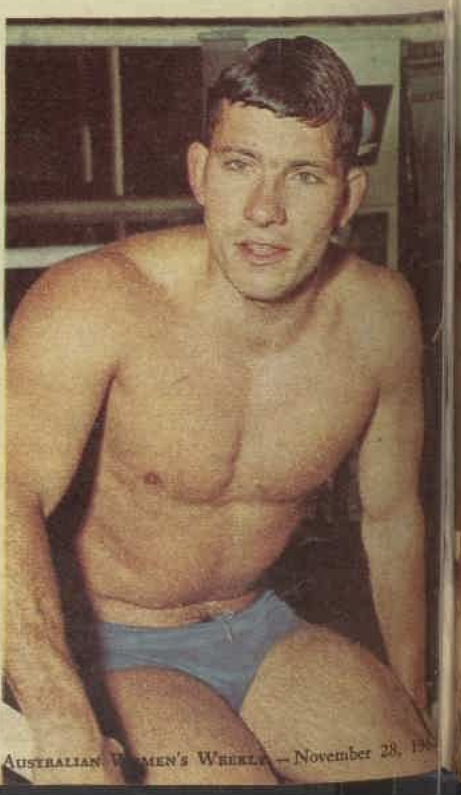
PERTH
WESTERN AUSTRALIA

● Australia will have 247 representatives battling to win a record swag of gold, silver, and bronze medals at the Perth Games. Though they're a star-spangled team, their task won't be easy, for many of those who brought glory (and 27 gold medals) to Australia at the 1958 Cardiff Games have retired or lost their sparkle. The swimmers and athletes pictured on these pages are some of Australia's top gold-medal hopes.

DAWN FRASER, the world's fastest woman swimmer, is one of the greatest gold-medal "certainties" of the Commonwealth Games. A veteran of 25, Dawn recently became the first woman to break the minute for 110yds. Her amazing time was 59.9sec. The winner of gold medals at Melbourne, Cardiff, and Rome, she's expected to conquer the 110yds. event, but could also win gold medals in the 440yds. freestyle and the 4 x 110yds. relay.

MURRAY ROSE is almost certain to be a triple gold-medallist in Perth. The 23-year-old swimmer, who returned from America to swim at the Games, should, on form, win the 440yds. and 1650yds. titles and swim with the victorious 4 x 220yds. relay team. Rose has already won three gold medals at the Melbourne Olympics and two in Rome.



JULIAN CARROLL, Australia's 20-year-old backstroke champion, could capture a gold medal in either the 110yds. or 220yds. event — or both. He'll have strong opposition from both Britain and New Zealand, however, and will have to improve on his recent times. Julian, who comes from N.S.W., was in the Rome Games team. He also has medal prospects in the medley relay event, which the Australian team won at the 1958 Cardiff Games and could take again.

KEVIN BERRY, Australia's sensational butterfly swimmer, seems set to win three gold medals in Perth. Kevin, who was in the Rome Olympics team, is regarded as a certainty in the 110yds. and 220yds. butterfly events, and could also collect a gold medal with the medley relay team. Kevin holds the world records of 59.4sec. for the 110yds. and 2min. 9.7sec. for the 220. His nearest rival is likely to be team-mate Neville Hayes, a silver-medallist in Rome.

DAVID DICKSON, the 21-year-old captain of the men's swim team, could carry off the 110yds. freestyle event, though he faces strong opposition from team-mate Peter Phelps and Canadian Richard Pound. David, who won a silver medal in the event in Rome in 1960, has recorded 55.8 for the distance. He has great chances of a gold medal as a member of the 4 x 220yds. relay team.

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MEDAL HOPES

DIXIE WILLIS, the current super-woman of athletes, seems certain to be first past the finishing post in the 880yds. event. The 21-year-old Western Australian, who holds the world record of 2min. 2sec. for the distance, is expected to break the two-minute barrier for the half mile. Dixie was almost unknown before Rome, when she ran magnificently in the 800-metre event.

BETTY CUTHBERT, Australia's "Golden Girl" of the 1956 Melbourne Olympics, retired from athletics after the Rome Games when she was dogged by injury. She promises to make a golden comeback in Perth, however, and is a popular prediction for the 110yds. and 220yds. titles. She is even more certain to take a gold medal as a member of the 4 x 110yds. relay team. Betty is 24.

MICHELE MASON, Australia's champion high-jumper, is strongly favored to repeat her Cardiff Empire Games success by taking the gold medal in this event. Michele, who competed in the Melbourne Olympics in 1956, has made a comeback after two years' absence from regular training. At the Commonwealth Games Selection Trials in Melbourne in October she equalled her Commonwealth record with a jump of 5ft. 9in.

IAN TOMLINSON, a lanky, 26-year-old Western Australian, is the favorite for the Perth hop, step, and jump title. He won the event at the Cardiff Empire Games and holds the British Commonwealth record of 53ft. 5¾in. He has won the Australian championship four times. Ian, who was in the Rome Games team, will also compete in the long jump at Perth.

DAVE POWER, of N.S.W., hopes to become the oldest athlete to win a gold medal at the Commonwealth Games. Dave, who is 34, will run in the six-mile and marathon events, in which he scored an amazing gold-medal double at Cardiff. His chances in the six-mile event are excellent, though it will not be an easy race.

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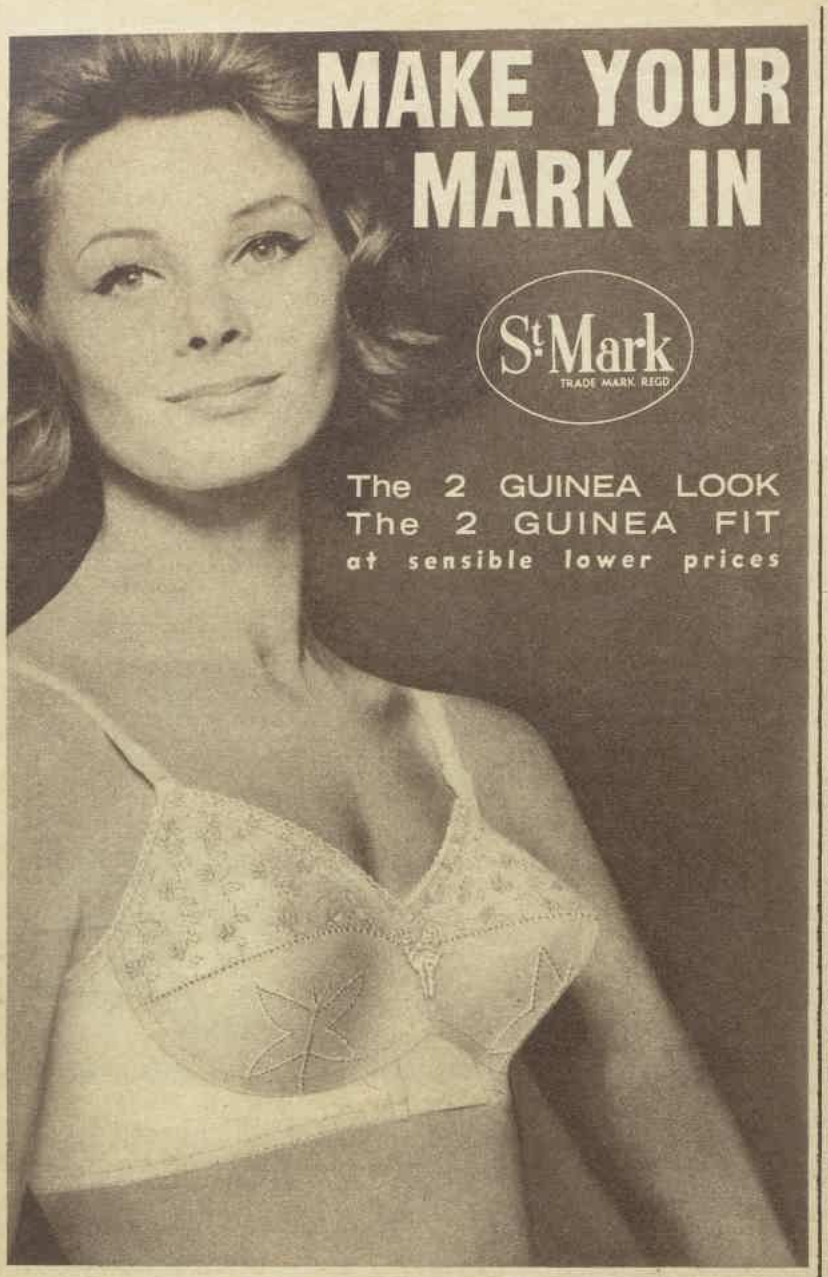

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19/11

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

Prices slightly higher some country areas and N. Territory

FATHER

"Why go there? You can see the same thing on TV."

MOTHER

"Once upon a time there was a poor woodcutter's family; they were very, very poor . . . they were even poorer than us!"

It seems to me

By

AUSTRALIAN Book Week—last week—was voted a considerable success. I went to its Sydney launching, a party for 200, intending to find out something useful about authorship.

The party bristled with bookish characters, but the crush was so great that my original good intentions wilted.

I did have a long conversation with one successful author, but he was in a cross mood, complaining that his wife refused to change his typewriter ribbon.

After advising him to write to the manufacturers for an instruction book, and assuring him that mastering the technique would give him a satisfaction equalling that achieved by a well-turned plot, I moved on to the buffet.

It was then that I made a useful, if unliterary, discovery. After all these years of buffet parties I have at last learned how to hold a plate and a glass together in the left hand if — and the if is important — the plate and glass are both fairly small.

You curl your fingers round the glass and grasp the edge of the plate between the thumb (on top) and the fourth and little fingers underneath.

If your hand is up to 6½-glove size I advise trying it at first with a bread-and-butter plate and a whisky glass. Practice should enable you to cope with a dessert plate in time.

Man-size hands should encounter no difficulty with a dinner plate.

★ ★ ★

BOOK WEEK tended to overshadow Telephone Courtesy Week, which was held at the same time.

Telephone courtesy always strikes me as easier than most other kinds. It is possible to make well-mannered replies while pulling faces to relieve the feelings.

By keeping a book handy to the phone you can read snatches when the caller is of the voluble sort who makes the same point three or four times. It is important, of course, to note when the caller passes to another subject. In fact, this technique is risky and should be used with care.

★ ★ ★

WOMEN smiled when they read of the fuss made by some Commonwealth Games officials about their narrow-legged grey uniform trousers.

One official complained that his shoe stuck in the narrow cuff.

I suppose it dawned on him after a while that the shoe must come off first and go on last, a routine essential for women's slacks for the past few years.

You can see what the promoters of men's fashions are up against. The wonder is not that there are still pockets of resistance but that they have imposed the tyranny of changing trouser widths over so many.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was that particularly rare species of woman — one who, in spite of determination to right the world's wrongs, retained to the end her feminine charm.

This is something that very few women achieve and hardly ever when they are not good-looking.

Eleanor Roosevelt should be the patron saint of plain women, for she proved what is often said but seldom exemplified — that character can transcend features.

In her photographs she always looked hopelessly unattractive, but I remember a young man reporter who covered her wartime tour saying, "It's nonsense, she's beautiful."

She was not, of course, but when you met her in person you fell under her spell and you understood what he meant.

★ ★ ★

IN last week's mail — an anecdote from the Rev. H. W. Doudney, 90-year-old clergyman and author, of Elsternwick, Melbourne.

Mr. Doudney, who has just finished writing a book, "Recollections of a Sky Pilot, Grave and Gay," from 1873 to 1962, married thousands of couples during the years.

"When one couple came to me to arrange their wedding," he writes, "I asked the bride separately whether they were married and each replied 'No.' Then I asked the bride-to-be if she were a spinster. To which she replied in the negative.

"I then said in surprise, 'Oh, are you a widow?'

"'Oh, no,' she answered.

"'If you are not a spinster, or married or a widow, what are you?' I asked her.

"'A typist,' she replied."

★ ★ ★

AN Englishman, a former bank clerk, has returned from Australia, where he spent 15 months studying ants—his lifelong hobby. He found this country a myrmecologist's (ant-man's) paradise, and said, "Australians thought it was pretty weird. Ants play a more prominent part in their lives."

How doth the little ant impinge
Upon Australia's way of life,
Evoking every housewife's whinge
With unappreciative strife,
And when they scurry on the sink,
She, heartless, washes them away,
Nor pauses in her work to think
That while she keeps them thus at bay
Not ever asking which is what,
Nor even if they sting or bite,
That some would envy her her lot
A myrmecologist's delight.

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PERTH: THE HOST CITY

PERTH, host city for this year's Commonwealth Games, is revelling in the opportunity to show thousands of guests that it deserves its reputation as Australia's most hospitable capital. This city of 420,000, set on the Swan River 12 miles from the port of Fremantle, is modern, yet it lacks rush and bustle. In recent years tall buildings have changed the skyline, buses have ousted trams, fast diesel locomotives have replaced the old steam-trains, a picturesque bridge now spans the Narrows, and a concrete causeway stands in place of the wooden structures at the eastern approaches. But this progress and growth have not changed the friendliness of the Perth people. Their sunny disposition is, perhaps, the result of the weather. There is an average of eight hours' sunshine every day, and as an American once said, "Perth has the kind of climate California thinks it has."

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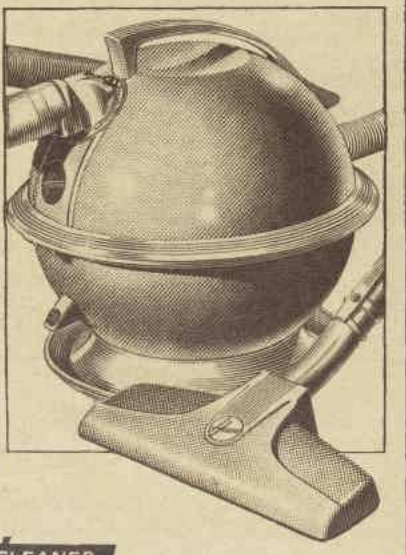

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Worth Reporting

"PICTURES, yes, with pleasure — but not in the kitchen," said Mrs. Eileen Furley, of Mosman, N.S.W., new Liberal Member of the State Upper House.

"It's hard enough ridding people of the idea that women in politics are brave little women coping with two jobs.

"I'm domesticated, but I don't want to stress it."

Mrs. Furley's husband, a mechanical engineer, has always encouraged her political activities.

"My first public speech was at Mosman Town Hall to 700 people at the beginning of World War II," she said, "to persuade them to volunteer for the National Emergency Service.

"I was frightened to death, but my husband said he would sit in the back row, and I was to talk directly to him. I did just that, and forgot my nervousness."

Mrs. Furley is Vice-President of the Good Neighbor Council and is called "Frau Friend of Migrants."

"I try to smooth their problems and make them understand Australian ways," she said.

"A typical instance was the migrants who wanted to march to the Cenotaph on Anzac Day in national dress to lay wreaths. I had to explain tactfully that Anzac Day commemorates Australia's war dead, and a march in national costume might be misunderstood."

Mrs. Furley regrets that many business and professional women use their careers as an excuse not to be active in government.

"Many young professional men do both jobs adequately," she said. "Many lawyers, for instance, combine a good job in their profession with an active political life."

Mrs. Furley said that when she filled in her nomination paper she left the age blank.

"I thought, 'If I'm not going to be elected I don't want my age bandied about. If I get elected, then it's everybody's business.'

"I'm 58."

● *Mrs. Eileen Furley*

A plunge of necklines

WHEN Miss Nuynh-Thi-Le-Lieu came from Saigon to Australia (to make the broadcasts for the new Radio Australia Vietnamese sessions) she brought 20 dolls with her.

She collected them in Europe and her favorite is Bella, a blond, pigtailed charmer she was given in Paris when she was 12 years old.

With Miss Le-Lieu was her fellow broadcaster, Miss Nguyen Tuyet-Minh, who was wearing a jacket with three Chinese symbols knitted into it. The characters, she told us, stood for Longevity, Happiness, and Prosperity.

Actually, Vietnamese has Roman letters, but the Chinese were easier to knit into the pattern.

As nearly always happens when girls get together, we ended up talking clothes.

At 12 years old, Miss Le-Lieu says, Vietnamese girls put aside European little-girl dresses and don the national costume, a tunic over pantaloons.

Young women wear bright tunics, older women choose a soberer color. The pantaloons are always black or white.

For thousands of years all had worn the traditional high Chinese collar. But in 1956 Madame Nhu, sister-in-law of the bachelor President, appeared in public modestly decollete — and so gave women a choice of neckline at long last.

"OH, women keep secrets as well as men," the young man told us. "It's just that it takes more of them to do it."

Writes while family sleeps

MELBOURNE writer Elizabeth Lane has turned her memories of childhood on a farm in the Victorian Wimmera into a very funny book called "Mad as Rabbits."

She has found that being a writer and a housewife just about requires a split personality.

"All day long I am Mrs. A. S. Farmers, housewife and mother," she said. "If I sit down in the middle of the day I can't type, can't write. I've been a housewife so long I can't overcome it.

"But when the family have gone to bed, I'm ME."

Elizabeth Lane lived in the Wimmera until her marriage in 1940. Now her home is in Melbourne at Armadale. Her husband owns a service station; son Geoffrey is studying commercial art, and daughter Cheryl is a schoolgirl.

She is planning another book, based on material about her pioneering Honeyman ancestors in South Australia. Her grandmother ran the coach depot at lonely Salt Creek at a time of bushranger raids, and other forebears pioneered Victor Harbor, now a popular seaside resort.

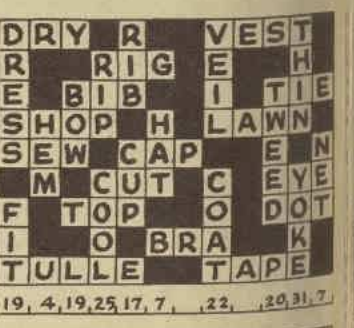
● *Nuynh-Thi-Le-Lieu, of Radio Australia.*

No. 1 Crozzle Winners

● Thirty-two entries share first prize of £100 in Crozzle No. 1. All amassed 481 points.

The winners are:

M. B. Coles, 46 Moreing Rd., Attadale, W.A. (2 shares); Miss M. Pearse, 13 Muriel Ave., Manly, Brisbane; Miss M. D. Beer, Keera St., Coorparoo, Qld. (2 shares); J. McAlister, 50 Cribb Parade, Cribb Island, Qld.; M. L. Humphries, 36 High St., Seymour, Vic. (2 shares); Mrs. M. Jolly, 61 Terry Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W.; Mrs. R. Richardson, "Blue Hills," Carngham, Vic. (5 shares); Mrs. K. Luzny, Box 1931P, G.P.O., Adelaide (2 shares); Mrs. E. M. Nicholls, Mt. Bute, via Lismore, Vic. (2 shares); Mrs. Eileen Nicholls, Mt. Bute, via Lismore, Vic. (3 shares); Mrs. G. E. Nicholls, Mt. Bute, via Lismore, Vic. (5 shares); Mrs. A. M. Anderson, 500 Mogill Rd., Indooroopilly, Qld.; Mr. H. Lowe, 13 Carinmoney Ave., Warilla, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. E. Anderson, 48 Athelstan Rd., Camberwell, Vic.; Mrs. D. Berrick, 89 Yarranabbe Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.; Mrs. Ivan Gilbert, Kendenup, W.A.; Mrs. D. N. Hobbs, Kendenup, W.A.



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	171
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	310
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.	481

● *Prizewinning entry by M. B. Coles, redrawn by our artist for more satisfactory reproduction. Other winners had slight variations of this entry.*

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

JUST the thing for the Christmas gift list is a really yummy cookbook, entitled "Star Spangled Cooking," a collection of recipes from the members of the American Women's Club in Sydney, edited by Mrs. Rush Clark.

The book has a cute dedication: "To our long-suffering husbands and families, whose cast-iron constitutions, through trial and error, have enabled us to reach the perfection of these recipes."

And perfection is the word for some of the recipes, which include lots of the American favorites such as New England fish chowder, Old Virginia spoon bread, barbecue beef short ribs, and pumpkin pie.

The book is set out in menus as well as recipes and is so easy to follow. Proceeds from the sale of the book go to various Sydney charities supported by the club. You can obtain copies (15/6 each) by writing to the treasurer of the club, 151 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

★ ★ ★

SOUNDS a wonderful night on November 30, when the Asthma Foundation Kuringai Women's Auxiliary has its Christmas buffet dinner at the Weinkeller Restaurant. The president, Mrs. Paul Toose, will receive the guests — they're expecting 250 — at about 7.30. During the evening Christmas presents from a large tree will be sold to raise money, and Mrs. Niels Giddings, who is helping organise the dinner, confides that they hope to have Father Christmas there "in person" — if they can persuade a certain "legal eagle" to don red suit and whiskers!

★ ★ ★

AMONG the buyers at the Voss Smith art auction last week . . . Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, who purchased a Sidney Nolan, Mrs. John Broinowski, who collected a Donald Friend, and Gordon Stewart, who carried off a Sali Herman and a Donald Friend.

★ ★ ★

BUSY time ahead for Roslyn Walker, who graduates from St. Luke's Hospital, Darlinghurst, on December 12, and marries Alan Frost on December 13. Roslyn is the daughter of Mr. John Walker, of Cairns, Qld., and Mrs. W. J. Croker, of Elizabeth Bay, and the wedding will take place at St. James' Church, King Street.

★ ★ ★

YOUNG Sydney artists Rosemary Fox and Bill Huff Johnston, who have just announced their engagement in London, will return home to Sydney in two years' time to be married. Both are working in London at present while studying art. Rosemary, who has just spent six weeks on the Continent, left an art book with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. R. Fox, of Wahroonga, so that they could "share" all the art centres she visits. The last was the Altamira Caves in Spain, which contain the oldest paintings in the world, murals dating from about 16,000 B.C. Although Rosemary hasn't started a trousseau yet, both she and Bill are collecting pottery on their travels.

★ ★ ★

IT will be a bright and early start for Mrs. E. A. Lloyd and her band of helpers on the stall they are setting up in the Double Bay shopping centre on Saturday, November 24. They'll be down there at 7.30 a.m. getting ready for some brisk business and hoping to raise lots of money for the Royal Flying Doctor Service.

★ ★ ★

LIGHTNING visit to Melbourne last week for petite Sue Carmichael, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Carmichael, of Toorak, for a trousseau-shopping spree before her wedding in Sydney on November 26 to Ian Hamilton, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hamilton, of Hamilton, Brisbane. Sue, who has been working in Sydney for the past few months, and Ian will be married at St. Andrew's Church, Rose Bay.

★ ★ ★

KATHERINE ASHTON has left her job in Sydney and is spending a couple of months at home at "Cooreena," Junee, with her parents, the Philip Ashtons, before going overseas next year. She will be sailing for England in Stratheden in March with Prue Russell, of "Narrabundah," Canberra.

★ ★ ★

THE ultra-contemporary home Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Rose have built in Wingadal Place, Point Piper, is completely glass-fronted, to bring the outside environs indoors. It's right on the Harbor's edge, on a site heavily wooded with trees and shrubs, and Mrs. Rose is choosing muted furnishings so there won't be any clash of colorings between the exterior and interior. When they're in residence Bruce will be the most envied man in Sydney, travelling between his home and his office at Lane Cove (which also has a water frontage) by speedboat.

★ ★ ★

PRETTY Diana Kaiser is hoping for a golden summer twilight on November 29, when she marries Howard Prott at St. John's Church, Gordon. Diana is the daughter of Mrs. Dabe Kaiser, of Potts Point, and she has chosen an all-white theme for her wedding, and in her bouquet of magnolias she'll tuck a sprig of orange blossom from her grandmother's wedding bouquet.

***WEDDING GROUP.** Mr. and Mrs. Max Roth after their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their attendants (from left), Messrs. Bill Spanwick, Alan Kellet, Bob Cooper, and Misses Rachel Russel, Helen Webb, and Angela Devereux. The bride was formerly Miss Elizabeth Benson, of "Emu Holes," Scone, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Roth, of "Shenstone," Mudgee. The young couple will live at "Caerleon Park," Mudgee.*

***NEWLYWEDS** Mr. and Mrs. Donald Brissett leave St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Pam Crowe, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Crowe, of Scone, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. B. Brissett, and the late Mr. F. Brissett.*

***ABOVE:** Mr. and Mrs. Tony Houen, of Hunter's Hill, chatting with Mrs. David Maddison (at right) at the dinner dance held by the Women's Auxiliary of the New South Wales Mental Health Association at the Pickwick Club.*

***BELOW** (from left): Mrs. Donald MacIntyre, Mrs. Shane Watson, and Mrs. John Kirby pictured at the champagne luncheon and fashion parade organised by the American Women's Club at "Craigend," the home of the American Consul-General, Mr. Laurence Vass, and Mrs. Vass.*

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THREE FACES OF A "GIVE IT A GO" MODEL

Sydney girl clicks with the London cameras

By
DIANA WYNNE,
in London

● "What is it about you Australian models that makes you so good? Every one that comes to England is a winner."

● It really is the same girl. Right: Dawn Deidrickson poses fastidiously in rough burlap in a London studio. Below: Off duty. Lower right: Modelling a "Jules et Jim" outfit (sporty sweater, skirt, flat shoes, leather cap).

"SO many of London's leading photographers say that to me," explained Dawn Deidrickson, the latest Australian recruit to the London modelling game.

Formerly one of Sydney's top models, Dawn was sitting in the lounge of her London hotel, looking elegant, striking, and vital, even though she'd done a long morning's work and hadn't had a second for a bite of lunch.

Later that afternoon she would be packing. The following day she would make an early start for the airport, and then Germany to be photographed in some of the Berlin collections for German fashion magazines.

"It's difficult to say exactly why Australian models are such a success both here and in the States," Dawn went on. "Perhaps it's our 'give it a go' attitude.

"We'll tackle any job, whereas English girls tend to specialise. They'll only do high fashion or hair, for example.

"And we seem to have more stamina, which may be the result of our good climate.

"I think, too, we have to work harder in Australia and the photographers go to a lot of trouble to teach us how to pose and appear relaxed. In England they expect a model to know her job and that's that."

Hard work

Modelling in any European country is tough. Thousands of beautiful girls flock to modelling schools and then trudge from one photographer to another, leaving their photographs and hoping they'll get just one job that will give them the longed-for break.

Dawn had been in London a mere two and a half months and already she'd peered glamorously out of London evening papers and society magazines.

She had also flown to Paris. "Which I adored," she said. "My mother was French and even though I don't speak the language I understand a little, and Paris was just like going home."

There she modelled "Jules et Jim" outfits, which are the rage and just catching on in London. Based on characters in a popular film now showing, they are boyish outfits with sporty sweaters and skirts, bizarre mesh stockings, flat shoes, and leather caps worn at a rakish angle.

"The funny thing is," Dawn said modestly, "I didn't really know whether I wanted to work in London or not. I spent two months holidaying on the Continent and arrived in England at the beginning of August.

"That's about the worst time for a would-be model. It's between fashion seasons.

"But I was enjoying London and stayed so long my money almost ran out, so I had to earn some more."

By then fashion houses were starting to push their winter clothes. She was accepted by one of the biggest model agencies and within a few weeks had as much work as she could cope with.

"Working here is very different from working in Australia," she said.

"You know that famous English reserve? Most people have it with a vengeance, and some days I just long to work with a straightforward, down-to-earth Australian.

"The photographers here are marvellous at their jobs, of course—sometimes I feel superfluous; they'd make even a post look glamorous."

One of the things that impress Dawn most about working in England is the "finish" of the models.

"Their hair, their make-up—it's perfect. I've learned an enormous amount from them, and I think every Australian model should work here for a while. I don't think they can consider themselves completely trained without doing so."

I asked: "What do you think of English men?"

Dawn sat back and smiled.

"To start with, they couldn't be more different from Australians."

She folded her arms and thought for a moment. "For instance, an Englishman will say, 'Let's go out to dinner. You be at my place about 7 o'clock.' He wouldn't dream of calling for you.

"This makes me really mad, because 'his place' is usually miles away from where I'm living—London's an awfully big town—and I spend a fortune on taxis.

"They're usually decent enough to drop you home, and they do have beautiful manners, which isn't always the case with Australians. But they are very spoiled."

Then she added, with a wry smile: "Of course, the odds are in their favor. There seem to be so many more women than men in London.

"They aren't nearly as generous, open, and frank as Australians, and there are so many layers of that reserve that you never get through to them and they remain strangers.

"But a word of warning: Beneath that remote, polished exterior lurks the most enormous wolf instinct."

If Englishmen aren't exactly Dawn's most favorite subject, she loves their London.

"I adore the atmosphere," she said.

"You get the feeling that something really important is going on all the time and you're part of it. This is incredibly stimulating.

But homesick

"And there are the theatres, of course—so many and so good—and the wonderful shops. I've never seen such gorgeous clothes."

The grey skies don't bother her. "I was never much of a beach girl"—although the Londoner's preoccupation with himself and his complete indifference to what other people around him are doing disturbs her.

"You feel you are an awful bother to them even when you merely ask the way. Encroaching on their own precious intimate world, I suppose."

With a lot of success already behind her and an obviously successful future, you'd presume Dawn was in London to stay.

She shook her head. "In spite of all the wonderful things that have happened I'm so homesick for Australia I've just got to go back.

"One of the most important reasons is my little daughter, Lisa, who's living in Sydney with my mother. I knew I'd be miserable away from her, but I never thought I'd miss Australia.

"This homesickness has come as an awful shock, and what's so maddening is that I can't explain it. Perhaps it's the genuine friendliness of the people that you never find to the same extent in any other country. Perhaps it's the blue skies. I just don't know."

She is flying back to Sydney in December, by way of New York. Will she work there for a while?

"No. There isn't time. I've just got to be home for Christmas."

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With Dawn James

HOW TV WILL COVER THE PERTH GAMES

● The Commonwealth Games in Perth may not include motor races. But in Sydney there'll be some pretty fast cars shuttling between the three TV stations and Mascot airport while the Games are on this month.

ALL Games film prints will be processed in a specially equipped laboratory at the airport—and then rushed to Willoughby (TCN9), Gore Hill (ABN2), and Epping (ATN7) for telecasting the day after the events are filmed 3000 miles away.

In a positively blinding display of split-second efficiency, commercial channels and the A.B.C. have joined forces for television's newsfilm cover of the Games.

More than a ton of film equipment has been airfreighted to Perth. Each day, despatch riders will skid away from the Games venues with all the unprocessed film. It's taken to a laboratory in Perth, and must be processed there in time to catch the midnight plane for Sydney.

That film arrives here at about 9 a.m. The prints are made . . . collected by the TV channels . . . commentaries written . . . and presto! You're watching the Games highlights comfortably and economically at home.

TCN9 will screen a daily film coverage, with progress results, in the News every night for the duration of the Games (November 22 to December 1) between 6.30-7 p.m. on weekdays and from 6-6.30 p.m. on Sundays. ATN7 have scheduled a five-minute roundup each night at 6.55.

And ABN2 will give progress reports and show their films daily at 12.30 p.m., 8.30 p.m., and 10.35 p.m. Three of their Sydney sporting commentators — Bob Richardson, Norman May, and Doug Woodward — are in Perth to provide the A.B.C.'s commentaries.

On TCN9, Ron Casey plans to report on the Games in his Sunday programme, "World of Sport," at 2 p.m.

He has two rather special interests in the Commonwealth Games.

He coaches 18-year-old Brett Hill, one of Australia's three entrants in the men's butterfly swimming events.

And our Ron Casey's "double" from Melbourne, also Ron Casey, is covering the Games for his sporting programme on HSV7. It's called (I wonder if Riplev knows?) "World of Sport," too.

★ ★ ★

MEANWHILE, Jim Fitzmaurice has been handling pre-Games reports very nicely, thank you. On "Sports Cavalcade" (ABN2, Mondays, 8 p.m.) last week he managed — after a waffly beginning — to coax more information out of Dawn Fraser in less time than most TV interviewers I've seen.

RON CASEY, of TCN's "World of Sport" . . .

. . . HIS "TWIN," of HSV7, Melbourne.

Yes, she thinks she can swim 110yds. in less than 59.9 secs. After all, she has never been extended in a race, never felt she couldn't swim another stroke. Yes, she hopes she will be good enough for the Tokyo Olympics in 1964. Just for the relay team, perhaps. And when she's "too old" for swimming, well, she'd miss competitive sport so she rather thinks she might take up field sports. She likes the javelin; it's so graceful . . .

Miss Fraser emerged as a disarmingly modest and no-nonsense young woman who is completely uncarried away by her world-record-breaking swims ("27 so far") and undaunted by her tiffs with the Australian Swimming Union (which wasn't mentioned).

But, more than anything else, it was her spirit and courage that came across. I wish she could win a dozen diamond - studded gold medals at the Commonwealth Games.

A ripping good show . . .

"I WOULDN'T say, Jim, that I was happy," he said, "stepping out of a plane two miles high with the deck of a ship as our target . . ."

My dear man, I don't wonder. You made me queasily unhappy just mentioning it.

But that's "Ripcord," TCN9's new adventure series (Monday to Friday, 6 p.m.). Action, action, action all the way.

It's all about a couple of intrepid sky-divers (Larry Pennell and Ken Curtis) who have "the most dangerous job in the world" according to the show's introduction, which is convincing.

The two gentlemen launch themselves gaily out of planes and "float" (at 135 m.p.h.) earthwards like a pair of human starfish till their parachutes — sigh of relief — balloon out safely. Then, bang, they're in the middle of another fight with pirates or rescuing someone from floods or . . .

Good strong stuff, it is. The kids should love it.

TV versions of old films

I AM fascinated by "Conflict" (TCN9, Wednesdays, 9.30 p.m.). In this hour-long series Warner Brothers occasionally represent TV versions of their early film successes.

We've had bits of "Casablanca" and bits of "Kings Row," among others, and it is interesting to see how the stories are tailored to TV.

Some of them are first-class. A few are—oh well, at least they tried.

Last week, the old Bette Davis-Errol Flynn classic "Elizabeth and Essex" appeared as "Condemned to Glory."

Geoffrey Toone, who was an Essex-type young Ancient Mariner called Captain Thorpe, is no Errol Flynn. But he was swashbuckling enough. Jorja Curtwright played the role of Elizabeth I, and shouldn't.

And Australia's Michael Pate—who has been accused locally of being the Constant Indian on TV — was all-dressed-up as that nasty traitorous courtier, Lord Warrington.

(On this performance, he should be sent back to the Reservation.)

To put it mildly, the whole thing lacked the Davis-Flynn quality. But I was still fascinated.

It is so very eerie to watch a TV film you haven't seen before and **KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT** — except when the producers ring in a few changes, which is undoubtedly cunning and better TV. But not really fair!

IT seems the A.B.C.'s versatile John West is likely to materialise almost anywhere: compering "The Magic of Music" (Wednesdays, 8 p.m.); presentation announcing . . .

Last week Mr. West was a pleasantly urbane Weather Man and provided one of those vignettes of A.B.C. life that bring the Commission down from its lofty pedestal every now and then.

He remarked that sunrise would be at 4.45 a.m., "which I will not see," and sunset "at 6.34 p.m., which I MAY see" — and was then promptly and chummily admonished by Miss Diana Ward, who gently pointed out that "the early bird catches the worm, you know, John."

Cliches aside, though, Miss Ward has improved her presentation announcing quite remarkably in the past few weeks (except that she still appears to be continuing her Deep Breathing Exercises on camera, which disconcerts me a bit).

Women do not, let's face it, really like women announcers much. Judging by my own reaction, I suspect that a tinge of greenish envy for a glamorous job comes in somewhere.

But Miss Ward is managing to overcome my natural prejudices with a more relaxed, non-gooey charm and friendliness. Plus some wacky hairstyles.

Many happy returns . . .

REMEMBER Don Marquis' wonderful tale of the cockroach who "wrote" about his adventures with an alley cat, and cleverly typed the whole thing—in lower case because he couldn't manage the shift key on the typewriter?

well, the abc is rescreening the tv film of archie and mehitabel on wednesday, november 21, at 8.30 p.m. and i for one cant wait to see archie again . . . worrying about mehitabels paw-to-mouth existence, persuading her to take a job as a house cat, and then having mehitabel throw away her entire career for love of tyrone t. tattersall, the actor tomcat. oh, cat-astrophe!

This is, in fact, quite a TV watcher's week.

On Sunday, November 25, at 8 p.m., TCN9 presents a veiled look at Salome—or, more correctly, Rita Hayworth appears as the dancer with the seven veils in that epic movie "Salome," with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dame Judith Anderson, Charles Laughton, and Stewart Granger.

Since this is not an OLD film, I will admit that I have seen it before. And I propose to see it again on Sunday for, mostly, Dame Judith being chilling and brilliant as Herodias, Salome's dreaded mother.

Next Saturday is a great day, indeed. At 4.45 p.m., ATN7 is bringing back "Sheena, Queen of the Jungle."

The channel says this is "because of keen demand from children," but I refuse to believe that a lot of I'm-a-Tarzan-type-really Dads didn't offer some encouragement. Personally, I just can't wait to hear all those realistic jungle noises again, with the cackle of kookaburras who presumably flew all the way to Africa to appear.

The great singalong battle is on this week, too. On Thursday, at 7.30 p.m., ATN7 begins a new imported series of Mitch Miller's "Sing Along With Mitch." Our local, all-Australian "Singalong"—produced here by TCN9 — is on Friday, also at 7.30 p.m.

★ ★ ★

SOME months ago the A.B.C. screened "The Seven Faces of Jim," with Jimmy Edwards. It was a fair example of the positive genius the English have for relaying peculiarly wholesome double meanings.

At the time, a friend told me with considerable relish that he enjoyed the show's "honest bawdy humor."

I imagine he will also find (not very) clean fun in ABN2's new "Benny Hill Show" (Mondays, 7.30 p.m.).

Mr. Hill is an astonishingly clever comedian. In one show he can be a dreadfully polite sock salesman and a would-be matinee idol and a your-home's-mine workman and a head-waiter of paralysing friendliness.

However, while I hesitate to be maidenly, some of the innuendos of his show sent my eyebrows soaring.

Mr. Hill's smutty gags lack the hearty, back-slapping Edwards touch. The honesty isn't there, somehow. And surely "The Benny Hill Show" could get by on its own original "one man, quick-change" merit.

****

New Film

With KIRSTEN WARD

****

★ IT HAPPENED IN ATHENS

A simple Greek shepherd boy comes down from the mountains and enters the marathon race at the first modern Olympic Games (late last century). Jayne Mansfield, pouty and a little plump, is a great Grecian actress who has said she will marry the winner of the race. Some comic touches (such as the Frenchman and Irishman who get gloriously drunk on "refreshments" during the race) are good, but as a drama it's a terrible failure. It's clear after 15 minutes exactly what the ending will be, and the acting is hammish. — **Esquire, Sydney.**

In a word . . . SILLY.

AUSTRALIA'S Country-and-Western-style singers, the Le Garde twins, with American brides, leave the Alliance Tabernacle in Toronto, Canada, after their double wedding last month. From left, Ted and his bride, who was Sharon Etchison, with Tom and the former Shirley Shinafelt. From Mackay, North Queensland, the twins began their show business career in Australia, then zoomed into the bigger-time in the U.S. and Canada about five years ago. They spent a few months in Australia earlier this year, are now appearing in a weekly show on Canadian TV.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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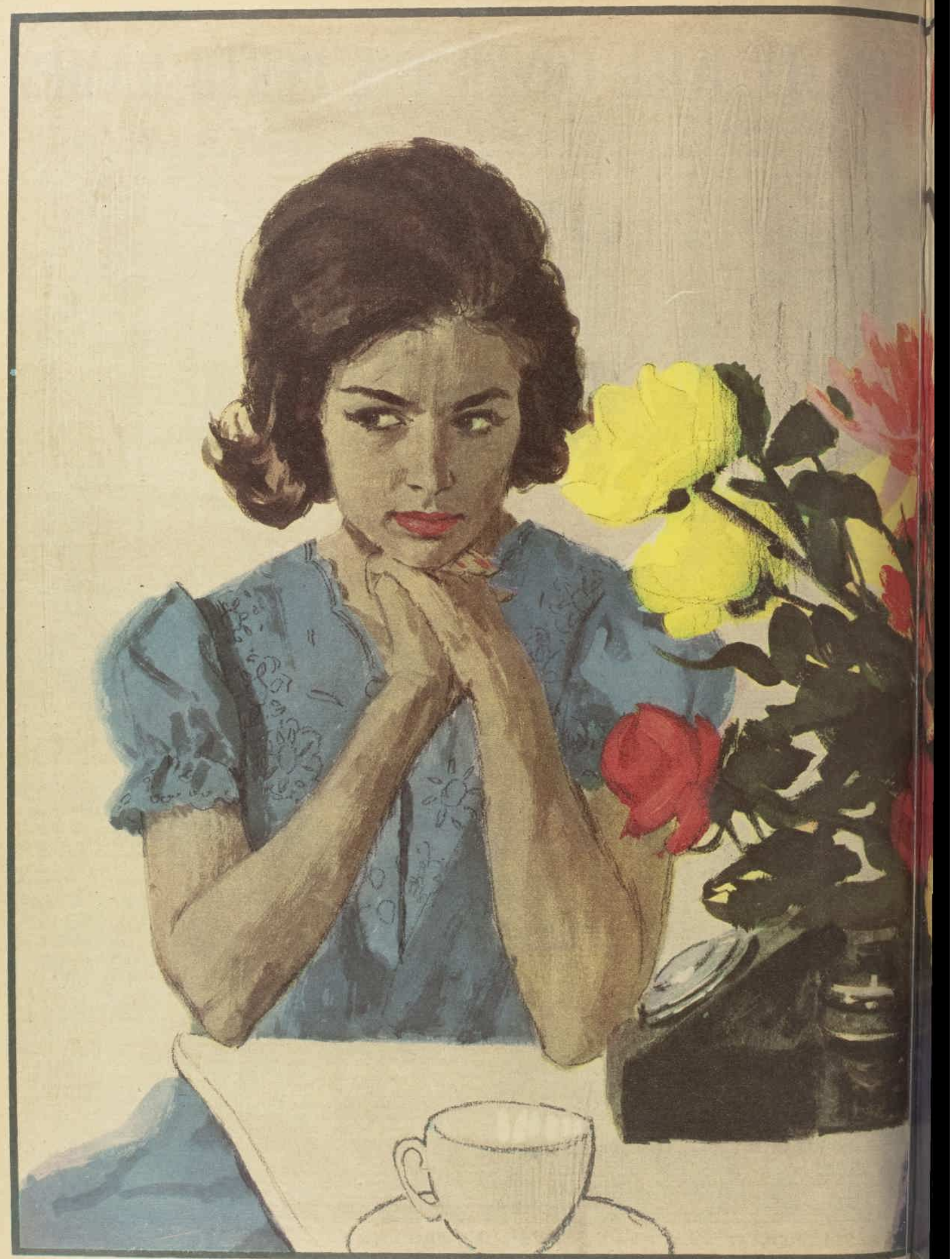

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YOU NEVER CAN TELL

AT our house and in the houses about us, where the young families live, evening begins at six oclock. Six o'clock is all things to all people. The Angelus rings; the cocktail hour begins; a ship may sail, a plane depart. For us it is the feeding-of-the-children time, the drawing-in hour, the sloping of the day toward the night. It is rather like those little glass-top boxes we played with as children. There were several tiny mice and several holes, and you jiggled the box until each mouse had dropped into a hole.

On summer evenings it still is bright at six; sun floods the kitchen and shadows have not yet fallen on the garden. Just the same, there is a quality about it—an inevitability and an absolute assurance that it is no longer the middle of the afternoon. Tricycles and small wheelbarrows are trundled from neighborhood walks down the paths to the garages.

The thumps and cracks and shouts of the softball game the older children are playing cease, and the screen doors slap behind them as they go into their houses. In dozens of tubs, baths are being run. Cars stream by steadily, as wives drive to the station or husbands return from it.

Anywhere you look, the men are coming home. A commuters' bus pulls to the corner at ten to six, at six, at ten past six; the men alight in their tropical business suits and their coconut-straw hats and walk down the street carrying their newspapers and their attache cases.

Sometimes their golden children, their tanned and glowing summertime children, descend on them and share the skirmishes and truces of their day. And in the doorways of the houses, in the kitchen windows, in patios and gardens, girls are waiting with lipstick and powdered noses and splashes of cologne at their temples and throat. In that season, above everything, the scent of charcoal from the outdoor barbecues lingers in the air.

It is all so normal. There is the precision of a Bach fugue about it, the movements unchanging all summer long. There is a wintertime pattern, too, as fixed in its own right; the summer one is merely more evident because so much of it takes place outdoors and the days are long and bright enough for anyone to see. That was the pattern we had on the particular evening I am remembering — the star-crossed, moonless, windswept night I will never forget.

Jack always arrived home for dinner between six and seven o'clock. We hadn't planned it that way; it simply had happened. If he were going to be delayed in town he telephoned in the afternoon. This enabled him to spend some moments with the children before their bedtime, then to mount them on his shoulder one by one and carry them off upstairs; to glance at the mail and compare notes on the day with me. On dry July evenings he turned on the lawn sprinkler.

"We have a lot of clover," I would say.

"Isn't that an ideal—living in fields of it?"

"How was your day?" I would ask.

"Normal. I made a little money—not much, but a little. Enough for a steak this weekend."

"That's good. I've already ordered it. But there's a six-dollar charge on a bill that we don't owe. I sent the blouse back."

"A drop in the bucket. What's one amid so many?"

"If you're in the mood to see that Hitchcock movie on Saturday, I'll call Mrs. Peterson for baby-sitting.

To page 69

Allison's mind was in a whirl as she sat beside the telephone, longing to hear it ring.

By EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

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HOW TO MAKE A perfect plum pudding

It's the easiest thing in the world! In just eight easy steps you can make the good, old-style, rich plum pudding shown here. The instructions are simple to follow and the result will make your family stand up and cheer for more. Here's what you need to make two medium-sized puddings to see you through the holidays.

1½ lbs. Seeded Raisins
½ lb. Sultanas
½ lb. Currants
½ lb. Mixed Peel
¼ lb. Blanched Almonds
½ pint Milk
6 Eggs

10 oz. Butter
½ lb. Plain Flour
½ lb. Soft White Breadcrumbs
½ lb. White Sugar
1 level teaspoon Mixed Spices
1 level teaspoon Ground Nutmeg
⅙ teaspoon Salt

6 tablespoons Brandy, Rum, Sherry or Whisky

And here's what you do . . .

STAGE 1. Grease two medium-sized basins of about 6" diameter. Cut two thicknesses of greased paper to fit the top of each basin. Flour the pudding cloths. Have string ready to tie the pudding cloths down.

STAGE 2. Chop the almonds and the raisins into uniform-sized pieces.

STAGE 3. Sift the flour, salt, spice and nutmeg together and rub in the butter.

STAGE 4. Then add the fruit, nuts, breadcrumbs and sugar.

STAGE 5. Beat the eggs and add the brandy and milk.

STAGE 6. Gradually add this liquid to the dry ingredients making into a soft mixture.

STAGE 7. Put the mixture into the greased pudding basins. Cover each basin with the double thickness of greased paper and tie the pudding cloth over the top.

STAGE 8. Place each pudding basin in a saucepan of boiling water. The water should reach halfway up the sides of the basins. Cover tightly with the saucepan lid and boil steadily for four hours. As the water boils away, replace it with more *boiling* water. The day each pudding is to be served, boil it for a further one hour. Treat *your* family to a *complete* Christmas dinner this year — complete with this wonderful, old-style *rich* plum pudding. Buy the ingredients tomorrow and make it this week. *Remember* — a *real* Christmas pudding *improves* with keeping.

We know this recipe will make your Christmas merrier. With best wishes from the Australian Dried Fruits Association.

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This was a new role for him . . . a short story

THE AMATEUR SPY

By MERLE CONSTINER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

ON May 14, 1818, before the Circuit Court of the United States, District of Massachusetts, Boston, five seamen late of the barquentine Undine stood trial under the Eighth Section of the Act of Congress, of April 30, 1790, for piracy and murder. After terrible and indisputable evidence, four were found guilty and sentenced to hang. Of these four, the leader, John Foulkes, had professed five previous piracies; a second, William Doggett, had been in conspiracy with him; and the remaining two, Thomas Upton and Samuel Russell, habitual felons, had been eager recruits. The fifth man, Zadock Needham, captain's steward, State's witness, was held to have acted under duress and found not guilty.

Undine, out of Boston for Smyrna with a cargo of 42,000 dollars in gold and silver coins and 600 bags of coffee, had been seized by her crew off the southern coast of Spain. The massacre which followed lasted two days. In the end, captain, mates, supercargo, two loyal seamen, and the cook had been slain — seven out of a crew of twelve.

When it was over, strongboxes were looted, and Foulkes, staggering drunk, set a clumsy fire; the murderers then took to boat. Next day a cruising British ship of war, Iris, sighted the derelict and boarded her. The boarding party was shocked. Wreckage, blood, and unsuccessful arson told its story.

The pirates were apprehended at Cadiz. Among them they had 7000 dollars. None of them, they asserted solemnly, knew anything whatever of any further moneys. Thirty-five thousand dollars had vanished, but the owners were fully insured. The prisoners were returned to Boston, and Undine returned also and was now berthed for repairs.

On June 21, Foulkes, Doggett, Upton, and Russell were hanged in the prison yard. Zadock Needham, released, had long ago melted into the waterfront squalor of Ann Street.

The owners of Undine were Hovey and Osgood. On the first Tuesday in July Mr. Francis Hovey, the senior partner, a tall, elderly man of proud and ancient family, sought his noonday meal as usual at the little inn on Exchange Lane, just around the corner from his office.

To page 73

Christopher escorted Martha to the door and murmured a few words of farewell.

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IN CROCHET . . .

● **News for summer evenings—the textured look! It's shown in these pretty bags crocheted in raffia straw and with gold- or silver-colored mounts, each with a pearl fastening.**

WHITE IS HIGH-FASHION

EASIEST of all to make, the white bag (at left) will go with any color and can be worn by any age group. The bag is crocheted and sewn to the metal mount.

Materials: 3 pieces (2¼yds.) Turabast brilliant or matt finish Swiss straw; 1 piece Turabast Swiss straw (as above) or buttonhole twist for sewing bag to mount; matching lining; 6½in. metal mount; No. 8 Aero crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

TO MAKE

Commence at top of bag with 45 ch. (10in. without stretching). Work into one loop of stitch throughout.

1st Row: 2 ch. (as 1 d.c.), 1 d.c. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. (45 sts.).

2nd Row: 2 ch. (as 1 d.c.), turn, * 1 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * (22 spaces). (This row is right side of pattern.)

3rd Row: 2 ch. (as 1 d.c.), turn, 1 d.c. into each st. (45 sts.).

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 14 times (31 rows in all).

To Make Up: Sew sides together and nip in bottom corners (about ⅞in.). Sew bag to mount and catch to hole at each end of mount. Make lining to match bag and sew inside bag.

PICOT-STITCH IN GREEN

BRILLIANT lime-green straw makes a sophisticated, yet youthful, bag for summer parties and dances. The bag is crocheted in picot-stitch and has a gold-colored mount.

Materials: 4 pieces (2¼yds.) Turabast brilliant or matt finish Swiss straw; matching lining; 4¾in. metal mount; No. 8 Aero crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; p., picot (made with 3 ch.).

TO MAKE

Commence at one end of bag with 41 ch. (9in. without stretching). Work into 1 loop of stitch throughout.

1st Row: 2 ch. (as 1 d.c.), 1 p, 1 d.c. into 5th ch., * 1 p, miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., rep. from * (20 picots).

2nd Row: 2 ch., turn, * 1 ch., 1 d.c. into back of d.c. between picots. Rep. from * (20 spaces). (This is right side of pattern.)

3rd Row: 2 ch., turn, 1 p, 1 d.c. into first d.c., * 1 p, 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * (20 picots).

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until there are 13 rows of picots, finishing with 2nd row.

To Make Up: Sew sides tog. and nip in about ⅞in. at bottom corners. Sew bag to mount and catch to hole at each end of mount. Make lining to match bag and sew inside bag.

WHITE BAG above is worked in basic crochet stitches. They are chain-stitch and double crochet.

GREEN BAG at right is crocheted in dainty picot-stitch and has a gold-colored mount with a pearl clip.

Making up the bags

● When crocheting with raffia straw, make any joins on the wrong side and do not cut ends too short. The lining will cover them.

● Before making up the bag it's a good idea to steam the crocheted piece and pull it into shape, taking care not to stretch it.

● Cut the lining the same size as the bag before making up.

● The bag can be sewn to the mount with raffia straw. In doing this, draw the needle from the inside of the mount to the outside to avoid cutting the straw. A fine tapestry needle is most suitable.

● Instead of using raffia straw, the bag can be sewn to the mount with buttonhole twist of a matching color. Use the twist double, and sew up and down through the holes.

● Don't split the straw to sew the bag; use a full strand.

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pretty bags for after-five occasions

PINK FOR EVENINGS

COLOR, texture, and stitch are harmonised in the bag above. Cluny group stitch and the deep pink color emphasise the texture of the straw.

Materials: 4 pieces (24yds.) Turabast brilliant or matt finish Swiss straw; matching lining; 5½in. metal mount; No. 8 Aero crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; c.g., cluny group (made with 3 long treble); st., stitch.

TO MAKE

Commence at one end of bag with 46 ch. (10in. without stretching). Work into one loop of stitch throughout.

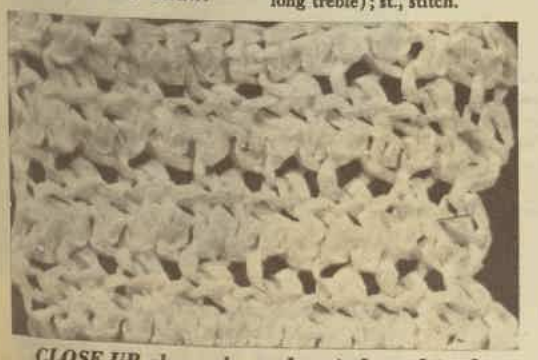
1st Row: 1 c.g. into 8th ch. from hook, * 3 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. into next, 3 ch., miss 1 st., 1 c.g. into next, rep. from * (10 scallops).

2nd Row: 2 ch. (as 1 d.c.), turn, * 1 ch., 1 d.c. into top of c.g., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c., rep. from *. (This row is the right side of the pattern).

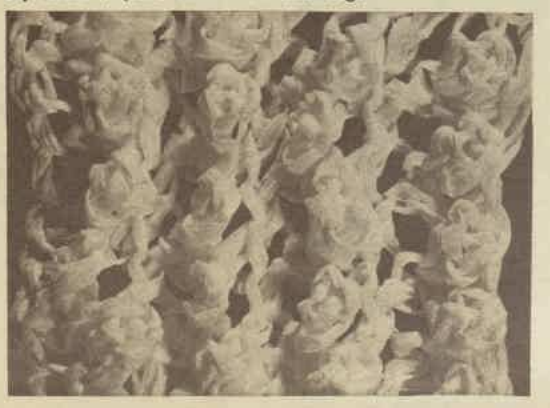
3rd Row: 2 ch. (as 1 d.c.), turn, * 3 ch., 1 c.g. into d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from *.

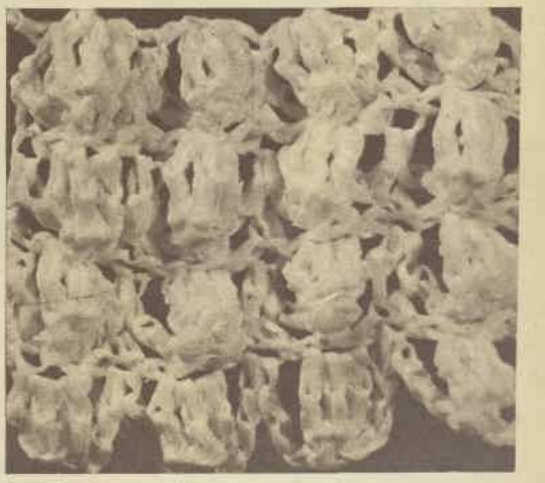
Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 7 times (9 patterns), finish with 2nd row (18 rows).

To Make Up: Sew sides together and sew bag to mount, catching to hole at each end of mount. Make lining to match bag and sew into bag.



CLOSE-UP above shows the stitch used in the white bag at top of the opposite page.





STITCHES used (left) in the lime-green bag at the bottom of the opposite page. Pattern alternates double crochet and picot rows.

CLUNY GROUP stitch (above), made with three long trebles, is the pattern used in the attractive deep-pink bag at the top of this page.

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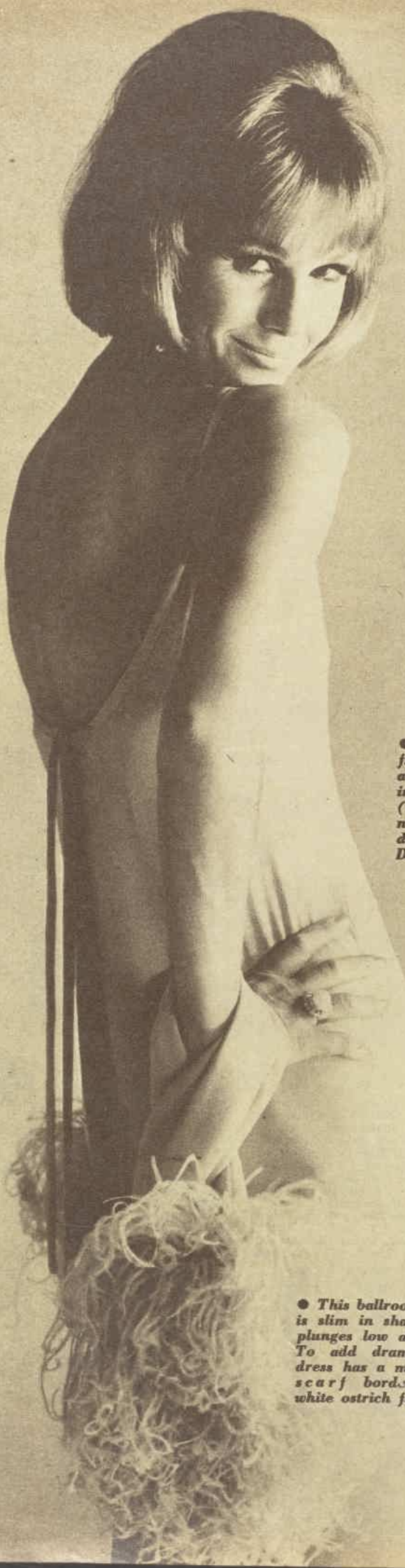
THE BARE BACK

Destination Twilight!

● *Slender late-day dress (above) in fuchsia crepe, designed with a scooped-out cowl back. The bodice-top is high in front and moulds the wearer's figure.*



● *Sweep of pure line from shoulder to just above the waist is seen in an evening dress (above right). Note the new scissor skirtline. The dress was shown in the Dior autumn collections.*

● *This ballroom shift is slim in shape and plunges low at back. To add drama, the dress has a matching scarf bordered in white ostrich feathers.*

● *Long, uncomplicated lines for the sleek dress (above). The bare back is broken up with a strap arrangement. The front has a scooped neck.*

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the mood is summer high, the shapes swoop low to display a goodly length of tan, or to flatter a pretty back.
the Bare-Back look will continue into Autumn.

Betty Keep

● *Uncovered back for the beach dress (left), made in black-and-white check cotton. The bodice has a square-front neckline and the low, square-cut back is trimmed with a self bow.*

● *Extravagantly cowled back in a floor-length crepe dress (above). The color—deep rose-red—was used in all the Paris autumn collections.*

● *The lowest limit of bareness is seen in a one-piece sundress (right). The material is printed cotton, featuring subtle shades of apricot and white.*

● *Shoulders uncovered and the narrowest streak of back is seen in this printed silk late-day dress.*

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automatic
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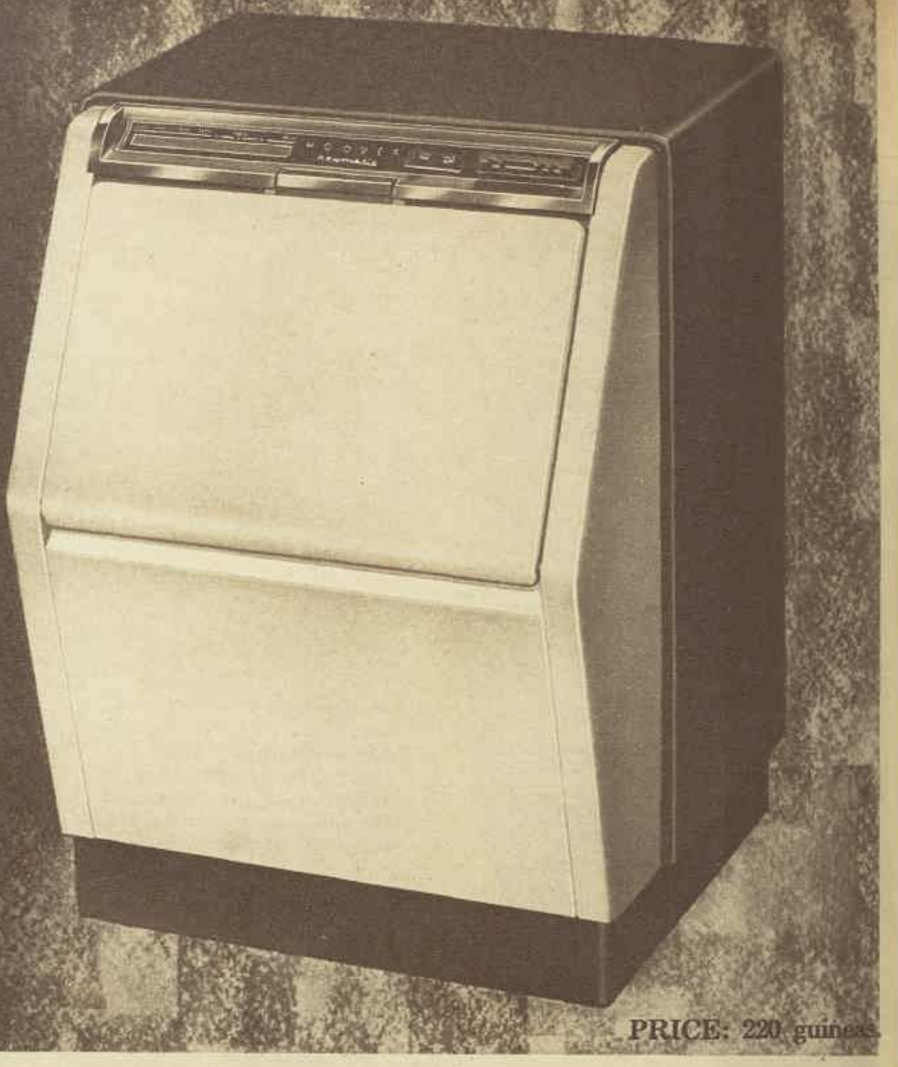
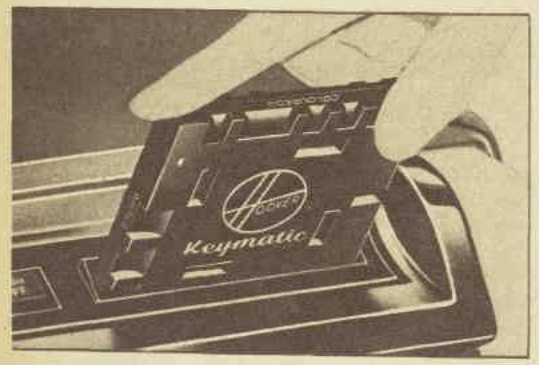


PRICE: 220 guineas

HOOVER Keymatic

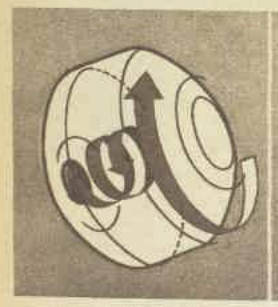
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

AUTOMATIC WASHER

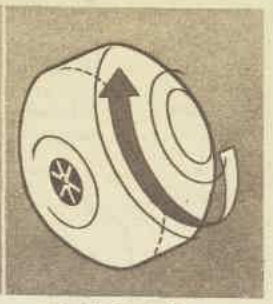


It's so simple – just click in the KEY to select a perfect wash for each fabric from its 8 washing programmes

It's as easy as posting a letter! There are no confusing dials, no complicated settings—just a simple Keyplate marked with eight separate washing programmes. All you do is select the programme you want, click in the Keyplate and the whole washing process is automatically controlled. Water temperatures at all stages, the correct washing action, rinsing and spin-drying times—the Keyplate does it all! No more guesswork, no fear of mistakes. Just click in the Keyplate and your washing is over.



1. Vigorous Action.
Boiling Action Pulsator.



2. Gentle Action.
Tilted tumble action.

Keymatic has 2 completely different washing actions

Not just two speeds, but two entirely different washing actions. For robust, everyday washing (linen, cotton, etc.) Keymatic uses the famous "Boiling Action" pulsator that bubbles suds through every garment—getting out even the most stubborn dirt. For gentler washing, Keymatic has a unique "tilted tumble" action that gently rotates and flexes delicate fabrics as the tub slowly turns. Only Keymatic has these two separate washing actions—**automatically** controlled to suit the fabric.

KEYMATIC HAS EVERYTHING . . .

8 separate washing programmes. Every type of fabric gets perfect handling in its own individual washing programme. For example: heavily soiled clothes are vigorously washed by the famous "boiling action" pulsator—proved in over 500,000 Australian homes. After this they are specially rinsed and then spin dried. Delicate woollens get gentle "tilted tumble" washing in lukewarm water and are then given three reduced temperature rinses to avoid shrinkage. Keymatic has eight separate washing programmes to give a perfect wash to every fabric. Just match the Keyplate to the fabric and Keymatic does the rest.

Compact design. Fits anywhere—kitchen, bathroom, under a bench. No special plumbing in or installation. Goes anywhere on easy-roll castors. **Big capacity.** Takes up to 10 lbs. of clothes and can't be overloaded. **Easy to load.** Wash-bowl is tilted up towards you. Open door makes handy shelf. **Automatic heat control.** Ensures exact washing temperatures for each fabric. **Saves suds** for the next washload and reheats them to the correct temperature. See Keymatic demonstrated now.

The amazing Hoover Keymatic—the washer that thinks for itself!

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This slender-line sheath dress was specially chosen as a daytime basic for a young married woman's summer wardrobe.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply to her query:

"I need a simple style and pattern for a dress I can wear when I go out. I don't have much to spend on clothes, as we are rearing a young family. I have some printed polished cotton I would like to use. My measurements are 36in. bust, 28in. waist, and 39in. hips."

My style choice for your polished cotton is illustrated at right. The dress is self-belted, front-buttoned, has an open collar, and pockets on the skirt. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I want a frock to see me through any daytime appointments—lunch in town or perhaps a 5 p.m. show."

You can achieve all-day elegance with a sheath dress and matching jacket.

"What type of corset would be the most slimming under a beltless close-fitted afternoon frock?"

Either a one-piece corselet or a long bra with a girdle creates a smooth, unbroken line.

"Please give me an idea for a floral chiffon frock for dancing. I have a good slim waistline and a 36in. bust measurement."

Chiffon made with a full skirt finished with a self-ruffled hemline would look pretty on a dance floor. Have the waistline fitted, the bodice top sleeveless and scooped out back and front and outlined with a ruffle to match the hemline.

"My black lace dress has a rather uninteresting bodice finished with a round neckline at front and back. I have some extra lace and wondered if you could suggest a renovation."

A lace yoke, rounded back and front and outlined with a small self-flounce, would be a pretty and suitable renovation for your dress.

"Is the suit with a blazer jacket still being worn?"

Yes. In the Dior autumn collection a multicolored striped wool was used for a blazer and slim matching skirt.

"What color can I team with a navy linen skirt? The skirt is for casual weekend wear."

Orange is a booming fashion color and would give your skirt a gay look for weekend wear.

"Would a lightweight suit be a good fashion to bring on a visit to Sydney in January?"

Unless it is freak weather, a wool suit would be far too warm for the Sydney climate during January. You will feel more comfortable and more suitably dressed in a silk or cotton print.

"Do you think it would be correct to wear a striking black silk outfit to an afternoon wedding in December?"

Put it this way: a less sombre outfit would be more appropriate for an afternoon wedding in December.

DS503. — One-piece dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Could you tell me if the slim trouser line is still being worn?"

Yes, it is, but a newer line is the hipster pants with trumpeted trouser legs. Trumpeted is interpreted as trousers widening from below the knee to the ankle.

"Would you answer the following question? I am 38 years old and my hair is steel-grey. I intend to buy some lightweight wool for early autumn sewing, and wondered if a bright color would be correct in wool?"

Yes, it certainly would. The colored wool dress will once again be high fashion for next autumn. Rose-pink would be a pretty foil to steel-grey hair. By the way, the newest autumn-winter dress is made with a matching stole or scarf.

Record Offer Repeated!

The response to the recent announcement of **THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOLIDAY ALBUM** has been so great that this offer is now repeated, under which an eight-record album is available for only **£12 cash, or £4 deposit, and £1/10/- a month for six months.** There are forty-four 12" L.P. records (listed below), from which you can choose any eight. Each record is in its own color jacket, and the full set is enclosed in a handsome grey and gold-embossed vinyl cover.

Listen to your choice of 8 records in your own home for five days—if not completely satisfied, return the set in good order and condition and your deposit (if you have purchased on terms) or full price will be refunded. If keeping them, and buying on terms, you have the choice of paying £8 balance immediately, or paying 30/- a month for 6 months. By keeping the set you automatically become a member of the Popular Record Club, and so entitled to make selections from amongst the 400 best-selling records in the popular and classical fields. And remember—there is no obligation to buy in the Popular Record Club.

Hurry! Make your selection now: Put a circle around the catalogue number of the eight records you wish to have in your Holiday Album. (Important note: Please mark with a tick AFTER the catalogue number two alternative choices to be forwarded in the event of depleted stocks.)

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HANDEL—"The Messiah"	C48	SC48
MOZART "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Symphony No. 40	C49	SC49
BEETHOVEN 5th Symphony and Schubert 8th Symphony	C53	SC53
OVERTURES: William Tell; Donna Diana; Zampa; Fra Diavolo	C60	SC60
BEETHOVEN Violin Concerto in D Minor	C61	SC61
TCHAIKOVSKY "Swan Lake" Ballet	C63	SC63
RACHMANINOFF 2nd, Tchaikovsky 1st Piano Concertos	C64	SC64
INVITATION TO THE WALTZ (Selection of Great Waltzes)	C69	SC69
SYMPHONY OF DANCE (Rimsky-Korsakoff, Bizet, Borodin, etc.)	C72	SC72
MY FAIR LADY	E12	S2
SOUTH PACIFIC	E15	S3
WEST SIDE STORY (Original English Cast)	E36	S17
THE KING AND I (Original Broadway Cast)	E177	SE177
OKLAHOMA! (Original Broadway Cast)	E180	SE180
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (Original Broadway Cast)	E187	SE187
FLOWER DRUM SONG	E193	(No stereo)
PORGY AND BESS (Original Broadway Cast)	E194	SE194
CAROUSEL (Original Broadway Cast)	E195	SE195
GUYS AND DOLLS (Original Broadway Cast)	E196	SE196
SONG OF NORWAY (Original Broadway Cast)	E197	SE197
CARMEN JONES (Original Broadway Cast)	E198	(No stereo)
BUDDY HOLLY MEMORIES	E223	(No stereo)
PAUL ANKA Swings For Young Lovers	E226	(No stereo)
ALONE WITH DION	E227	(No stereo)
JOHNNY O'KEEFE—Oldies But Goodies	E228	(No stereo)
BRENDA LEE—This is Brenda	E229	(No stereo)
COL JOYE—Golden Boy	E230	(No stereo)
A Night Out With LONNIE LEE	E231	(No stereo)
BRIAN HENDERSON presents "Everything's Swingin'"	E232	(No stereo)
STRAUSS in Hi-Fi	E210	(No stereo)
The Best of GILBERT AND SULLIVAN	E233	SE233
Dine And Dance With LES BLACK	E239	(No stereo)
DON COSTA'S Sing Along	E246	SE246
ADVENTURES IN PARADISE (Roy Smeck, Alfred Apaka, etc.)	E269	SE269
LIBERACE—Piano Song Book of Movie Themes	E270	SE270
BURL IVES—Songs of the West	E271	SE271
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DEANNA DURBIN—Deanna	E274	(No stereo)
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JOHNNY O'KEEFE—The Good Old Days of Rock-'n-Roll	E276	(No stereo)
Children's Sing Along—FRANK LUTHER, Children's Chorus	K8	(No stereo)
A Merry Christmas With THE FOUR ACES	E268	(No stereo)
BING CROSBY—That Christmas Feeling	E263	(No stereo)

"HOLIDAY ALBUM," BOX 3410, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.
Or call at 153a Clarence Street (opposite Barrack Street)), Sydney (Phone BX4710); or at Allan & Co., 276 Collins Street, Melbourne (Phone MF0451).
Please find enclosed cheque/money order (made payable to Popular Record Club) for £12/-/-, being full price, including postage, of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOLIDAY ALBUM.

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Please find enclosed cheque/money order (made payable to Popular Record Club) for £4/-/-, being deposit, including postage, on THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOLIDAY ALBUM. I hereby undertake to pay monthly instalments of £1/10/- per month for 6 months, commencing 30 days after date of purchase, or £8/-/- remainder immediately after 5-day trial period. Should any one payment become more than thirty days overdue, the balance of my account is then due and payable in full. (Repayments may also be made in larger sums if desired.)

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...and isn't that all the time?

3/6 for 20

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The important one

A short short story

By RUTH MACFARLANE

From her lofty seat in the clouds, Sandra felt a sense of exhilaration as she clung to her uncle.

THE child woke up at eight o'clock when her brother slammed the door on his way to work. She lay for a moment hearing the drip of rain down the window. Then she got up and dressed herself. The heels of her socks went on crooked, but she didn't notice. She went sleepily to the bathroom door and watched Sharon put on her lipstick. "Uncle Ronny comes today, Sharon."

Her sister laughed, admiring herself in the shaving mirror. "Well, that's hardly earth-shaking news!" Sharon worked in a big factory. She wore pretty clothes she bought herself and she and Moira-next-door came home most nights giggling over the smart things they had said and done.

"Sandra! Sandra-a-a! I'm going to work in a minute — do you want your breakfast or not?" Her mother came to the door. "For heaven's sake, hurry up!"

Sandra sat at the table and ate stolidly. "Do I have to go to school?" Her voice held no real hope.

"Yes, you do, and don't start that again."

"Is Uncle Ronny coming today?"

"I suppose so, he always comes Friday, doesn't he?" her mother said. "Now, here's your lunch and take your coat. There's a cake in your lunch. Go on now, sweetie."

Slowly the child set out, carefully she stepped into each puddle on the way to school. "Sweetie, sweetie, sweetie," she said to herself. The playground was empty, save for Rodney Moffat and Jimmy Mitchell on the swings, and some big boys playing football in the mud.

"Have you done your words, Sandra?" Rodney yelled accusingly. "You know what Miss Gibbs said!"

Sitting on the step beside her case, she considered the words she should have learnt. It didn't really matter: everyone knew Sandra Stevens couldn't do words, or sums, or reading. Drawing was best, she thought, you didn't need to know things.

Beverley Watts skipped through the gate, her bag clinking behind her, beribboned plaits swinging. "Hello, Sandra. Guess what I've got in my lunch. Baked bean sandwiches, a banana, a pear, and—in this tin—two chocolate frogs!" Sandra's plain freckled face looked suitably impressed, so she added, "I'll let you bite a leg, if you like."

"I've got a cake. It's a surprise my mother bought me."

By now large, noisy children screamed their way round the playground, and small ones, with bags half as big as themselves, waited patiently by the door. "There's the bell, there's the bell," they chanted.

She sat in the row with the "weak ones," and gazed out the window. Uncle Ronny was coming tonight. Sometimes he brought her a chocolate frog, too, or made up funny stories about her homework words. Once he made up one about Miss Gibbs. Once Uncle Ronny gave her a shell from Japan to take to school and show, and even Rodney Moffat had wanted to see it and said it was interesting.

"Sandra Stevens!" — Miss Gibbs' voice — "we're having a test today. I hope you learnt your words?" Sandra looked down at the special, shiny test paper in front of her. The words were read out slowly. Slowly pencils went their laborious ways over papers. "Any crossing out or dirty marks will mean a mark off." The child contemplated hers without expression. Five words written and two cross-outs. The papers were collected. It was newstime.

Newstime was special. Everyone wanted to tell something. "It must be interesting," said Miss Gibbs. Sandra sat still, her back aching with the strain of its unaccustomed straightness. Rodney Moffat was telling how his father, being a pilot, was going to Singapore, and would certainly bring Rodney back lots of interesting presents, and perhaps even some pictures to show Miss Gibbs. The class was silently envious.

"My father goes to Singapore every week," said the boy next to Sandra, almost believing it himself.

"Wait your turn, John — Sandra — you're sitting beautifully. Have you some news?" Miss Gibbs asked.

The child nodded. Forty pairs of eyes turned on her. Jimmy Mitchell began to giggle. "Sandra Stevens always tells the same—" He was silenced with authority's sternest glance.

Sandra walked to the front of the room and said loudly, "My Uncle Ronny's coming to our place tonight." Then she went quickly back and sat proud and straight, yet terribly afraid they would not understand the importance of her news.

Miss Gibbs said gently, "That's lovely, Sandra, isn't it?" The child nodded dumbly. As they went to their places, Rodney Moffat passed her and said benevolently, "Your news was nearly as good as mine, Sandra." She smiled her rare, toothy smile at him.

Lunchtime, lessons, playtime, lessons merged into one another. At last the final bell rang. Sandra sat still and patient. "Sandra Stevens sits very well. She may go home first," said Miss Gibbs.

Savoring her small moment of triumph, she walked stiffly to the door and out, and ran and ran till she reached the house. She took the key from under the back-door mat and let herself into the empty kitchen. Eating a piece of cold toast, she went to the front and sat on the stone step to wait.

Sharon and Moira came up the street, laughing loudly and followed by two boys. When they reached Moira's gate, they stopped, and were very surprised to see the boys. They all talked for a long time, then the bigger boy said, "I'll call for you at half past seven, Sharon. Don't forget, will you?" but he didn't look as though he were afraid she would. "Who's the little girl?" he asked, glancing at Sandra.

"Just my baby sister," she heard Sharon say. "She's waiting for Uncle Ron. She'll follow him around like a poodle. You'll see tonight." Then remorse struck her at the sight of the child's pale, crumpling face. She opened her bag, "Here, Sandra, get yourself a chocolate."

Threepence came tumbling through the air to land in Sandra's lap. Threepence is three pennies, she thought. I'll buy a chocolate frog at school tomorrow and let Beverley bite two legs.

Tea-time came, and with it, her mother. "Fish and chips tonight," she said. "I've had it!" Sandra sat and watched the others eat. Suddenly she could hear the sound of a truck stopping. Uncle Ronny, she thought.

The back door opened and a big man in overalls stood in the doorway. "Hello," he said. "I'm late tonight. Lots of work. Any tea left? Hello, Sandy. How's my prettiest girl? These greedy people have nearly finished off the tea. Let you and me go down to the shop and buy some more and a big block of ice-cream. They'll have to be pretty nice to us before we give them any, won't they?"

He hoisted her up on his back, and out the door they went, a big kind-faced man with a little sandy-haired girl clinging round his neck. As they passed Rodney Moffat and his friends playing in the street, she was suddenly filled with importance. Drunk with the sudden sense of exhilaration, from her lofty seat in the clouds she yelled cheekily, "Hi, Rodney! Done your homework?" She could afford to be brave, riding high as she was on the back of the strongest and cleverest man in the world.

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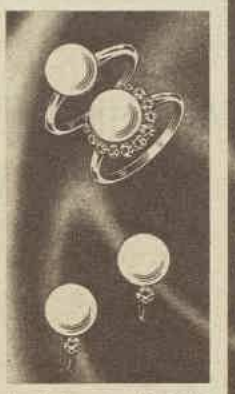

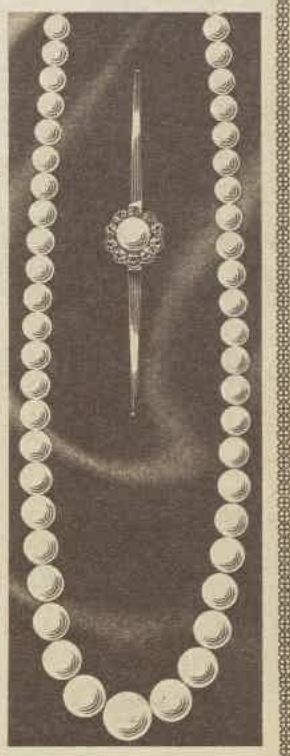

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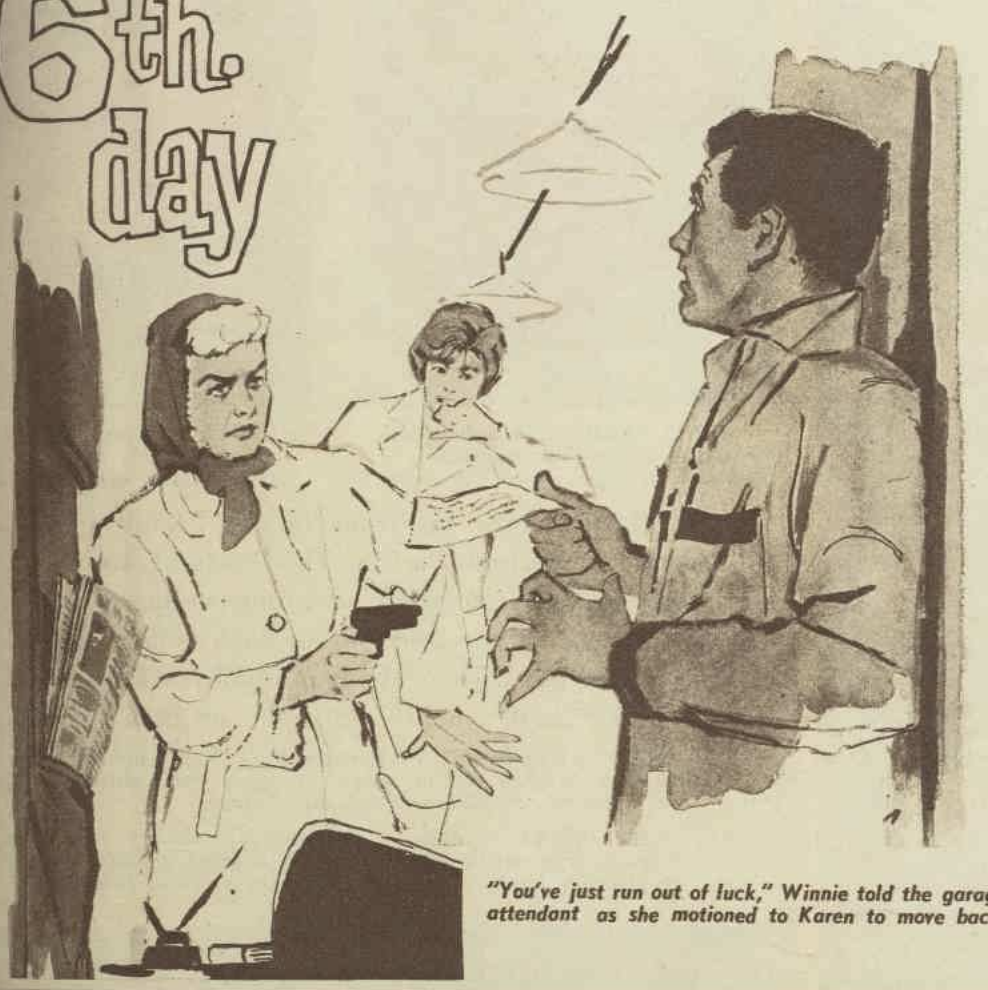
Death on the 6th day

Relentlessly Winnie uses Karen and Connie as her hostages . . . fourth instalment of our serial

By HENRY FARRELL



"You've just run out of luck," Winnie told the garage attendant as she motioned to Karen to move back.

HOPING for a reconciliation with her husband, DAN, KAREN HOWARD is driving with her small daughter, CONNIE, from New York to Los Angeles. Her mother, MRS. SPENCE, was against her making the trip, but her sister, FAYE, has agreed she must do what she feels is right.

The caretaker of her apartment building, HARVEY WHITE, had had a visit from his sister-in-law, RITA SEARS, who wanted help to get to Los Angeles. At his suggestion she sees Karen, and, introducing herself as his sister, WINNIE WHITE, she persuades her to take her, although Karen feels a little hesitant about her decision.

After they leave, Harvey is bashed by two gangsters who say Rita is wanted by the police for murder and a jewel theft. Later he is visited by the police, who confirm this story.

Karen had planned to travel by Route 40, but after ringing Dan to tell him she is on her way she realises that while she slept that afternoon in the car Winnie had changed to Route 30. Winnie readily confesses the "mistake," but convinces Karen they should stay on Route 30. The third day Karen rings her sister, but in the excitement of hearing Faye has had her baby she hardly takes any notice when Faye suggests it is possible her travelling companion is the Rita Sears wanted by the police. Later Karen thinks it over and tries to ring Dan, but is stopped as Winnie approaches. It is then she learns Winnie is carrying a gun.

At one stop Karen had seen a parked blue car and occasionally notices a blue gleam following. Unbeknown to herself or Winnie this car bears two gangsters who are keeping a watch on Winnie.

By the fourth night Karen is so beset with fear for herself and Connie that she tries to immobilise the car in an attempt to make Winnie leave them, but her plan fails. Returning to her room, she is terrified to find Winnie waiting for her. NOW READ ON:

DAN tried again to give his whole attention to the monthly report from Sales, to assemble all the dates and names and numbers into some sort of conclusive intelligence, but it was no use. According to the desk clock, a gold-gleaming ornament embedded in what appeared to be a solid cube of onyx, it was nearly one o'clock, and the meeting with the board was scheduled for one forty-five. But still his mind refused to be dislodged from the troubling fact that Karen had not called last night.

As he had the evening before, he rejected the idea of an accident. But it had occurred to him, after a night of restless conjecture, that she might have changed her mind. About the trip—and about him. That was what worried him—the thought that Karen might have become discouraged and turn back. If she had, he could hardly blame her; he had given her fledgling confidence little enough encouragement.

The Hazel Conway thing had hit Karen hard, particularly with the knowledge of it coming to her as it had through an anonymous phone call. Who had made that call Dan had never found out. Since it was a woman it seemed likely that it was the wife of some rival at the office. But that wasn't important. Its effect had been devastating. He should have remembered that it wasn't reasonable to expect Karen to recover from such a blow too quickly.

But it was idiotic to keep going over the past like this and blaming himself, schoolboyish. Whatever Karen might have decided or might have done there was nothing he could do about it until he heard. Meanwhile, he had important work to do. Once again he took up the sales report. And once again, almost immediately, he abandoned it. He let out his breath in a heavy sigh.

There was one thing he could do, and should have done hours ago, if only to relieve his own mind. He could call Mrs. Spence and see if she had heard from Karen. If she had, and knew the reason for this continued silence of Karen's, she would tell him. Dan was confident of that. They had always got on well together, he and Mrs. Spence; she would be able to see his side.

But one thing deterred him. He and Karen had agreed

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WOOLWORTHS LOWER PRICES AGAIN!

Australia's best-selling 15 denier nylons now at NEW RECORD LOW!

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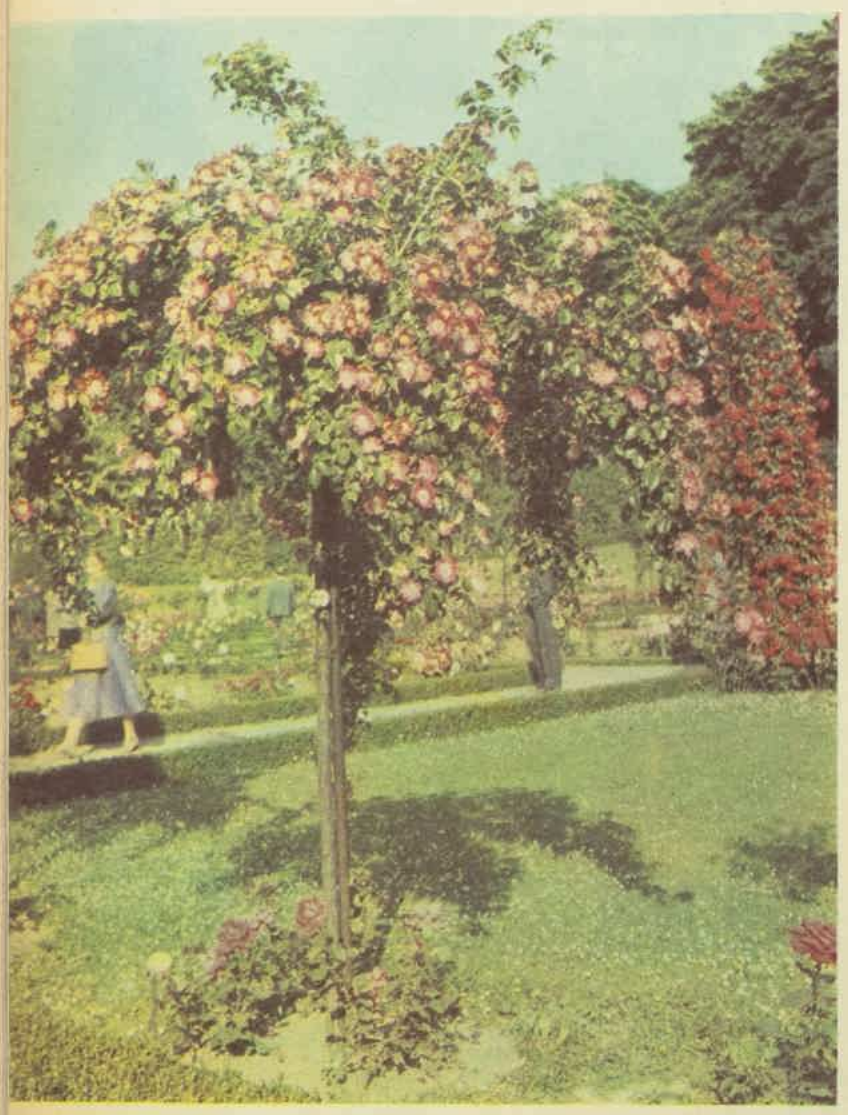
THE WORLD OF



AMERICAN PILLAR ROSE, as a weeping standard. To grow this way, put in a strong post when planting. As rose grows, take off lower laterals and train the crown on a wire frame.

SUPER STAR, 1960 hybrid-tea rose. Color does not fade in heat; foliage resists disease.

OPERA, vigorous hybrid-tea, with long buds of deep carmine flushed deeper shades.

● These pictures are from the 242 beautiful color studies in Bertram Park's "The World of Roses." A noted English rosarian and outstanding photographer, the author describes his book as "a complete rose garden in color." The fruit of 35 years' devotion to a flower, it contains full notes on each variety.

("The World of Roses," by Bertram Park, 93/6, published by George G. Harrap & Company. Our copy from Australasian Publishing Company, Sydney.)

MA PERKINS (below), floribunda producing deep pink, fragrant double blooms. It is free-blooming, a vigorous bushy type which grows to medium height.

MEC, apricot-pink rose with yellow stamen, is not yet available in Australia.

NEVADA, single creamy-white rose, bred from Mermaid, will be available here next year.

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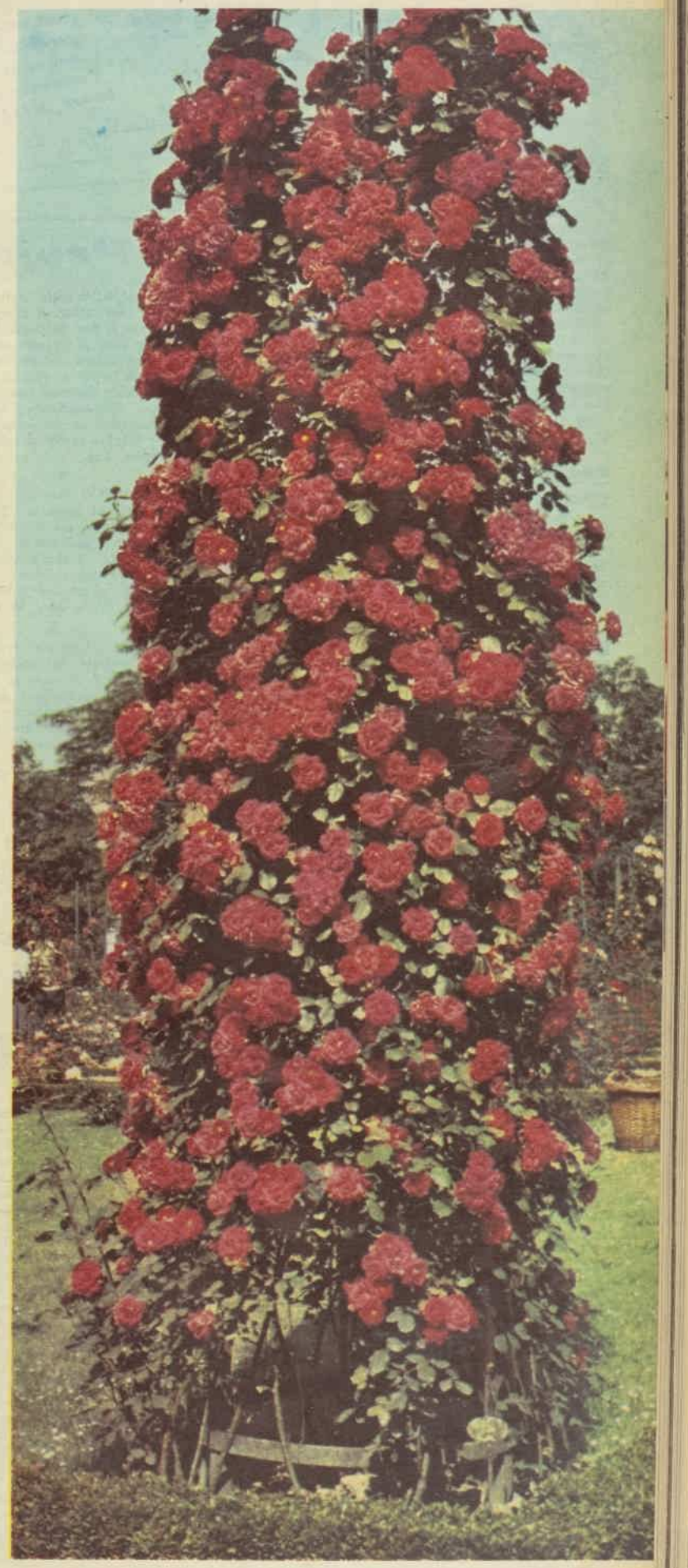
ROSES

ALBERTINE, free-flowering climber. Here the prolific slender canes are supported on wire-netting cylinders. Albertine is not available here, but New Dawn gives a similar effect.

PETITE DE HOLLANDE, one of the old-fashioned Centifolia types, is vigorous, free-flowering.

GOLDEN SHOWERS, climbing floribunda producing clusters of pointed buds on long stems.



PAUL'S SCARLET CLIMBER, an old favorite and a strong grower not subject to mildew. Blooms are semi-double. This can be developed as a weeping standard or trained on netting.

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Parents have rights

WHY do so many young people of 21 and over, who continue to live with their parents, resent supervision? Parents, quite naturally, have every right to be anxious for their children's welfare if they are out till the early hours of the morning. They have also every right to check where they have been. If young people feel they cannot conform to the rules of the household it is time they gave up all the advantages of living at home; advantages and comforts which parents have striven hard to acquire and which do not tally with the often ridiculously small amount of money children pay in for housekeeping. All too often the home is so comfortable and the attention and mother's cooking so good that these same young people refuse to face up to launching out by themselves.

£1/1/- to "Observant Mother" (name supplied), Kew, Vic.

Bad form of address

WHY do so many men refer to their wives as "THE wife," using the same tone of voice as they would to describe the car, the dog, or even the boss? "MY wife" would mean so much more. Surely most men can recall the proud feeling they had when they stood beside their bride for the first time. I know I can.

£1/1/- to "Still Remembering" (name supplied), Maylands, W.A.

Road signs destroyed

WHILE driving along a country road recently I was amazed and disgusted to see so many road signs had been shot at with guns in such a way that they were unreadable. Surely the people who do these things realise the danger in which they put other people's lives. If they used a little commonsense and did not ruin road signs I'm sure there would be fewer accidents.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. V. Adams, Armidale, N.S.W.

Baby gave Mum confidence

BEFORE I had my first baby I was always very shy and could never get into conversation with anyone I had just met. Now my son is five months old, and since he was born I have had much more confidence and can ask directions from strangers and hold my own in any conversation. Has any other reader lost shyness and gained confidence from having a baby?

£1/1/- to "Not-shy-now" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Project work

I AGREE with "Tired of Searching" (Qld.) that the illustrating of almost every project book with pictures is not particularly beneficial. However, I would say that, if pictures are necessary, you must insist that the children find their own. It is a good idea to provide them with a special "project box," into which all suitable material can be put as it is found, thus saving the time-consuming task of searching through every magazine in the house.

£1/1/- to "Won't Search" (name supplied), Youngtown, Tas.

★ ★ ★

I ENJOY hunting up information and pictures for school projects. In doing so I have learnt much. I am glad to see school lessons nowadays are much brighter, and not so dull and dreary as the "3 Rs" in my day. I don't consider myself pestered and I love helping the children. If a little time can make their tasks lighter and more enjoyable it is time well spent.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Smith, Dandenong West, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I AM fed up with trying to supply pictures for various projects and books. I am afraid to throw away a magazine in case it may be needed later on. My children are given duplicated sheets of notes which they have to tediously copy into their books, and everything has to be illustrated and colored. This entails hours of work which could be well spent in other forms of education.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Gold, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IT is bad enough looking for project pictures when one is well, but it is quite a problem with very indifferent health as I have. However, I have overcome the problem by saving all my copies of The Australian Women's Weekly. The children can usually find anything they want in them. I'm very thankful I did not have quads. It would be awful to have to look for four of each illustration!

£1/1/- to "Ardent Saver" (name supplied), Woombye, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

"HOLD on a minute! I can't find a pencil."

Mrs. Hoskins was talking to me on the phone. I had to give her a message from her husband.

When she picked up the phone a minute later she sounded cross.

"Those children have taken every one of my pencils. I've had to use colored ones," she said.

I sympathised with her. It is a law of nature that lead pencils and ball-point pens disappear, while colored pencils multiply exceedingly.

One reason is the shrewdness of the colored-pencil people in selling their goods in job lots. The Christmas before last generous Aunt Betty gave my children a Leonardo da Vinci brand box of 50, with out-of-the-way colors like Midnight Mauve.

The poor plain lead pencils, which arrive at the house singly, have a struggle to compete.

In the hands of irresponsible persons like my daughter Pip, 2, colored pencils can be dangerous.

Pip tries to color-in ordinary or reading books as well as coloring books. She did red and green squiggles on the front page of the Duchess of Windsor's life story. You can imagine how much that upset me.

IN GLORIOUS COLOR

Pip has not grasped the importance of *not going over the lines* when you are coloring in.

I don't mean to run down colored pencils entirely. They serve to encourage artistic expression. I do a little coloring-in myself, and hardly ever go over the lines. I also act as a color consultant,

answering such questions as: "Will I make the girl's face red?" or "What color will I do the horse — blue?"

The most serious shortcoming of colored pencils, in my opinion, is that they don't provide a good flesh tint. You have to do people's faces with white, which makes them look like beatniks, or brown, which gives them a heavy suntan. Neither is suitable for characters like Little Miss Muffet or Old King Cole.

There is so little use for white pencils that they silt up round the place. I would like to suggest to manufacturers that they lay off white pencils for a while till the stockpile is exhausted.

But as Mrs. Hoskins has found, while colored pencils accumulate plain ones vanish. Some are dropped in the garden, where they turn up later in a decayed condition. Many go down the backs of sofas. A few are stuck into taps.

The pencils that are not lost get broken points.

My wife spent so much time sharpening pencils that in desperation she lately bought a fancy pencil sharpener with a handle. It has been running hot ever since.

Little Rowena Potts knocked at the door this morning and said: "Could I sharpen my colored pencils, please?" She had 53 pencils with her. Not that we mind as long as they don't try to sharpen ball-point pens. Pip tried that, and the sharpener did not like it at all.

• *"Daddy, Are You Married?" a collection of Ross Campbell's writings, is now on sale at bookshops. Published by Ure Smith. Price, 17/6.*

Will you be fashion ambassadress for Dri-Glo?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A VERY SPECIAL AUSTRALIAN GIRL

She should be over 18, unmarried, and attractive in face and figure. She needs to have poise, a pleasant voice, speak well and confidently, and a knowledge of French, Italian or German would be an advantage. We will want her to appear as an Ambassadress for Australian Dri-Glo Towels in leading stores throughout Europe. Then when she returns, she can look forward to a continuing and rewarding career in fashion and sales promotion. Do something about this wonderful opportunity right away! Go to your nearest store that stocks Dri-Glo towels and ask for an application form. Or write (endorsing your envelope "Fashion") to: Dri-Glo Towels Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 20, Five Dock, N.S.W.

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Travel overseas on a luxurious scale—with all details of your trip arranged for you, and lots of time for sight-seeing and shopping.

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When you return, continue a glamorous career in fashion and sales promotion.

Applications close on December 31, and the successful applicant will be notified on or about 31st January, 1963.

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BOND'S Dri-Glo TOWELS

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VOGUE *world's leading fashion authority says:*
"DRI-GLO TOWELS LEAD THE FASHION FIELD"

In a round-up of newest beach fashions Australian Vogue says, "Bond's Dri-Glo towels are internationally smart." **Paris** Vogue also publicises Dri-Glo . . . calls them "towels to enchant the sun-lovers." So if it's fashion **you're** after—with finest quality absorbency and a really wide price range—choose Dri-Glo towels.

Have you a very special towel colour in mind? You'll surely find it in Dri-Glo's new beach range. From pale and pretty pastels to combinations like hot pink and orange, Dri-Glo gives you the biggest choice of all.

BOND'S Dri-Glo TOWELS

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THE FIRST PICTURE OF A VIRUS CAUSING INFECTIOUS HEPATITIS

It was taken with an electron microscope in a Parke-Davis laboratory.

This historic picture represents a significant advance in science's fight against a serious disease which attacks the liver.

Years before infectious hepatitis rose to near-epidemic proportions, Parke-Davis scientists were trying to isolate the elusive viruses which cause this disease.

Now their efforts have met with some measure of success.

This by no means indicates that we presently have a remedy for infectious hepatitis. The research that continues is slow and tedious. Much more work remains to be done, even though certain types of hepatitis viruses have been isolated and are being grown in our laboratories.

From such effort comes a growing confidence among scientists that a treatment or a means of preventing the disease will ultimately be developed.

Creative research at Parke-Davis continues to seek new answers to the age-old problems of disease. The hard-won progress against infectious hepatitis is but one example of our interest in a longer, healthier life for you and members of your family.

Parke, Davis & Company (Inc. U.S.A. Ltd. Liability), Sydney.

PARKE-DAVIS

. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES

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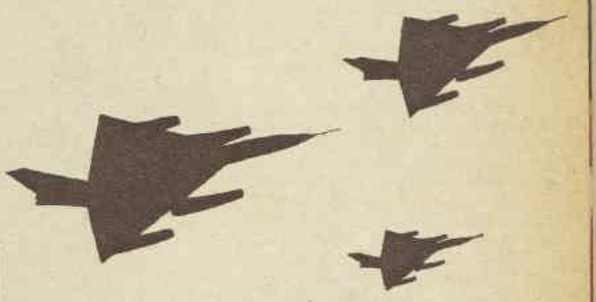
Could the Third World War begin by accident? This is the theme of FAIL-SAFE, the most chilling suspense novel of the atom age. Just published in America, our two-part serial parallels the dramatic exchanges between U.S.A. and Russia over the Cuban crisis.

FAIL-SAFE



IN the War Room of the Strategic Air Command at Omaha, the only illumination came from the Big Board. Made of translucent plastic, it covered an entire wall like a gigantic movie screen. Just now the Big Board showed a simple Mercator map of the world, spattered with cabalistic signs. Arrows, circles, squares, numbers, triangles were strewn across the screen, sometimes coming up bright and clear, sometimes dimming. In the uncertain light the half dozen men in the War Room looked insignificant.

"I expected a little more action," Congressman Raskob said. "This is just like a second-rate theatre. Where are the ushers?"

Lt.-Gen. Lee Bogan, United States Air Force, glanced at Congressman Raskob, knowing that he was being baited. "Right now, sir, we're at our lowest condition of readiness," General Bogan said. "When something starts to happen there's plenty of action."

The Congressman grunted. Standing at the raised runway at the back of the War Room, he held his short, stocky body in an arrogant posture. He's going to be a tough one, General Bogan thought.

Raskob was tough indeed, and intelligent, too. He came from a congressional district in Manhattan which embraced expensive apartment houses at one end and old tenements at the other. On welfare and civil rights issues Raskob voted liberal to win the slum-dwellers' votes. On military appropriations he complained loudly that short-sighted generals and admirals were adding to the tax burden, a posture that won votes among the well-to-do.

Now he caught the eye of Colonel Cascio. "Where are you from, son?" It was a political question, entirely automatic.

"New York City, sir," Colonel Cascio said. "In the west Seventies."

"Probably in the Twentieth District," Raskob said. "You're getting some Puerto Ricans in there now. It's one of those swing districts. Might go either Democrat or Republican."

"As a military man," Colonel Cascio said, "I don't follow politics very closely."

"Most Air Force people move around so much that they have trouble meeting residence requirements for voting," General Bogan said quickly.

He felt uneasy and protective. Colonel Cascio's parents, he knew, were Kentucky hill people who lived in drunken squalor. They had never adjusted to life in a northern city. And they were the reason that Colonel Cascio never spoke with a Southern accent, never drank, and was unmarried. His military career was everything.

General Bogan himself came from a Tennessee family with a strong military tradition. Ever since colonial days at least one Bogan had been in the Armed Forces of the United States. General Grant Lee, Bogan's given names, came to him because his father thought that General Grant and General Lee were the greatest generals in American history.

A NOVEL BY THE CO-AUTHOR OF "THE UGLY AMERICAN"

EUGENE BURDICK AND HARVEY WHEELER

"General," said Raskob, "this room reminds me of a submarine. How deep are we?"

"Four hundred feet underground," General Bogan said. "After a while you get used to it."

He was not telling the complete truth. In fact he had disliked the War Room when he first became its commander after thirty-two years as an Air Force pilot. He had hated the elevator, which fell in one long, sickening drop; he had even disliked the smell of shellac from the thousands of electrical units.

In time General Bogan's feeling had changed. The War Room, with its small grey desks, was an artistic concept. Information came here by radio, teletype, written report, computers, memory banks, card sorters, conveyors, tubes, telephones, and word of mouth. It came in the form of calculations, fear, wild guesses, recommendations, equivocations, and rumor.

General Bogan glanced at Congressman Raskob and wished he could communicate his secret vision. The War Room had become a ship, a plane, a place of decision. Although locked in hundreds of tons of concrete and millions of tons of earth, the room gave him a sense of motion, as if he were flying on instruments.

He led his visitor down the incline to the command desk. "Colonel Cascio, will you project the naval situation in the Pacific on the Big Board?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Colonel Cascio said. He bent over the big desk and pressed a lever labelled PACIFIC NAVAL. Instantly the Mercator projection of the world was replaced by a chart of the Pacific Ocean. Colonel Cascio looked up at General Bogan. "Would you like to start with the Russian submarine layout?"

General Bogan nodded. Suddenly the map of the Pacific contained sixteen red blips. Tape began to pour from a machine at a nearby desk.

Congressman Raskob went rigid. "You don't mean to tell me that all those little things are Russian submarines?" he asked. "That one there looks like it's almost in Los Angeles Harbor."

"Sir, that Soviet submarine is approximately fifty miles offshore," General Bogan said quietly. "Unless they come within the three-mile limit, all we can do is observe them."

"General, this looks dangerous to me," Raskob said. "What the hell are those submarines doing?"

"I suppose they're doing what we do when we

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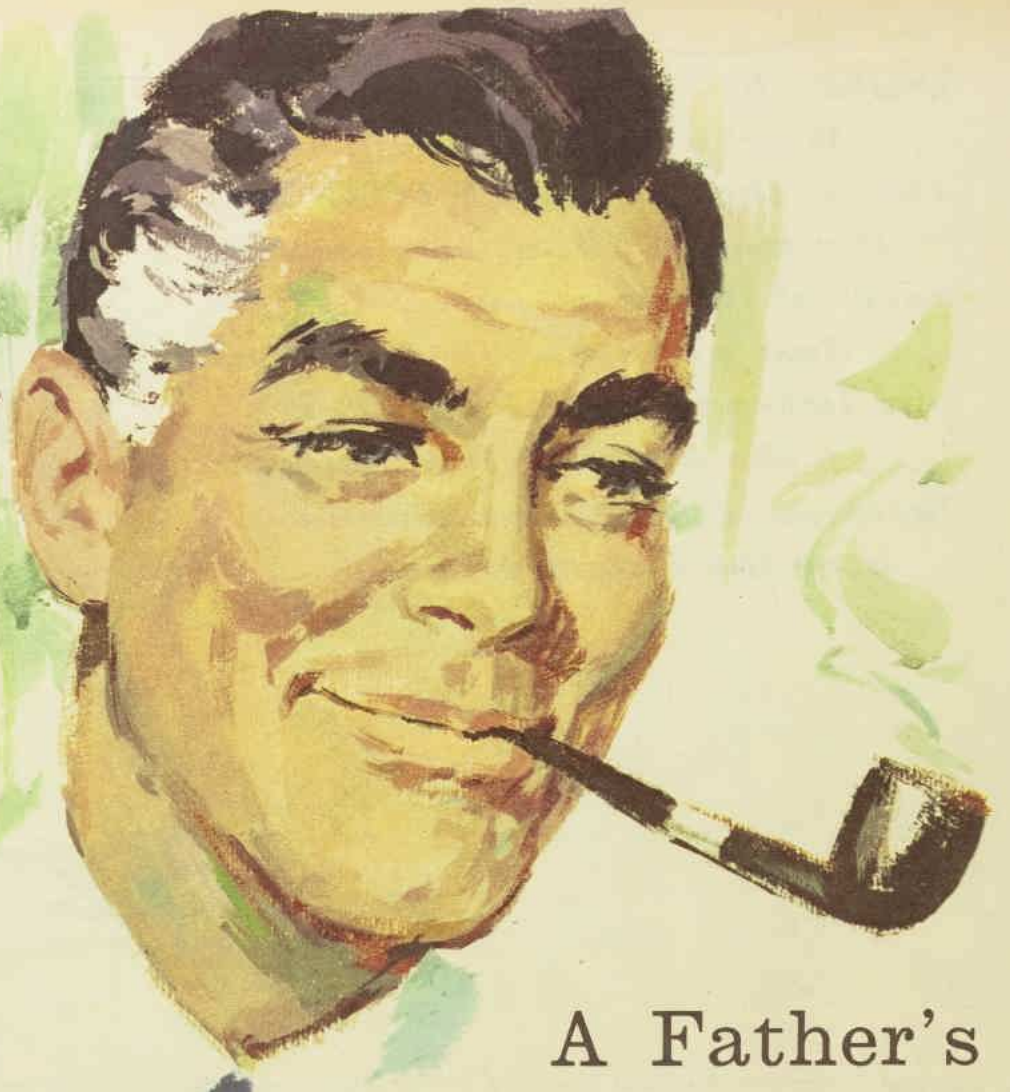

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Come what may a man may rest content when:—

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Continuing . . .

FAIL-SAFE

from page 43

send planes around the Soviet border—they're scanning us."

It was the kind of explanation that Raskob understood. "How do you know that those submarines are really there?" he asked.

"Sir, the Navy has a pattern of sonobuoys in the Pacific," Colonel Cascio said. "They pick up sounds in the water. The information is transmitted to Kaneohe Bay in Hawaii and interpreted by specialists there. They're so good they can tell the difference between a whale breaking wind and a submarine blowing tanks."

Colonel Cascio turned to the machine on the adjoining desk and tore off the tape. He handed it to Raskob. "When the Big Board is switched to a specific projection," he explained, "memory banks are automatically searched for bits of related information. These come out on the tape."

THE first sentence on the tape read:

"Soviet submarine Kronstadt operated radar equipment for 30 seconds at 1820 slant line 18 slant line 00. Submerged depth 120 feet, proceeded northwest to point WLDZ at 6.5 knots."

The tape went on to give estimates of the fuel level in various Soviet submarines in the Pacific, the number of messages they had transmitted, the time they had been on patrol.

"I'll be damned," Raskob said. "That's a nice gadget."

"That gadget and the others in this room cost over a billion dollars, Mr. Raskob," General Bogan said, carefully keeping irony out of his voice. "There's another room like this at the Pentagon, and another at Colorado Springs, and smaller versions at other locations around the world."

"Where are all these other rooms?" Raskob asked.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't give you that information except on orders from my superiors or the President," General Bogan said. He hesitated, warned by the flush on Raskob's face. "It's what we call 'top secret for concerned eyes only.'"

Raskob smiled. "That rules me out," he said. "The only use I could have for the information is to beat hell out of the military people at an appropriation hearing. What other kinds of stuff can you show on that screen?"

Colonel Cascio leaned toward the levers on the desk. Before he could touch them a blue light began to flash over the Big Board. A ticker machine at another desk-console stuttered. The Big Board went blank, then steadied on a projection of the area between Greenland and Canada. From a door at the side of the room six officers entered and moved to their desks.

"What's happened, general?" Raskob asked.

"I don't know yet," General Bogan said. "But we've gone to Condition Blue, our mildest alert."

Suddenly the board showed a tiny red blip between Greenland and the eastern coast of Canada.

"Mr. Raskob, that's an unidentified flying object, picked up by our radar," General Bogan said. "Until we identify it positively we'll regard it as hostile."

The Congressman stared at the red blip. It moved slowly across the projection. "What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

General Bogan smiled. "We already have a certain number of Strategic Air Command bombers in the air. They have been informed of Condition Blue, and will start to fly toward their Fail-Safe points."

"Fail-Safe?"

"The Fail-Safe point is different for each group," General Bogan explained. "But it's a fixed point in the sky where the planes orbit and wait for a positive order to attack. Unless they get a positive order to 'go,' they return to the United States. That's what we mean by the expression 'Fail - Safe.' If something fails, it's still safe —we can't go to war except by a direct order. Without that order, no bomber will fly beyond the Fail-Safe point."

"They must get the order to 'go' by radio," Raskob said.

"That's right, Mr. Raskob," General Bogan said, "but not by voice. The order is transmitted to a small box in each plane which we call the Fail-Safe box. That box is operated by a radio code, which changes from day to day. It can be activated only at the express order of the President of the United States. You've probably read that he is accompanied everywhere by an officer from the Air Force, who has the current code for the box."

"Why don't you just give them an oral yes or no, and save yourself all this trouble?" Raskob asked. His eyes were fastened on the red blip and its inexorable progress.

"Because," General Bogan said, "an enemy could use the same radio frequency, imitating the voice of the President or one of our commanding officers. Also, when people talk over the radio, interference from other transmissions may cause misunderstanding. But nothing can interfere with the Fail-Safe box. It can be activated in only one manner, and at the express order of the President."

Raskob had not taken his eyes from the Big Board. Now he spoke with a rasp of irritation. "Well, what else are you doing?" he asked brusquely. "That blip could be a Russian bomber, and as far I can tell you aren't doing much about it."

"We're doing a good deal," General Bogan said. "Fighter planes are flying toward the unidentified object, ICBM rockets are being prepared for launching, squadrons of bombers are being fuelled and armed—all in case this is an enemy vehicle," General

Bogan said. "But, Congressman Raskob, if we went full-out every time an unidentified object appeared on the screen, we'd need four times the appropriations that we now get from Congress."

Raskob missed the irony. "What do you mean, 'every time'? How often does this happen?"

"About six times a month," General Bogan said. "And if we went straight to Condition Red each time it would probably cost around a billion dollars a year."

Raskob laughed. "OK, general, you win. I got that bit about the congressional appropriations. But six times a month? It can't be very dangerous if it happens that often."

"Sir, we never take a chance," Colonel Cascio broke in. His voice was almost reproving. "We don't know what that object is. If we can't identify it in a few more minutes, or if it acts suspiciously, we'll go to Condition Yellow. If we're still unsatisfied we might go to Condition Green. The last step, as you know, is Condition Red. We've never gone to Red—that would mean that we were actually on the verge of war. What all of this machinery assures is that if we do go to war it won't be by accident, or because someone's lost his mind. This system is foolproof."

Foolproof? Colonel Cascio was wrong.

Branching off from the War Room are other rooms protected by sheaths of concrete and lead. One room is labelled PRESIDENTIAL COMMAND NET. Inside are six grey machines, under a sign reading, FAIL-SAFE ACTIVATING MECHANISMS. TO BE USED ONLY AT EXPRESS PRESIDENTIAL ORDER.

In the room are two sergeants whose sole duty is to check the mechanical condition of the activation machine. At the moment that Colonel Cascio uttered the words "foolproof," one of the sergeants walked around the bank of machines.

"Frank, how are you fixed for cigarettes?" he asked.

Frank tossed him a pack. At that moment in Machine "Delta" a small condenser blew. There was no sound, just a tiny puff of smoke, no larger than a walnut.

The sergeant sniffed. "Frank, do you smell something?" he asked. "Like something burning?"

"Yeah, that's me," Frank said. "You borrowing cigarettes all the time, that burns me."

They grinned at each other. The sergeant returned to his desk. A small shield hid from his view the tiny knob of burnt carbon on the top of the disabled condenser. None of his gauges indicated a malfunction.

. . . .

Congressman Raskob was enjoying the action. It had something of the elements of politics in it. "Can you project on to the Big Board the fighter planes that are chasing the unidentified object?" he asked.

Colonel Cascio moved a few levers. Near the red blip a phosphorescent worm began to glow, then broke into six separate blips, all black. "Those are Canadian fighters," he said. "They'll probably close the unidentified object in a half hour."

He walked over to a desk, tore off a piece of tape and handed it to General Bogan. It read,

"UFO at Angels 30, speed 525, course 186."

"That means that the unidentified flying object is at 30,000 feet, doing 525 miles an hour, south-bound," General Bogan said.

"If the fighters catch it, what are they likely to find?" Raskob asked.

"Usually it's a commercial airliner blown off course by high winds," General Bogan said.

"General, can you put on the board the SAC bombers that are flying toward their Fail-Safe points?" Raskob asked.

"Yes, sir," General Bogan said. He nodded at Colonel Cascio, who adjusted his desk levers.

"What you will see," General Bogan continued, "is a fuller projection of the Northern Hemisphere. It's something like being directly above the North Pole."

Again there was a slow dissolve on the Big Board. At this scale the unidentified flying object and the six pursuing fighters were tiny. Six clusters of green blips swam into view. Each cluster was moving toward one green cross or another positioned around the borders of Soviet Russia.

"Each group of blips represents six Vindicator bombers," Colonel Cascio said. "Notice that some of them, such as the group based on Okinawa, can get to their Fail-Safe points very quickly. So the group jinks around a good deal. The idea is to have all of the bombers arrive at each Fail-Safe point at the same moment. The one which has the farthest to travel is Group Delta, which is near the Bering Strait. As you can see, it is moving toward the green cross over St. Matthew Island, just about at west longitude 170 degrees. That is its Fail-Safe point."

A tape-recorded voice suddenly announced, "Seven minutes to Fail-Safe."

"That voice goes on automatically at seven minutes and starts a count-down," General Bogan said, "It is unlikely that the planes will actually get to the Fail-Safe points. Usually, the UFO is identified before that, and we order the bombers back."

"Six minutes to Fail-Safe," the mechanical voice said.

A DOOR in the side of the War Room opened. Four officers walked in and sat at desks. At this moment the UFO disappeared from the screen. Colonel Cascio pulled tape from a machine and handed it to General Bogan.

"The unidentified object is now over the Nenieux Islands off Baffin Bay," General Bogan read, "losing altitude rapidly. No visual contact yet. Radar signal erratic."

"Five minutes to Fail-Safe," the mechanical voice said.

"General, what the hell happened to that thing?" Raskob asked. "It's gone."

"Colonel Cascio, let's go to Condition Yellow," General Bogan said briskly.

Raskob swung about and stared at the general.

"Nothing to worry about," the general said. "The UFO has plunged from 30,000 feet and disappeared from the radar scopes. It may be an airliner about to crash, but it might be an enemy plane taking evasive action."

Raskob had a look on his face which Bogan had come to recognise, an expression compounded of excitement, horror, and malice.

"Four minutes to Fail-Safe time," the voice said.

On the Big Board the bomber blips were drawing close to the Fail-Safe crosses. One of the desk-machines started to clatter. A major tore off the tape and handed it to General Bogan.

"Go to Condition Green," General Bogan barked. "And project the light bombers, the Skyscrapper support and the jet tankers on the Big Board."

Raskob said, "What the hell ——"

General Bogan raised his hand.

The light over the Big Board went green. A piercing klaxon sound cut through the room. Doors opened, and in thirty seconds every desk in the room was manned.

"Three minutes to Fail-Safe," the voice said.

Strange shapes were blossoming all over the Big Board. Behind each of the Vindicator group appeared the blips of airborne tankers. Other blips appeared to port and starboard — protective fighters.

Colonel Cascio quickly explained the situation to Raskob, without taking his eyes from the Board.

"Why did you go to Condition Green?" Raskob asked in a whisper.

General Bogan interrupted. "Colonel Cascio, come with me to the 423-L desk." He looked at Raskob, felt an impulse to explain and a sudden pressure of anxiety.

When they reached the desk General Bogan handed a slip of paper to Colonel Cascio. It read,

"Extended DEW line station No 4.6 on UFO. Some atmospheric interference, but UFO is not repeat not air-breathing vehicle."

"Not an air-breather?" There was astonishment in Colonel Cascio's voice. He turned to the officer at the desk. "Get DEW Line Number four point six and see if they have any dope on the conformation of the UFO."

The officer adjusted desk controls. A line of three green lights went on.

"Two minutes to Fail-Safe."

"If it doesn't look like an air-breather," General Bogan said, "it might be a commercial plane which has lost power on all engines. Or it might be some sort of rocket-driven vehicle."

"One minute to Fail-Safe."

"Colonel Cascio," General Bogan said, "get our visitor out of here."

Colonel Cascio stepped toward Congressman Raskob and spoke to him. Raskob's voice was raised in protest.

"Now look here," he said; "if we're going to war I want to know all about it."

"Who said anything about going to war?" General Bogan asked. His voice had a whip-like quality. "I want you out of this room."

Raskob had spread his feet. He had a pyramidal, ferocious look about him. "Back off, general. As I read the situation, we're one minute from going to war, and I'm going to stay right here and see what happens. You're not going to put me off in a cell, not without a fight. I mean that, general."

"One-half minute to Fail-Safe," the voice said. "Count-down will now be by seconds . . . twenty-five . . . twenty-four . . . twenty-three . . . "

General Bogan knew he couldn't get Raskob out of the room without using force. He spoke to Colonel Cascio.

"It might be a camouflaged rocket plane which faked a jet flameout to come in below our radar screen."

"Fifteen . . . fourteen . . . thirteen . . . "

The teletype on the 413-L desk started to clatter. General Bogan leaned forward to read the tape.

"UFO has conformation of Boeing 707 but grass obscures total impression," the tape said.

"Eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . "

On the Big Board the six bomber groups were about to converge with the green crosses which marked their Fail-Safe points. The blip of the UFO was still invisible. By a deliberate act of will, General Bogan made himself relax. He had got to the Fail-Safe point before, but he had never had a UFO which acted so strangely.

The mechanical voice said, "All groups at Fail-Safe point." Simultaneously the Vindicator blips merged with their green crosses.

General Bogan turned to his visitor. Raskob's jaw was set. He did not seem to realise what was happening. The teletype on the 413-L desk chattered.

"UFO now at 1500 feet. Best estimate BOAC commercial Boeing 707 has regained power on two jets."

"It's all right, Colonel Cascio," General Bogan said. "Let the Vindicators orbit at their Fail-Safe points, however, until we get confirmation from the Canadian fighters."

"I kinda like this whole operation," Raskob said softly. "I mean, it's nice to meet people who can tie everything up with a ribbon and foolproof."

The teletype on the 413-L clattered.

General Bogan read the tape aloud for Raskob. "UFO definitely BOAC Flight 117, off course due to high winds. Power regained at 350 feet."

"That's it, Congressman. I'm sorry that we alarmed you," General Bogan said.

Colonel Cascio pushed a single lever. Instantly the effect of the automatic radio order was reflected on the Big Board. Fighters started curving back toward their bases. Jet tankers angled away from bomber groups. The light over the Big Board went out. Men began to drift out of the room.

It was Raskob who first noticed a discrepancy. Turning from the board, he grinned at General Bogan. "Now what the hell are those blips up there doing?" he asked. "They have gone right by the Fail-Safe point."

General Bogan stared at the board. His mind was white-hot and utterly blank. It perceived only one thing: Group Delta had flown past its Fail-Safe point. The bombers were headed for Russia.

"Colonel Cascio! Get on the horn; recall those bombers!"

Cascio ran to a nearby desk, threw a switch and picked up a microphone.

"Turkey Five, this is Ultimate Two. Come in Turkey Five . . . come in Turkey Five . . . "

Cascio listened, frowned, turned to Bogan. "They're not answering, general.

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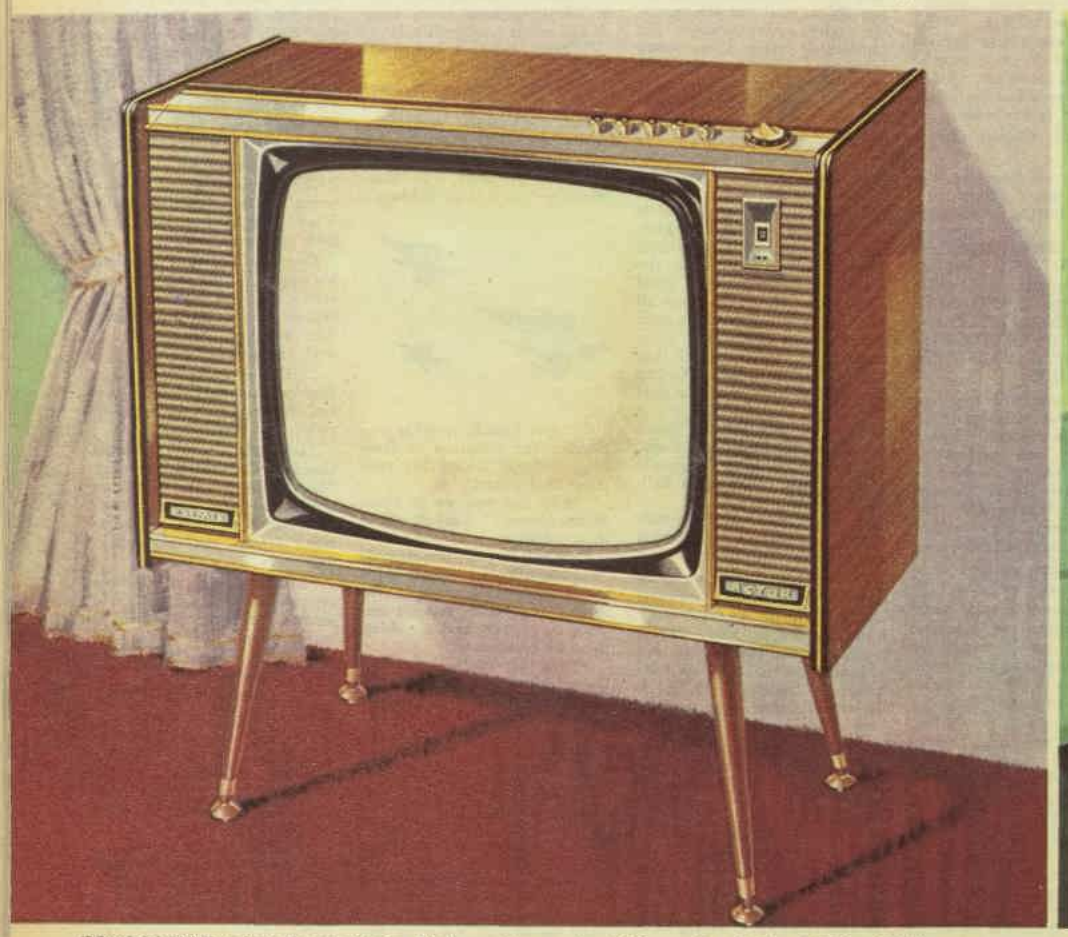

'Mayfair' 23" Barclay. Superb design. Features duo-speaker hi-fi sound, a choice of Walnut, Mahogany or Maple timbers, plus all genuine 'Mayfair' features. It includes the marvel of 'Tru-Vue', ASTOR exclusive, that gives you all the picture, clearer and completely without reflections.

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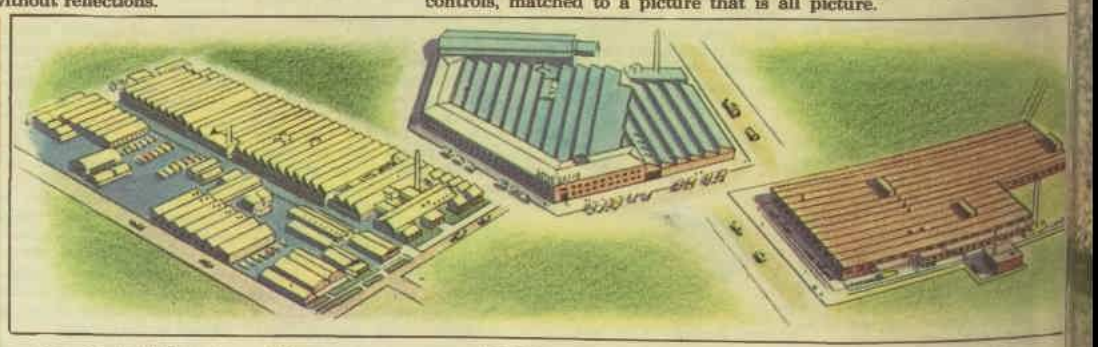

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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television

"BONANZA" – New Series

Use a stainless-steel knife for cutting salad greens, so cut surfaces will not turn brown and spoil the appearance of the dish.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

strips as possible, being careful not to cut through thicker end; chill in iced water until petals have curled back.

Continued overleaf

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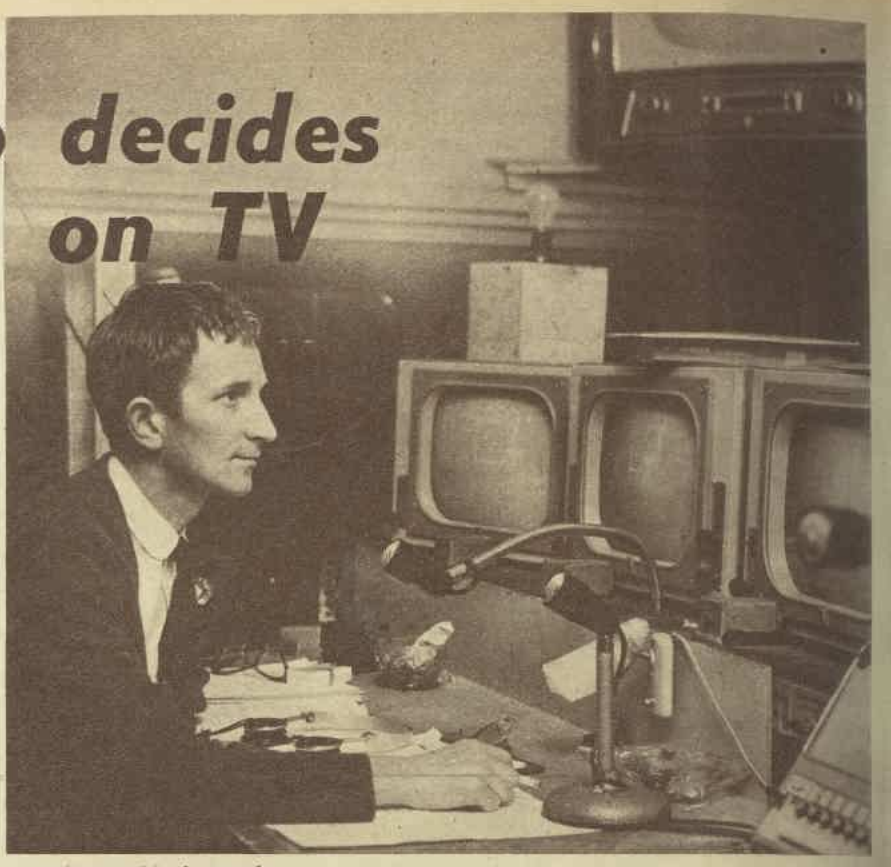
MEET A DIRECTOR . . .

The man who decides what you see on TV

By DAWN JAMES

● Film directors are portly gentlemen (according to tradition) who are Getting On in life, with bald patches and king-size cigars, and an I'm-on-top manner to match. Television directors are . . . not.



TV DIRECTOR Warwick Freeman at work — in the control-room, confronted by preview monitor screens.

IN Australia's young industry, the directors — who translate the studio action into the picture on your TV set—are *young* men. Young and talented and thinnish and harriedly polite. And they smoke (king-size) cigarettes.

Let's set the scene:

We're at the TCN9 studios in Sydney, watching preparation for Bob Rogers' show, which is telecast live on Thursdays and is described by the channel as "the show where anything can happen, and we hope it does."

Crowded studio

It's 9 p.m., half-an-hour before transmission time.

The studio is like an overcrowded barn — lights glaring, cameras trailing cable like giant spaghetti, and people everywhere. In one corner the band is determinedly playing. No one seems to be listening.

At his desk, Bob Rogers is talking to a very young man with red hair and a just-hatched look.

The senior office boy, perhaps? Is Mr. Rogers ordering a cup of coffee? No, indeed.

Mr. Rogers is *taking* instructions. For the "boy" is Warwick Freeman, at 25 one of the youngest and most talented TV directors in Australia.

By 9.15 p.m., Warwick is in the glassed-off control room, high above the set.

There, he is sitting at a long and button-infested desk with technical producer Barry Ford and script assistant Helen Moxham.

In front of him are five preview monitor sets, which mirror the pictures taken by the three studio cameras and also relay any film clips, slides, or videotapes being used on the show to the director. Above these a sixth set shows the picture being transmitted from the station.

Behind him is audio operator Neville Bull, surrounded by record turntables and more buttons, and lighting director Don Altwasser.

Warwick is talking confidentially into a microphone, his instructions relayed through earphones to Barry next door and to the crew on the set.

"Two minutes to air time" remarks a disembodied voice genially. Then, "15 seconds" and "five seconds" — and the opening titles flash on to the screen . . .

For the next hour young Mr. Freeman seems to be looking at the five monitor sets at once. Not to mention directing the cameramen ("No, three-inch lens, please") and discussing any problems with the people in the control-room.

He decides which picture he wants to use (the show is unrehearsed, so the crews have to be quick and sure), mutters into the mike and waves a hand, like Mandrake, toward a monitor.

Ooops (almost) magic! Barry Ford touches a button and the transmitted picture changes immediately.

And again, and again, and again until the closing titles come on the screen . . .

Warwick Freeman is typical of the young, bright talent on Australian television.

And Warwick — who seems to know exactly where he wants to go and how to get there—is covering the road to the top rather more quickly than most.

If he'd kept a career diary it would have looked something like this:

● 1958 — Joined TCN as a studio cameraman.

● 1959 — Appointed floor manager (responsible for the mechanics of staging a show). Six months later began directing some of the "smaller" programmes.

● 1960 — Began directing Brian Henderson's visual hit parade "Bandstand" (then transmitted live, only in Sydney). Directed four of the "Mobil-Limb Shows," and then "Bandstand" went national.

● 1962 — Went overseas . . .

"In Los Angeles I watched film production at studios like Desilu — because nearly all the big TV shows are made in New York.

"Then I went to New York for four weeks and saw production of big shows like Perry Como's.

"It was fascinating to watch them rehearse all their 'ad libs.' Nothing on that show happens by accident.

"I spent a lot of time at the C.B.S. and N.B.C. studios, and with Mitch Miller 'Singalong' show — the biggest and most popular in the States.

"The biggest thrill was watching production of the 'Judy Garland Show.'

"I saw them spend one day," he remarked with some awe, "on camera rehearsal for one number. You know, 'The Man Who Got Away,' when they had a camera shooting down on Judy Garland's head."

After New York, Warwick spent four weeks in London.

And then, via Europe and the Far East (missing Tokyo because he was homesick), he came home.

While he was away he wrote a long and enthusiastic letter to Mr. Ken Hall (Chief Executive of TCN) about Mitch Miller's "Singalong." Because of its popularity the channel was already considering a similar local show, so back at work Warwick began directing the first productions of "Singalong" in Australia.

The week began on Wednesday. Then there'd be a conference between Warwick, musical director Bob Gibson, and producer Keith Walshe, of N.L.T. Productions, to discuss plans for future programmes.

Days were full

On Thursday another conference with the technical staff and set designer Sidney Fort, also about future shows. On Thursday night production of the current show went into action.

They held a music rehearsal, and on Friday from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. the show's sound was recorded.

"On Saturday and Sunday Shirley Regan (the choreographer) and I met to play back the music and plan the movement of the artists and the pictures of the show."

And then on Monday and Tuesday from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. the show was rehearsed and recorded.

"Singalong" is now screened once a month, and all the shows up to early next year have been filmed. In 1963 TCN will produce "Singalong" every week.

So now Warwick's directing "The Bob Rogers Show" and "Bandstand."

And—when he has time—he has a promising future to look forward to in TV.

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: Sometimes I think a monument should be erected in every country to the ordinary housewife. The things she has to put up with . . . she has to be a maid, chauffeur, cook, house-cleaner, doctor, and laundry man. Hasn't this happened to you? Just when you get the kitchen lino clean, junior comes in out of the rain with muddy feet and tracks up your clean floor. And in my family we all got up at different times. Momma used to have to cook four or five different breakfasts. She used to say, "Sometimes I think I'm running a restaurant." Then just when Momma would get the bathroom clean and good towels hung up, father would come in and wash his greasy hands.

Momma's moral: Sometimes I think "Home, Sweet Home" was written by a bachelor.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 28, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

ROCKY GATTELLARI'S ITALIAN CLOTHES
— page 5

Use a stainless-steel knife for cutting salad greens, so cut surfaces will not turn brown and spoil the appearance of the dish.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

strips as possible, being careful not to cut through thicker end; chill in iced water until petals have curled back.

Continued overleaf

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

University is good for girls

HAVING read many of your letters on the pros and cons of higher education for girls, I would like to add my advice, even though I'm now out of my teens.

When I matriculated at the age of 16 I faced that all-important decision — money or career? On the advice of my parents I chose the latter and went to university. I have never regretted it, even though it meant lots of hard work.

The compensations, however, were great: plenty of fun, lots of new friends, satisfaction when exam results were good, and many long useful holidays, when I earned extra money.

After leaving university I taught at a high school for two years, which was a wonderful experience, and then I got married.

As a housewife I found that my extra education gave me self-confidence, a broad outlook on life, an ability to converse freely on many subjects. In addition, I have a profession to which I can return at any time, if necessary. All that, and I'm still only 21.

So be wise, those of you who have a chance for higher education: grasp it firmly and you'll never regret it. You'll finish up with a fine job, a high salary, and many opportunities that you would never get in that unskilled 9 to 5 job.—*"Ex-Uni Student," Launceston, Tas.*

Song warning

THE steady stream of hit songs which make up a great part of the teenage world sometimes affects our outlook on life.

Sentimental ballads perhaps make us sensitive about love and romance. This is a good thing, for no one wants a generation of practical machines who regard sentiment as outmoded.

But we must remember that the words of hit songs should not be regarded as *messages*. Teenagers are confused about many things — our opinion of our parents, behaviour, careers, romances—and it is all too easy to be swayed by conflicting "solutions" offered in popular songs.

So, remember, a hit is a song —not an answer to your current problem.—*Patricia Tobin, Reservoir, Vic.*

Jazz in church

I WONDER how many teenagers have attended a jazz church service? Our church has just started this (every other Sunday night) and each time the church has been crowded out.

At these services there is an excellent band, instead of the traditional organ, which accompanies a surprising variety of hymns, negro spirituals, and religious pop songs with modern tunes.

The sermons have been interesting, easy to follow, and very much to the point. The seating at these services is arranged in a modified horseshoe, with the minister at the opening.

After the service we have a coffee hour, during which everyone sits on cushions on the floor of a dimly lit hall, drinking coffee and chatting and later listening to an interesting speaker.

If you hear of such a service, I warmly recommend you to go along.—*"Try It," Box Hill North, Vic.*

History class

HISTORY may be a bore to some students, but at the school I attend we have interesting and, maybe to some, unusual history lessons.

Each student is in a group with five others, and we are all encouraged to take part in active discussions. The discussions are on subjects of general interest and current affairs. Newspaper clippings may be used to give different ideas and views.

This is a good way to learn history and it also teaches us to see different aspects of subjects. It is sometimes a problem for teenagers to see other people's views on a certain subject, but these history lessons help a lot.—*"History-minded," East Doncaster, Vic.*

Three wishes

AS average working girls we would like to see the introduction of:

(1) Longer brushes in bottles of nail-polish.

(2) Hairspray in transparent containers so we can be sure that the container we buy holds the specified amount, and check when its contents are getting low.

(3) "Long" stockings that come farther than five or six inches above the knees.—*"Had 'Em All," Edithvale, Vic.*

Disc tariff

MANY good Australian records do not seem to have the success they should, and I feel that something could be done about it.

Why not place a small tax on foreign recordings entering this country, thus inducing Australians to buy more Australian records? These recordings are in many cases as good as most of the imported discs. —*David Harwood, North Rockhampton, Qld.*

BEATNIK

"But, Daddy, if I take off my sunglasses, how am I going to peek at the boys?"

School farm

I RECENTLY participated in a novel experiment, as one of six Agricultural Science Leaving students from Caulfield Grammar School who stayed at the school farm at Yarra Junction for about a month.

In the mornings we did farm practical work like sowing pasture, setting up a fertiliser trial, carrying out pig progeny tests, and other such things.

In the afternoons and at night we did our schoolwork.

We did not get much time to ourselves, because we were up at 5.30 every alternate morning milking the cows and we worked quite late at night on our schoolwork, but I feel that we all benefited. We certainly enjoyed it. — *P. Fairbrother, East St. Kilda, Vic.*

How to help a lonely father

● A girl of 17 said (T.W., 31/10/62) she felt guilty when she went out on dates, even though her father, a lonely widower, encouraged her to do so. Readers send her this advice:

EVEN though your father is a very lonely man, you must have your young life and companions.

Give him all the love and help you can while you have him. This will help him to adjust to his life and make up for his loss and loneliness.

But when you are at parties and dances, forget everything and enjoy yourself. Don't feel you are neglecting him.

This will make him feel happy and not alone, and that he has a wonderful daughter to live for. I know from my own experiences.—*"Widowed Mother," Punchbowl, N.S.W.*

DON'T feel guilty. You have a very understanding father, and one way to show him that you appreciate how wonderful he is would be to bring your friends home sometimes to have a discussion with him.

Buy him a book and go for a walk with him, but go out with your own friends, too.—*G. Napiorkowski, Crib Point, Vic.*

I AM sure your father wants you to enjoy yourself and is not only being considerate but really wants you to go out on dates.

He wants you to make the most of your life while you are young. He probably likes to hear of the fun you have on your dates.

So don't feel guilty. Your father would probably feel very unhappy if he saw you staying at home with him while other girls are out having a good time. — *C. Muir, Wavell Heights, Qld.*

YOUR father would love your company, but I am sure he does not expect it all the time. All parents are pleased to see their teenage children going out and enjoying themselves.

I suggest that you occasionally bring a few friends home to listen to records or have a little party. A party might take some effort on your part, but most girl-friends are willing to help if asked.

Try to share and enjoy your pleasures with your father and you will find that he will not be lonely.—*Berenice Walisiewicz, Norman Park, Qld.*

IF your father felt you were selfish when you went out he would show it in his feelings toward you. He encourages you to go out because, being a widower, he knows what it is to be lonely. And, because of his love for you, he doesn't want to see you lonely in later years.

Although he encourages you to go out, don't take advantage of him. Your father would appreciate it if, once in a while, you brought some of your friends home for an evening.

Try to include your father in the topics you talk about. You would find that he could tell you a lot of different and interesting things.

Also, encourage your father to join some outside activities. This would enable him to meet people of his own age, and then he can spend some of his evenings with his new-found friends.—*E. Mooney, Hectorville, S.A.*

I, TOO, am a teenager (16) who has only a father, but I can say that I am never afraid of his being lonely.

He is a good swimmer and a good dancer, so on the weekends we go to the beach together and some evenings he goes dancing or to a club he belongs to.

He's always first to suggest a party and is always inviting my friends home to tea. This means that one reason why he is not lonely is that he is interested in me and my activities.

Surely you can include your father in some of your life?—*"Scorpio," Merrylands, N.S.W.*

Next week

TO find out what kind of clothes teenage boys and girls really go for these days a city department store invited a team of students to inspect its new summer range of fashions and to pick their favorite styles. Next week we show, in full color and detail, the formal and casual clothes which proved most popular.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528856

MARCH WINGATE finds that girls are worse than boys when it comes to turning a tidy home into a . . .

Teenage jungle

● Girls, it looks as if you might have to pull up your socks — or at least fold them up neatly and put them away in a drawer. Recently I took a census around our neighborhood, and found that teenage girls are the biggest headache in the home — for UNTIDINESS.

NOW you would think that boys would be the biggest home-wreckers, with all their motors and toolkits, but it's girls who create the densest teenage jungle, according to their parents.

This is how mothers and fathers summed it up:

"When you see a pretty girl tripping down the street — brushed and combed and polished, hair gleaming, frock pressed to perfection, eyebrows combed, shoes twinkling—you can bet your life she has left a sweetly girlish pigsty behind her for her mother to clean up."

I had a feeling the sweetly girlish piece was put in just to take the sting from the words, because the summing-up was pretty straight from the shoulder.

She's untidy . . .

That pretty, well-groomed girl, it seems, has probably even gone so far as to lock the door of her bedroom, because inside it there is a wardrobe gaping open, clothes swinging higgledy-piggledy inside it, more clothes on chair and floor, cast-off dresses and wet towels on the bed.

Hair-rollers, apparently, litter the bathroom as well as her dressing-table, hairclips rust in puddles of water on the edge of the bath.

She has given a last-minute swipe at the heels of her shoes with someone's face towel, the bath mat is wet and screwed up on the floor, frosted over with talcum powder, the top is off the shampoo bottle.

Water lies in pools on the floor, and all that's lacking is the roar of the surf for Mum to have a good swim.

But, back into the bedroom! What won't fit on the bed has been kicked under it. A swirling petticoat that won't find accommodation in any drawer sits like a tipsy doll in a corner of the room.

The venetian blind is forced into odd angles so that she can see her face in the mirror but the neighbors can't see her seeing herself.

She must have padded back into the bathroom, because there are two wet footprints just like Crusoe found . . . not obvious at first sight because there was a chair on top of them where she had jumped up to scrutinise her skirt length.

Uninterested . . .

This untidy bowery, I was informed, is the natural habitat of the proud little peahen who struts so fastidiously through the town with demurely lowered lashes which seem to sweep the pavement so fetchingly.

If only they could be put to use to sweep her room, sigh the mothers, as they go through the house bent double picking things up, viciously humming, "Thank heaven for little girls," just to remind themselves that mayhem and motherhood don't go together.

Boys are not exactly angels of sweetness and sunlight, parents said, but they do tend to live in one room, apart from the junk in the toolshed which is classed as fair enough.

I was also told that the average teenage girl takes no interest in the garden. Even though she looks like a posy of pansies caressed by rain and sun she doesn't know the difference between a delphinium and a dandelion.

She never takes a garden fork in her hand or pulls a weed. She could stand right on top of a four-leaf clover and wouldn't hear it asking her to get off.

She never touches a flower unless she's having a snapshot taken or buying them to give to a friend.

Uninformed . . .

If she's asked to fill the sugar-basin she asks, "Where's the sugar kept?" She'll take a venetian glass to mix her paints in, and thus it will remain until Mum empties it and scrubs the sludge off.

She can iron a dress, take up a hem, write a lovely social letter, but the upheaval left behind the exercise is like that which an animal leaves when it scratches under the house. She can despoil a dwelling faster than a hurricane.

One reflective grandmother kindly said: "Perhaps it's the only time in their lives that girls have no responsibilities. Mum will fix it. Dad needs only to be smiled at and he'll fix it if Mum doesn't.

"The overwhelming loveliness of a teenage girl is really something to be pitied and understood. It is so wonderful, so helpless, so brief, so unthinking, so precarious. At twenty it is all over, and life is earnest.

"In the teens every smile from a boy is a wedding, every frown a divorce, every bus ride is a venture in a pumpkin coach.

"Before their teens they love little babies, they pet smaller children, they help blind people across the street, they try to sweep the kitchen and arrange the flowers.

Self-conscious

"But in their teens there is only one thing in the world—SELF, and the self-consciousness that goes with it. They are shy of babies, young children, and the very old.

"Life is a movie, the camera is on them; they are the stars among a host of extras. Dad is the director of the film, Mum is the dresser, the boy of the moment is the male lead, the brother is the critic—but all the others are extras in the super-colossal extravaganza which has a seven-year run.

"Then, with their teen years behind them, they start to love babies again, and feel sorry for old people.

"They tidy their rooms, start a little garden of their own, begin to remodel their parents, help people over the road, hunt for four-leaf clovers, toss out all their rubbish, blame their parents for not keeping the house tidy enough or for running out of sugar—and in general behave like spinsters of the parish until some young man carries them off to the altar."

And I learned that when this happens to an ex-teenager her parents mop their eyes and say: "Well, I suppose it's time she went. They're not nearly so lovable when the teens are over. They're so capable and independent.

"They don't seem to need you any more. They're always criticising, and nothing is good enough for them. Their bedroom disgusts them. A home of their own is the only answer."

TEENS AT HOME

"I am doing my homework, of course. It's around here somewhere."

"At home my daughter has seen only good examples."

. . . but missed when she leaves

Back from the church, mother rescues the old stiffened petticoat from the rubbish heap, launders it, and packs it away with the diaries, where the writing began in school script, then sloped backwards for a year, then sprawled cursively, then went dead upright and defiant, then spun out into a style as distinctive as thumbprints.

She flicks open the first diary at random: "Jimmy winked at me in church. I turned red and EVERYONE in the church looked at me."

The second: "If Michael speaks to me again on the bus I'll tell him to drop dead. I HATE boys."

The third: "All the teachers hate me. I'm so MISERABLE."

The fourth: "Mum says I'm the untidiest animal that ever lived. But Mum's so OLD."

The fifth: "I'd like to be a girl-bride of 200 years ago, coming to Australia with my handsome young lieutenant (John). I wish I could live in a bark hut."

The sixth: "Mum is so ridiculously young it's revolting. Peter likes HER better than he likes me."

The seventh: "Dear old Mum cleaned out my room . . . Phew . . . What a wreck it was."

The diaries are slammed shut and packed away with the petticoat. Some part of the life of the shiftless, untidy, airy-fairy little ex-vagabond will remain under the roof until the owner is old enough to come over and tidy her mother's house—and to laugh over and yearn over her pilgrimage through the Teenage Jungle.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528857

Here's a new idea for a really rollicking teenage do — so...

Let's have a Swaggie Party

● For a night that really swings, invite the crowd to a Swaggie Party. Create your own off-the-track atmosphere in the local park, picnic ground, or even in your own garden.

By KERRY YATES

A SWAGGIE PARTY will be casual plus—so there's no need to send out fancy invitations. Just pass the word that there's to be a roll-up at the fixed place and time, and that everyone has to come dressed as a swagman.

If the party is to be held in a public park or bushland area—remember that you must get permission from the local council to use the grounds and light the campfire.

The party should start about 6 p.m., when it's still light enough to gather wood for the fire. For a roaring success with the fire-making, don't forget the matches and old newspapers, and always build it in a properly made fireplace.

The boys should come dressed as typical Australian swagmen. Old baggy jeans or trousers tied with string around the waist and worn with a patched shirt or jumper will do.

An old hat with corks attached to string hanging from the brim, old Army boots, and a black beard made from false hair or thick wool complete the outfit.

And the girls? Borrow your brother's old jeans and patch an old checked shirt. Bring out your old sandshoes and make yourself a swaggie's hat to wear over plaited hair.

If your hair's not long enough to plait, make a couple of plaits from old scraps of brightly colored wool and attach to the hat.

Everyone should carry a swag of rolled-up blanket and billy-can. As well as creating the right effect, the swag will come in handy for sitting around the campfire later on.

Hang a few old kerosene lanterns in tree branches. If red and yellow transparent paper is wrapped around them, these lamps give an exciting flickering light to eat and dance by.

Clear a patch of level ground and spread a large tarpaulin for your friends to dance on.

Spin some records on a portable radiogram while the fire is being built. The choice of records is very important to create the right swinging country atmosphere.

Bush ballads ("Waltzing Matilda" is a must) will be ideal. The local record bars will let you know the new records released by well-known Australian balladeers such as Lionel Long and Jimmy Little.

The best way to start the party rolling is to give the "swaggies" a "fair-dinkum" feed.

Each guest should bring along a steak or whole fish to barbecue and the host can supply ingredients to make dampers, Johnny Cakes, Swaggie Pancakes, and billy tea.

Here are some bushland recipes—it's fun for the host to read out the directions for the guests to follow.

Give a prize for the best damper—they are not as easy to make as they look.

Hands are the most important cooking utensil for the swagman, but you'll need a milk bottle to roll out the pastry, a piece of plywood to use as a pastry-board, and a tin basin to use as a mixing-bowl.

BLACK-STUMP DAMPER

One pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, water or milk.

Add milk or water to flour and salt and mix with hands until it forms a dry dough mixture. Dig a hole under the ashes of the fire and place the damper in the hole, covering it with the ashes. It takes about 1½ hours for the damper to cook.

The black crust which forms around the damper should be removed. Break the damper into sections and spread with butter.

BILLABONG FISH

One whole fish about 1lb., cleaned but not scaled.

Let the fire burn down to a bed of coals, then rake it level and add a little sprinkling of sand. Lay the fish in a row on top of the coals. When one side is well browned, just roll them over to cook the other side.

The skin, scales, and ash lift cleanly off with a fork, leaving the flesh firm and clean to eat.

POTATOES IN THE ASHES

One medium-sized potato for each swagman.

Rake away the ashes of the fire, dig a shallow pit, line it with hot ashes, and in it pack the potatoes in a single layer. Put another thick layer of hot ashes over them.

Give the potatoes about half an hour before testing them with a small, stiff twig to make sure they are soft in the centre. Remove from fire, split them lengthways, and serve with a dab of butter.

SIZZLING STEAK

Place steak on a wire grill arranged above the flames. Sear both sides quickly to form a crust on the outside to keep juices in. Then grill according to thickness and individual taste. Season with salt and pepper just before steak is removed from fire.

For added flavor, rub garlic or cut onion over the steak before it is placed on the grill.

Steak is super when served with barbecued banana, corn-on-the-cob, and grilled tomato—all just placed on the grill above the flames and cooked to taste.

JOHNNY CAKES

One cup self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, enough warm water to make a workable dough.

Mix well, roll out to ½in. thickness, and cut into four sections. Put a few tablespoons of fat into a frying-pan and when boiling drop in the cakes and cook eight to ten minutes. Serve hot, split open and spread with butter.

SWAGGIE PANCAKE

Three cups flour, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, water or milk.

Mix flour, salt, and enough water or milk to a soft doughy consistency. Melt butter in the pan. Spread some of the mixture to cover the bottom of the pan and about ¼in. thick. Brown on one side, then toss and brown on the other side. Spread with butter and eat immediately.

BILLY TEA

Just boil a billy-can full of water on the open fire. Add one teaspoon of tea for each swagman present, and one for the billy. Stir in the tealeaves with a twig while water is still boiling, then take off fire immediately.

Twigs, especially from a eucalyptus tree, give the tea a lovely bushland flavor.

NOTE: Put out the campfire with water or sand before you go home.

BROWN SUIT in lightweight wool (above) which Rocky bought in Rome. With it he teams brown punched Italian shoes and a yellow silk tie.

NEW TREND, away from sharply pointed toes, is shown in these shoes which Rocky brought back from Italy. Rocky likes smart clothes, but isn't keen on the over-exaggerated styles.

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ROCKY'S LATEST ITALIAN FASHIONS

By Diane Roberts

● Rocky Gattellari, Australian flyweight champion at 21, has just returned from a trip to Italy, his homeland, with some of the latest fashions for young men.

"YOUNG Italians are very fashion-conscious," he said, "and many of their ideas about clothes are followed later by men's fashion designers throughout the world."

On our cover this week, and on these pages, we show some of the sharp clothes that Rocky brought back with him.

But fashion was not the reason for Rocky's visit to his native land.

He made the trip to get special treatment for his right hand, injured in training.

"Doctors in Australia told me I would never fight again," he said, "so I went to a specialist in Italy. His treatment was very successful, and he gave me special exercises, which I am still doing."

Talking to Rocky you would never pick him as a boxer. A slim five feet five inches, his effervescent chatter ranged from food to women's fashions.

"My favorite subject after boxing," he said with a laugh.

Rocky holds his flyweight title firmly in his surprisingly artistic-looking hands. And those brown fists, with their long tapering fingers, are aiming at the world title.

He visited Italy in 1960 for the Rome Olympics, but this trip he had more time to travel around. He visited his home town of Calabria, where he celebrated his 21st birthday.

His eyes lit up and he threw up his hands. "Oh, what a party," he said.

And he had time to notice girls' fashions, too.

"I was more conscious of the difference between Italian and Australian girls this trip," he said.

"Australia has some beautiful girls, but why do they all try to be the same?

"In Italy the girls dress in bright, happy colors and are not afraid to do something different.

"A lot of Australian girls seem to dress from habit, not according to what they like or what suits them. It is such a shame."

Rocky is also hat crazy. "I buy a hat everywhere I go," he said. "I believe it brings me good luck."

This trip he came home with a grey felt hat with a woven band and a cheeky green feather.

More good-luck charms hang from a gold chain around Rocky's throat. "My good friends in Italy gave me these," he said. "They included a gold cross, a key (for his birthday), and a hand with two fingers crooked.

"If somebody says something evil to you," said Rocky, "crook your fingers like that and it sends their thoughts back to them."

Rocky also brought home some wool suits from Italy. "One from Rome, one from Milan, and one from Calabria," he said. "I also brought my youngest brother, Lucky, a suit from Calabria."

Rocky is a happy mixture. Although he came to Australia nine years ago and is now an Australian, he still retains his Italian love of life. He's sentimental, yet practical.

When he isn't training he works in a wine shop owned by his manager, Vic Fiorelli. And when he isn't training he can take out a girl and eat what he likes.

I asked Rocky what type of girl he liked. He didn't hesitate. "She must be nice," he said simply. "She must be able to mix in all kinds of company, and she must be able to laugh with me and, of course, be able to cook."

Rocky is up at six every morning and sprints around a park in Bonnyrigg, a small rural suburb near Cabramatta, an hour's drive from Sydney.

When staff photographer Keith Barlow and I visited Rocky at his home, we were treated to typical warm Italian hospitality.

"Momma" Gattellari doesn't speak much English, but she insisted we stay to lunch. Sitting around the table, Keith and I felt we were part of the family.

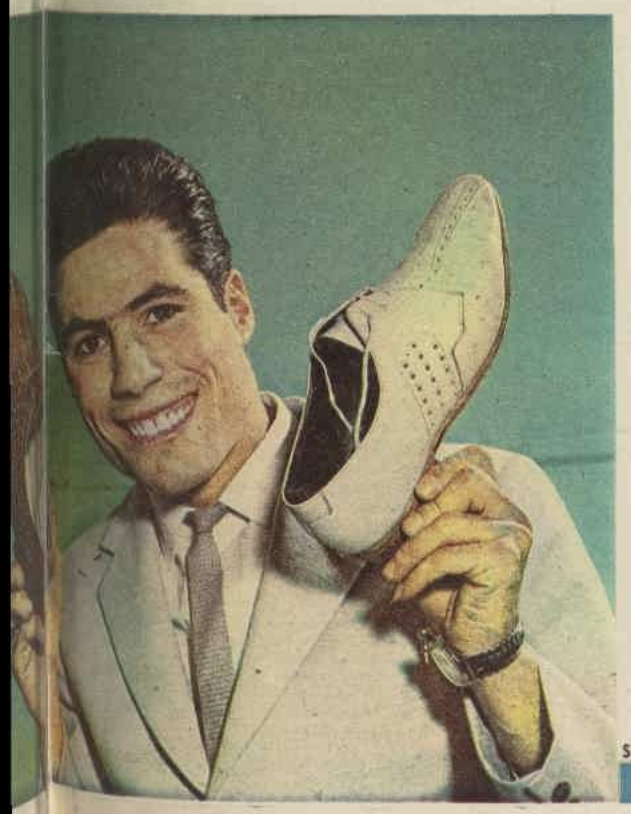
Rocky has six brothers, and hopes to have a large family of his own one day.

And when Rocky has his home he is going to hang in pride of place a pair of yellow leather boxing gloves.

These are the gloves he wore when he won the Australian Flyweight Championship.

And, who knows, another pair of gloves might join them —the gloves he will wear when he fights for the world title.

GREY FELT hat with a woven band and a green feather. Rocky buys a hat in any new place he visits "for luck," but says that he does not wear them very much.



OUR COVER shows Rocky Gattellari and his 12-year-old brother, Lucky, wearing suits which Rocky bought in Italy. Rocky's is a lightweight grey wool suit cut in the latest Italian style. Lucky's suit has a tiny black-and-white check and high-buttoned jacket.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Trust him

"ABOUT four months ago I started going with this boy who said he loved me very much. One day I unexpectedly went to our local hang-out and found him very engrossed with his ex-girl-friend. I was very upset about it, but the next night he told me that she didn't mean a thing to him. He has never done this before and I don't know if I believe him or not. He said he would never do it again. Please, can you help?"

"Bloss," N.S.W.

Why shouldn't you believe him? He may have met her quite by accident and had a chat for old times' sake. You have to trust someone you love. Try and forget the incident and don't turn it into a "Frankie and Johnny" situation.

Mending a heart

"YOU may think my problem has no solution, but I feel I must write to you. I am 20 years old and for nearly four years I had a wonderful boy-friend. We were unofficially engaged, but unfortunately many things piled up against us and my boy-friend broke it off last Christmas. I was heartbroken and thought the world had come to an end. Gradually, however, the hurt died away. Since Christmas I have been unable to avoid seeing him every week, and this has made things more difficult, but I have gradually mended my broken heart. I have had another boy-friend since, whom I liked very much, but he, too, left me, as he wanted to take other girls out. This didn't worry me unduly, but since August I have not been out with anyone else. I seem to be getting more and more depressed, and desperately want another boy-friend to take me out and take an interest in me. I know you are going to suggest a youth club, but I have so many commitments with organisations which take a good deal of my time and there are no eligible males in the groups. On top of this, my mother is away and I am looking after the family, which is a pretty big job, too. And I am so lonely. I yearn for someone to talk to and someone to give me affection. There are no males where I work, either, so my problem is really very difficult, isn't it? For four years I have had the understanding affection of my boy-friend and now I just don't know how to cope alone."

"Depressed and Lonely," N.S.W.

You're quite right, there isn't any quick remedy I can give you to relieve your loneliness. When you stop going out with someone whom you've depended on so deeply, life is almost unbearably lonely. But life does go on and, as you've found, the hurt gradually grows less, even though the loneliness stays.

In time you'll find another boy-friend and be happy again—of this I'm sure. But of course you can't expect him to come riding up to your door—you have to be places where the boys are.

Why not look up some of your old girl-friends? Perhaps you've lost touch with some of them while you were going steady. But if you can pick up the threads of friendship again, they will give you the company you need at the moment—and good friends will listen to your troubles, too.

Girls have brothers and boy-friends and can arrange a date for you. Above all, keep cheerful, because no boy is ever going to ask out a girl who looks as if she'll cry on his shoulder. Also, if you make-believe you're happy, sometimes it makes you feel happy.

Love on a diet

"I AM 21 years of age and have been going steady with a diet-conscious girl for about a year. Recently I met a very beautiful girl and became attracted to her and have been seeing her often. This girl is very popular and successful socially, but is too proud to realise that her health and future life may be in danger unless she gives up smoking and bad eating habits. I am very fond of her, but feel unable to correct her faults and now criticise her whenever we go out. What should I do?"

"Uncertain," S.A.

You sound so diet-conscious yourself that you'll obviously be much happier with your first girl-friend and I don't think this other "beautiful" girl will miss you much at all.

Wax removes hair

"I HAVE a most embarrassing problem; a little moustache above my top lip. Could you please suggest something? I am afraid to shave it, as this may make the hairs grow even more."

"Topsy," Vic.

Don't shave it, have a lip-wax. You live in the city and can have one at any reputable beauty salon. It will cost about 15/-, and generally people with this problem need to have one about every two or three months.

If you watch the operator carefully, you will eventually be able to give yourself a wax treatment. You can buy a set of equipment, saucepan, applicator, wax, and directions for less than £2.

Do make an appointment soon because these things can make you feel so miserably self-conscious.

Just ask

"I AM a boy of 15 and like a girl very much. I am practically sure she likes me, but I don't know the right way to go about asking her to the pictures one night. How should I ask?"

"Baffled," N.S.W.

Ring her up and ask if she'd like to go with you to the pictures, or ask her next time you see her in the street. Don't worry too much about the actual words—they'll come. Every boy has felt this shyness the first time he asked a girl out.

Gifts to boys

"I AM a teenage schoolgirl and would like to know if it is right to give a boy you have been going with a Christmas or birthday gift. The boy is 16 and still at school. Also at what age do you think a girl should be able to go out on a date with a sensible boy the parents know and under what conditions from the parents?"

"Lily," S.A.

Take your cue from your boy-friend. If he gives you some little gift for Christmas or birthday, you present him with one—but don't embarrass him by giving the first gift. Boys of this age often don't think of gifts for girl-friends, so don't be disappointed if you're not on his Christmas list. If he's still at school, he obviously won't have much money to buy presents, anyway.

To answer the second part of your question: Some girls of 15 and 16 are quite mature enough to go out with boys approved by their parents; others are still unsophisticated children. It all depends on the individual, not on what the other girls at school are allowed to do.

Parents know how mature their daughter is, so they're the ones to decide when she's old enough to date boys. The obvious condition they'll impose is the time she's expected home.

Wrong to write

"DURING the school holidays I stayed with some relatives and, through my cousin, met a wonderful boy. We didn't have time to get really acquainted, but now I am home I cannot forget him. Because of the few times we met, he was unable to get my address, and so cannot write to me. However, I could find out his, but do you think I would make a fool of myself if I wrote to him?"

"Despairing," Vic.

I'm sorry, but it's up to the boys to write first, not vice versa. If he wanted to find out your address, he would. Forget him until the next holidays. Perhaps then you'll be able to get better acquainted.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A word from Debbie

FUNDS low? Having to "make do" with last year's swimsuit?

Well, I've got some ideas to "jazz up" that rather tired costume . . .

The song about buttons and bows might be old-fashioned now, but buttons, bows, and ribbons certainly aren't.

Sew three buttons (all the same or in increasing sizes) down the front of your costume, or have three teeny buttons at the side above each leg.

Add buttons to a contrasting material tab on each leg and at the neckline — or at the base of a plunging back.

You can even sew buttons in bright colors around the complete neckline of a plain swimsuit, especially the camisole type.

Now, let's think about ribbon:

A French gimmick is to have contrasting bands of ribbon decorating armholes and legs.

Or you can go very sailor-boyish. Red with blue bands of ribbon beginning at each shoulder and meeting in a low V stitched on a simple costume is patriotically chic. Tie the ribbon in a bow and leave streamers.

If you have plenty of time, carefully plait three long lengths of yellow ribbon. Then stitch it across the front of your costume and let the ends, tied with red bows, hang from each shoulder.

Make sure the trimming is suited to your costume and you'll have ribbons and buttons and bows — and beaus!

Beauty in brief — KEEPING COOL

A DAILY bath is still the most efficient way of keeping a body cool and fresh; a shower is perhaps even better.

When the weather is really stuffy and you need to relax as much as to cool down, then lie in a bathful of tepid scented water and wash leisurely. Surround yourself with soap, bath salts, and talc in a light flowery perfume which will cling to your skin all day.

Then take your courage in both hands, let the warm water out, and splash yourself all over with water straight from the cold tap.

This will not only make your skin tingle deliciously but will contract the pores against dust and heat for hours.

There is nothing like the sharp coolness of a cologne or lemony toilet water patted all over the skin to preserve that wonderful "just had a bath" feeling.

Some of these are available in a frozen stick, which you can keep handy to stroke the temples and back of the neck when you need reviving during the day.

—Carolyn Earle

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LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

No stage-fright worry for new young singer

● The how-I-got-my-start-as-a-singer story is given a new twist by Peter Skurray, the 20-year-old Adelaide boy who looks a little like the late American-Italian singing star Mario Lanza.

USUALLY the vocalist falls sick and our trembling hero is pushed on stage, but Peter, who comes of a musical-theatrical family, has never had stage fright.

For his first job he went out and got himself a booking to sing to an audience of 1400 at an Adelaide teenage dance club.

That was three years ago, and now his first recording, "Cry Baby Cry" (Festival), is out and winning friends. It's made with a small Adelaide group, The Neons.

The disc's as exciting for Peter's 23-year-old pal Bill Webber as it is for the singer. Bill, who comes from Adelaide, too, wrote words and music of both sides.

Peter hasn't learnt to play any instruments, but he can pick out a tune on a guitar or piano. "I am a one-finger pianist and can read a simple melody line," he said.

He is a serious young man with a lot of ambition. "I hope eventually to have my own television show and to be an all-round entertainer," he said.

"Choreography and presentation interest me a great deal, and I'd like to learn more about them, too."

In the meantime he works as a salesman with an electrical firm and in his spare time enjoys driving his European sports car.

He regularly attends a gymnasium because he believes a singer needs to be fit.

"So far, I've taught myself to sing," Peter said, "and taught myself breathing exercises. But I'd like to have a few lessons some time in the future."

JUST in time for the Christmas market, **Rob E. G.**, who's just set up his own music-publishing company and signed a new long-term recording contract, will have his first LP out on Festival.

It's "The Best Of Rob E. G.", and as well as past hits there'll be his own version of "Peter Gunn," "Teardrop," which he hasn't recorded before, and a new version of "Comanche Sunset." Two tracks will be vocals, the others instrumentals.

Rob's just returned from a capital-city tour promoting his latest single, "5-4-3-2-1-Zero."

AND to think that **Warren Williams** used to be known as "Mr. Shy Guy"! If he had been as shy in Townsville recently as he used to be, he would never have survived the truly royal welcome they gave him.

Before singing as guest of honor at an open-air charity carnival, the former "Mr. Shy Guy" was driven right round the oval. Before that there were airport and hotel receptions.

Warren's going out on the South Australian tour circuit next.

Pops: With what looks like being a long hot summer coming up, a couple of recent LPs with a Hawaiian sound might be useful. "Adventures in Paradise" Vol. 3 (A.B.C.-Paramount) offers that great vocal stylist of island music, the late **Alfred Apaka,** and some others in a selection of south sea standards with a few less-known numbers.

The second is a bit of a crazy mixture and on the bright side, with that old honky tonk pianist **Frankie Carle** cutting loose with "My Little Grass Shack," "On the Beach at Waikiki," etc. Title if you can imagine it is "Honolulu Honky Tonk" (R.C.A.). Strangely enough, the whole thing turns out all right.

IT'S out with the Twist and in with the Brazilian-inspired Bossa Nova, and one of the earliest Bossa Nova discs is **Paul Anka's** "Eso Beso" ("That Kiss") on R.C.A. 45. Paul really shakes himself up, and the disc's going great guns wherever it's been released. Flip, a composition of Paul's own, "Give Me Back My Heart," is corny but nice enough.

I KNOW some people shy off buying singles that get a lot of air play, and the **Tijuana Brass'** "Lonely Bull" (Festival) will certainly be plugged on radio. But this is such a quality instrumental, and the flip, "Acapulco 1922," is such a surprise change of pace (as well as being a great side in its own right), that you won't make any mistake with this one.

FATHER-IN-LAW of Pat Boone, old-time country singing star **Red Foley,** is heard with the excellent Nashville-based Anita Kerr Singers in a programme of semi-devotional music on "He Walks With Thee" (Festival LP). Among the songs you'll hear are "Just A Closer Walk With Thee," "If I Can Help Somebody," "I Believe."

A MEDLEY of 32 campfire standards ("Waltzing Matilda," "Ghost Riders In The Sky," "Charmaine"), sung by rousing male voices, is featured on a Popular Record Club LP, "Channel 9 Sing-A-Long" Vol. 1. The tracks were taped in Sydney during the actual TV shows, and on the jacket there's an on-set color photograph of the boys of the "Sing-A-Long" chorus.

PETER SKURRAY, the young Adelaide singer, in his sports car. His first disc, "Cry Baby Cry," has just been released.

WORTH HEARING

MUSIC FOR BRASS

SOME well-known and lesser-known composers of the late 17th and early 18th centuries are brought together in a delightful and unusual new record featuring music for brass with organ and percussion accompaniment.

This CBS-Coronet disc is titled "Heroic Music for Organ, Brass, and Percussion" — a little misleadingly, since in nearly all the works the organ has only a background role. The music is played by the New England Brass Ensemble (of America), organist E. Power Biggs, and percussionist Daniel Pinkham, who deserves a mention because he devised the percussion parts himself in accordance with 18th-century practice. (Performers of those days were like modern jazz players in this respect.)

The principal work is the "Heroic Music of Telemann," an enormously prolific 18th-century German composer, who was in his day more famous than Bach but has only recently come back into notice. This "Heroic Music" is a set of charming characteristic pieces, each one describing a heroic virtue: "Honor," "Bravery," "Love," etc.

On the other side is a selection of pieces of English origin, by Purcell, Jeremiah Clarke, William Croft, and Handel (who, though German born, became a naturalised Englishman).

This is a record worth seeking for anyone who likes to get a little off the beaten track.

— Martin Long

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

● The animal antics females get up to have always fascinated me.

I MEAN, put a Daddy Long Legs spider within 20 feet of a lass, or mention a mouse, and she'll scream the place down.

On the other hand (and foot, head, and back!), however, women love to **wear** animals. Even reptiles.

You know what I mean—furs, crocodile-skin bags, lizard-skin shoes.

And, as the woman said about her fox choker, thereby hangs a tail.

(I'd like to say at this stage that all this is written in fun. I personally find the killing of animals for decoration a beastly business. And, truly, there's no pun intended.)

I see that the latest from Paris and America are zebra-skin clothes and fur boots speckled like a giraffe. (What will they think of **necks?**)

I feel, nevertheless, that women aren't adventurous enough in their choice of animals with which to ornament themselves.

Let's have a more exotic and unusual skin—an epic-dermis, you might say!

For example, tiger-skin boots, instead of the giraffe ones fashionable, could sell well.

Manufacturers would have a good, well-proven slogan available: Put a tiger on your shank!

Gals could also be "different" in a coat made from aardvark (a South African animal that's a cross between an armadillo and an ant-eater).

That such a coat would be all right to wear is supported by a famous old saying.

You know it: "Aardvark never hurt anybody!"

Lasses would have to steer clear of the skin of a little European animal that eventually suicides by hurling itself over a cliff.

Yes, indeed, the answer is **not** a lemming!

Women had also better be careful that some idiot doesn't palm off mouse-skin on them.

That would be a narrow squeak.

— Robin Adair

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

Use a stainless-steel knife for cutting salad greens, so cut surfaces will not turn brown and spoil the appearance of the dish.

and, using sharp knife, cut into as many strips as possible, being careful not to cut through thicker end; chill in iced water until petals have curled back.

Continued overleaf

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ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman

No. 20 English Renaissance

Triumph of Wren

ONE of the great men of English history is Christopher Wren. In his student days he was known as "that miracle of a youth" and in early manhood he was a scientist, inventor, mathematician, and Professor of Astronomy at Oxford University.

Later he was given the post of Surveyor of the King's Works—or what we would call Government Architect. As was too often the case in those days he was expected merely to accept the title and let other men do the work.

However, his agile mind soon seized on the principles of his new art and finally, in order to increase his knowledge, he went to study in France, then the centre of the most up-to-date architecture.

With the Great Fire of London in 1666 came Wren's opportunity; as half the city was burned, many buildings had to be replaced. He was commissioned to design no fewer than 53 churches, nearly every one of which turned out to be a masterpiece of architecture.

He also designed colleges and hospitals, and remodelled the great Hampton Court Palace outside London.

Except for one or two churches in the Gothic style, Wren designed his buildings in the Renaissance form of architecture which was by then the commanding style in the whole of Europe.

So great was its influence that it spread round the world, especially to America and a little later to Australia.

Soon the architect became *Sir* Christopher Wren, and his most notable work, amid many such, is St. Paul's Cathedral, London, one of the great cathedrals of the world and the finest one in the Renaissance style.

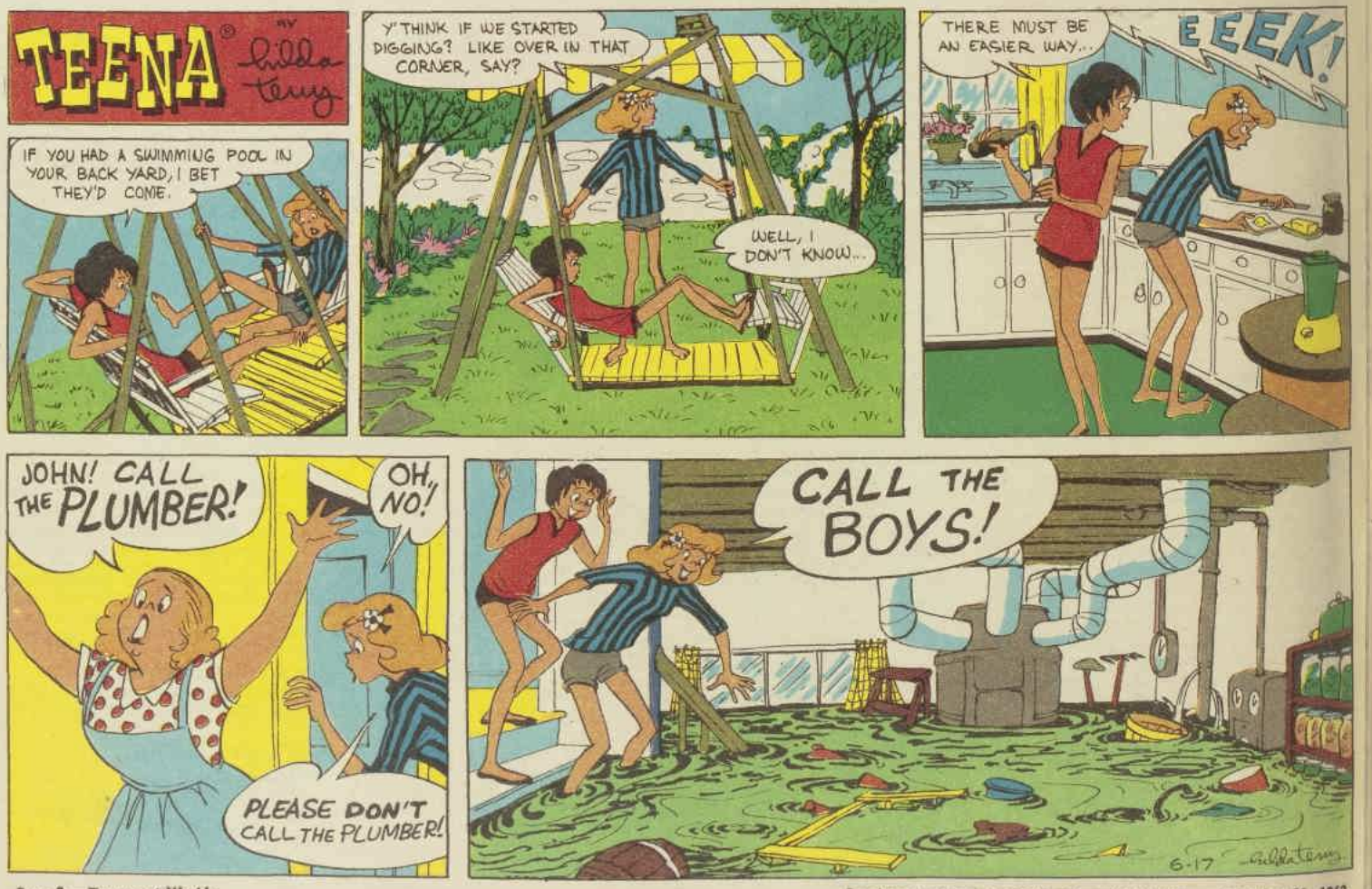
It is, too, the *only* cathedral that was started and completed during the lifetime of its designer. Not having been altered by lesser men, this probably explains its success. It was begun in 1675 and the tall lantern was set on top of the splendid dome in 1710.

Not as large as St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, or as high as the Dome des Invalides in Paris, St. Paul's is nevertheless great architecture that completely dominates the city of London.

As he was building so many churches at the same time, Wren designed their tall steeples with St. Paul's in mind, so that no matter from what angle the cathedral is viewed there are church spires to harmonise with it. This makes the whole city the setting for its own greatest ornament.

NEXT WEEK: Another Wren church

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, London, designed by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire destroyed half the city in 1666, is considered the finest Renaissance church in the world. Photograph from "London," by Neville Braybrook (Batsford).



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Lorne Greene ("Bonanza's" Ben Cartwright) with his teenage twin children, Charles and Linda Greene. Man in the striped jacket is singer Andy Williams.

Ben Cartwright —a proud father

● "These two are my pride and joy," said Lorne Greene, alias "Bonanza's" wise old Ben Cartwright, throwing an arm around son Charles and smiling affectionately at Charles' twin sister, Linda.

"ANYTHING they want is fine with me. Within reason, that is."

Charles and Linda Greene, who live with their mother in Canada, visit Dad in Hollywood twice a year. Once during the summertime and once during the Christmas holidays.

"It's a funny thing," said Greene, "but neither Charles nor Linda has shown any inclination to enter the theatrical profession.

"They're just teenagers now, of course, and couldn't really have had a chance to decide what they want to do as a life's vocation.

"But I suspect the boy will enter either law or medicine; and, as for Linda, she's artistic and it looks as though that will be her field."

When Lorne's children come to visit him they invariably spend every day on the "Bonanza" sound stage, watching, with pride, their dad going about his duties as Ben Cartwright.

"I think my dad is about the best in the world and also the best actor," said Charles, who speaks with the clear, resonant tone of his father.

"My sister and I admire his profession, but just don't believe we've inherited any of his talent. Maybe five years from now we'll think differently."

As everyone knows, Lorne and his first wife have long since been divorced. Now he is happily married to Nancy Deale Greene, and they live in a plush ranch-style mansion in the San Fernando Valley.

"The kids stay with us when they come to Hollywood," said Greene. "And Chuck (Charles) insists on learning to drive my Mercedes-Benz. I let him take the wheel for a few minutes, but it's still a pretty powerful machine for him to try to handle."

Highlight of every recent visit the children have made to their father has been when he took them to see Dan Blocker, who plays the role of his son "Hoss."

"We think Hoss is the greatest," said Charles. "He always invites us to stay for dinner and take a swim in his swimming-pool. I think, of all the fellows on the 'Bonanza' show, both Linda and myself are fondest of Dan and, of course, our father."

If Lorne Greene doesn't appear to be perturbed about the fact that his children aren't anxious to follow in his footsteps, it is simply because he doesn't care for them to.

"If there's anything I dislike," he said, "it's film or television stars who start hounding their children to be stars.

"There is nothing worse than trying to force a square peg into a round hole.

"I can readily see that Charles doesn't now have the urge to be an actor. He lacks the certain something at this time that a person needs to succeed in the theatre.

"As for Linda, she's just a TV viewer—nothing else.

"I think they both respect me more for respecting their individual desires. That's the way it should be between father and children."

But, if either Charles or Linda Greene ever say they want, seriously, to enter the acting profession, Lorne will be there to help them.

"I know I had a very rough time getting to the top," he said, "and maybe that's why I'm not anxious for them to get the idea to follow my example.

"But at least now I'm in a position to make their road a little easier than mine was."

● The new series of "Bonanza" has already begun on TCN, Channel 9, Sydney, and will soon be released in other States. Our cover picture shows Ben Cartwright and sons Hoss, Adam, and Little Joe in a scene from the new series.

DID YOU KNOW?

GIBRALTAR opened its television service in October with a programme of local personalities and a showing of Richard Cawston's "Television and the World." Among imported programmes during the first year will be "Hancock's Half-Hour," "Bonanza," "Dr. Kildare," plays from current British programmes, and Shakespeare's "Age of Kings." They also plan news and sports coverage and eventually a school's TV service.

★ ★ ★

WARNER BROTHERS must soon come to a decision on the future of Connie Stevens, suspended singing star of "Hawaiian Eye." Connie herself is after some good movie roles — and Warners have a girl star ready to step into Connie's shoes if necessary.

★ ★ ★

BOB HOPE has a send-up on the "Bonanza" series planned for his opening show of his season. It will feature his buddy Bing Crosby as "Ben Cartwheel" of the "Tremenderosa Ranch," father of three sons, all played by Hope. Lucille Ball and Juliet Prowse are expected to star in his first show, which will mark Bob's 13th year in TV.

★ ★ ★

AUSTRALIAN actor Charles Tingwell, who has been starring in the British TV hospital series "Emergency Ward 10" for the past five-and-a-half years, is planning to come home in the New Year. Partly a family trip with wife and two small children, partly work, which may include a leading part in a J. C. Williamson production of the New York play "Mary, Mary."

Also, when Chips Rafferty stayed at the Tingwells' London home they worked out a theme for a film they hope to make. It is about an Australian author who has made a fortune in London and then goes home to sell some of his family's cattle property and to get material for a book. He gets an unexpected reception and rediscovers his own background.

They hope to make the film, set on a modern cattle station, with an Australian director and with Rafferty and Tingwell in leading parts.

Charles Tingwell

★ ★ ★

BING CROSBY hopes to do a TV series based on the jottings of famed columnist Art Buchwald.

★ ★ ★

JAMES DRURY, star of the new "Virginian" series, was an oil-changing grease-monkey six months before he was signed to appear in the show.

★ ★ ★

TO be a TV star seems great to most people, but to actors it apparently hasn't the same prestige as the good old movie. Robert Stack is trying to get time off from "The Untouchables" to attend the London premiere of his movie "The Caretakers"; Earl Holliman is after the same from his "Wide Country" series to take part in the movie "First Wife"; and Paul Burke, of "Naked City," is itching to do a movie, but can't find the time out from his TV show.

★ ★ ★

ONE-TIME undercover man of the "Tightrope" series, Mike Connors has the contrasting role of a teacher in a pilot for a new series, "Turning Point." Charles Bickford co-stars as the high-school principal.

★ ★ ★

LOOKS at though "Have Gun, Will Travel" no longer will grace the screens next season. The final segment of the Richard Boone series has just been completed and is now being wound up. The series was completed early at Boone's request because he wanted to take a part in a Broadway play, but since then he has dropped this idea.

★ ★ ★

MORE than 40 merchandising items have been placed on the market in the United States as part of a promotion campaign for the "Dr. Kildare" series. They include toy medical kits and games, doctors' and nurses' outfits, jewellery, loose-leaf notebooks, diaries, and men's hosiery.

★ ★ ★

MRS. K. to follow Mrs. K.? Ever since the success of the Jackie Kennedy TV tour of the White House, the National Broadcasting Company has been trying to get Mrs. Khrushchev to hostess a TV tour around the Kremlin. The network recently obtained permission to film a tour of the Kremlin. N.B.C. officials are doing everything to persuade Mrs. Khrushchev to play hostess in the film. They are hopeful. No "nyet" so far.

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Romantic group with graceful young figures costumed in frothy tulle. Here are Junior Ballet members (back, from left) Joy Kellett (12), of West Brunswick, Helen Revitt (13), of Bulleen, Wendy Campbell (13), of Airport West, and Roma Egan (14), of Croydon North. Front (from left) are Enrica Mueller (12), of Abbotsford, Lynn Robertson (12), of Rosanna, Donna Reid (13), of North Coburg, and Denise Drysdale (13), of Albert Park. There are 16 members of GTV9's Junior Ballet.

JUNIOR BALLET

● For more than two years now GTV9, Melbourne, has supported, in addition to its talented adult ballet company, a junior ballet, which appears twice weekly in the Channel's children's programme "The Tarax Show."

THIS, according to GTV9, is the only junior TV ballet in Australia being specially trained by a television channel.

The ballet companies, both senior and junior, cost GTV between £60,000 and £70,000 a year.

The Junior Ballet performs under the name "The Royal Dancers" in King Corky's Court in "The Tarax Show" each Monday and Wednesday—live camera appearances which are an essential part of their training.

For the channel the Junior Ballet is a valuable recruiting ground for the adult ballet. For the keen student among the "juniors" there is always the possibility of graduation to the "seniors."

At present the Junior Ballet comprises 16 youngsters, aged from nine to 17.

Their balletmistress is hard-working former ballet-dancer Valmai Ennor, of Ormond, Vic., who tackles her demanding full-time job with immense enthusiasm.

Valmai was a member of GTV's senior ballet company for two years before a foot injury put a permanent stop to regular dancing. It was while she was resting, hoping that her foot would improve, that GTV decided on having a junior ballet and put her in charge of it.

Valmai sees her pupils nearly every night. Monday's show is rehearsed on Saturday; Wednesday's on Tuesday evening. On Thursday Valmai has them at Channel 9 for a class and on Friday she has a private class which most of them attend.

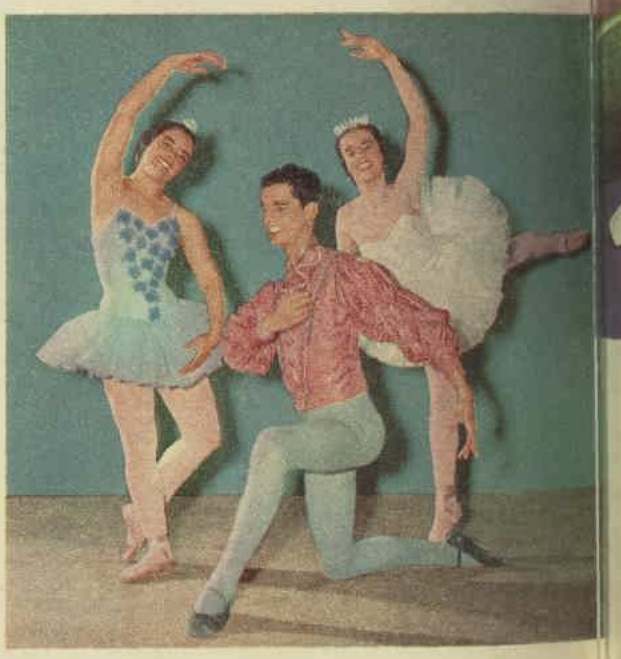
The youngsters are very keen, coming every day after school. So are their mothers, most of whom turn up on the two performance days to help with the dressing and make-up of their children.

The young group tackles almost every type of dancing — classical, national dances, bright modern numbers, with quite a lot of character work and mime, too.

With six additions to the group this year, Valmai says 16 is saturation point.

"There's always a waiting list," she said. "I hold two auditions a year so that I always have new dancers in reserve."

— Margaret Berkeley



Classical pose from three of the tallest members of the Junior Ballet (from left) Leonie Best (13), of St. Kilda, Greg Radford (17), of Kingsville, and Fayette Corliss (13), of North Kew. Fayette's sister Janice is a member of GTV9's Senior Ballet.

Modern setting with (front, from left) Judy Moody (9), of Prahran, Jenny Chalmers (13), of Airport West; back, from left, Susan Chalmers (15), Barry Pemberton (15), of Windsor, Maureen Doolan (14), of Carlton.

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COMPLETE BOOK OF SALADS

● Summer is salad time, so make a point of serving one every day — to start a meal, to accompany a dish, or as a main dish itself. This feature contains a wide variety of recipes for salads, dressings, and mayonnaise.

SALADS give crispness and color plus health and vitality to everyday menus. An attractively dressed salad looks pretty on the table and so adds interest and appetite appeal as well as food value to the meal.

Care in preparation is essential for a successful salad.

All salad greens should be washed thoroughly, then drained well, otherwise the mayonnaise or dressing will not cling to the leaves and a little pool of water will collect on the dish and spoil the other ingredients.

Lettuce, endive, and young cabbage are not the only greens suitable for salads. More unusual greens such as chicory leaves, young beetroot tops, dandelion leaves, etc., can also be combined with other salad ingredients to give an interesting flavor.

Use a stainless-steel knife for cutting salad greens, so cut surfaces will not turn brown and spoil the appearance of the dish.

PREPARATION

Here are some more hints on preparing salad vegetables:

Lettuce: Remove older outside leaves, then cut out centre core with small knife. Place lettuce under fast-running cold water, let it run into centre of lettuce through cut-out core. This cleans all leaves and will help to make the breaking-up of lettuce easier. Turn lettuce upright, let all water drain away. Store in plastic bag in refrigerator crisper.

Cabbage: Use only the young small crisp leaves. Cut core and outer leaves from cabbage, store in plastic bag.

Endive: Remove outer leaves, rinse lightly under running cold water, shake off excess water. Store in plastic bag in refrigerator crisper.

Celery: Wash carefully to remove all signs of commercial insect spray that tends to cling to base of stalks. Do not cut off tops because these little green leaves have a lot of flavor and look attractive in salads. Store in plastic bag in refrigerator.

Tomatoes: Wash well, store in refrigerator. If you prefer skinned tomatoes, this is done by placing tomatoes into boiling water, leaving a few seconds, then carefully peeling off skin with aid of small knife. Cut out centre core, cut into wedges or slices.

Beetroot: Beetroot can be served raw — grated or sliced thinly. Otherwise cook beetroot until tender, peel off skins, slice or leave whole. Store in refrigerator in covered container in mixture of equal quantities of boiled vinegar and strained beetroot water, with little sugar and spices added as desired.

Cucumber: Can be served peeled and sliced, or for extra color leave skin on and score down outside with fork, then slice. If planning a few salad meals, slice the whole cucumber, sprinkle with vinegar and sugar, cover and store in refrigerator.

Young, fresh greens are best for salads, but older slightly wilted ones can be made crisp by breaking off small portions of their stems under water, then partially or totally immersing in chilled water 1 hour. Soft tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots, etc., can be refirmed by immersing in chilled water for the same time.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

GARNISHES

Cucumbers: To make a star: Cut long green cucumber and lemon into thin slices. Cut 4 triangles from outside of lemon slices, forming a cross. Place this on cucumber slice, then ornament middle with red cocktail onion, sprinkle of finely chopped parsley. To make flowers: Cut cucumber into wafer-thin slices, arrange them together to form petals of a flower. Twist one finely cut ring of red pepper to make rosette. Fasten it to centre with small piece of cocktail stick. Add few capers for color.

Tomatoes: To form petal look: Cut tomato down into quarters, then again, thus forming eight petals, being careful not to cut right through. Pull back petals, fill centre with parsley sprigs. To make ribbon tomatoes: Cut them into ¼in.-thick slices, sandwich each slice together again with finely chopped parsley and chives, thus reforming a whole tomato.

Radishes: To make concertinas: Trim ends from radishes with small sharp knife. Cut crosswise in very thin slices but don't cut through; chill in iced water until radishes open up in concertina shape. To make daisies: Cut off tops from long radishes and, using sharp knife, cut into as many strips as possible, being careful not to cut through thicker end; chill in iced water until petals have curled back.

Continued overleaf

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Appetisers and accompaniments

SMALL quantities of food, attractively arranged in a salad, appear as a complete miniature meal for the opening course, and give also a welcome change in color and texture when they are used as a side dish to the main course on the menu.

STUFFED CUCUMBER PIQUANT

Six cucumbers, salt, pepper, french dressing, 3 tablespoons minced pickled onions, 2 tablespoons chopped celery or 2 tablespoons chopped cooked broccoli, 6 ripe olives (sliced), 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon minced or chopped chives, tartare sauce, 6 thin strips red pepper, watercress for garnish.

Wash and dry cucumbers, cut slice off one side of each and scoop out contents, leaving thin-walled, boat-shaped hollow. Season with salt, pepper, moisten with french dressing. Combine onions, celery or broccoli, olives, green pepper, chives. Mix with just enough tartare sauce to hold together. Heap into cucumber shells. Garnish each shell with thin strip red pepper. Place on small plate with watercress. Serves 4 to 6.

CUCUMBER CREAM

Two teaspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, 2 teaspoons vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon onion juice, ¾ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, 1 cup peeled seeded and chopped cucumbers, 1 cup cream, parsley, lettuce leaves, chilled sliced tomatoes, chopped chives, mayonnaise.

Soak gelatine in water, dissolve over heat. Add vinegar, lemon juice, onion juice, salt, paprika; cool. Whip cream until stiff, gradually fold in gelatine mixture. Drain cucumbers well, fold into cream-gelatine mixture. Fill oiled individual moulds with mixture. Chill and, when thoroughly cold and firm, unmould on bed of lettuce leaves and tomato slices. Garnish tops with parsley, chives, mayonnaise. Serves 4 to 6.

SAN REMO SALAD

One large or 2 small cans of whole kernel corn, 2 green peppers (chopped), 1 red pepper (chopped), 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 cucumber (finely sliced), ½ cup french dressing, lettuce leaf-cups.

Drain corn from can, add peppers, onion, cucumber. Toss in french dressing. Spoon into lettuce-leaf cups, and serve. Serves 4 to 6.

Variation: Combine mixture with well-seasoned mayonnaise instead of french dressing and use to stuff hollowed-out tomatoes.

PEAR LINE-UP, a simple appetiser salad which could be made into a gourmet dish by using avocados in place of the pears shown above.

WALNUT AND CELERY SALAD

One and a half cups broken or chopped walnuts, 1½ cups finely chopped celery, 3 red-skinned apples (chopped, leaving skin on), 1 tablespoon minced crystallised ginger or pineapple or cherries, ½ cup french dressing, 6 small lettuce leaves, whipped-cream mayonnaise (see salad dressing, page 52).

Combine nuts, celery and ginger, pineapple or cherries. Mix with the apple, moisten with french dressing; toss. To serve, pile in lettuce-cups, add spoonful of whipped-cream mayonnaise to each. Serves 4 to 6.

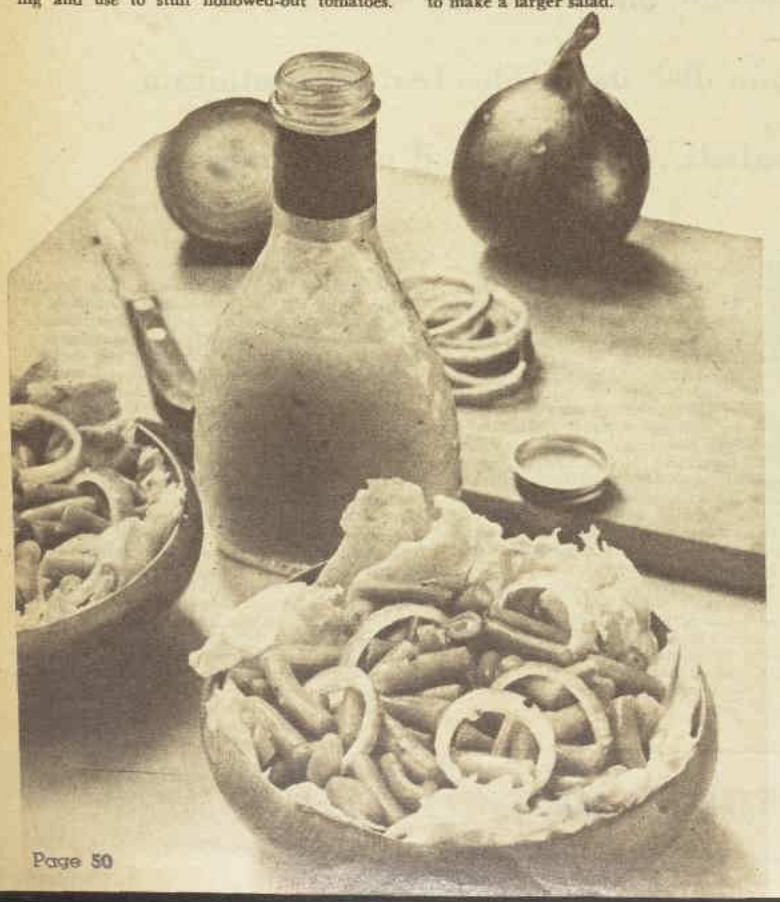
Variation: Other nuts, such as Brazil nuts or a mixture of cashew and peanuts, can be substituted for walnuts.

AVOCADO SPECIAL

One clove garlic, 1 head lettuce (washed and quartered), ½ bunch endive (cut into small pieces), 4oz. crumbled blue cheese, 3 hard-boiled eggs (quartered), 3 avocado pears (peeled and sliced in half-circles), french dressing.

Rub salad-bowl with cut garlic, add greens, cheese. Place eggs in centre, surround with avocado. Sprinkle all with french dressing. Serve additional dressing on the side. Serves 4 to 6.

Variation: Add strips of green pepper, sweet red pepper, or canned pimento and tomato cut in quarters or sliced cucumber to make a larger salad.



GREEN BEANS AND ONION SALAD: Serve hot or cold as an accompaniment or side salad to grills or other meat dishes.

VEGETABLE MEDLEY

One head crisp lettuce, 2 tomatoes, 1 long green cucumber, 2 small white onions, 1 red pepper, 1 small carrot, 6 small cauliflower pieces, 6 shallots, french dressing, garlic.

Wash and store all vegetables in crisper in refrigerator until just before serving. Prepare all vegetables: Break up lettuce; slice tomatoes into 8ths; leave skin on cucumber and cut into diagonal slices; peel and slice onions thinly into rings; slice red pepper into rings, discard seeds; peel carrot, cut into thin slivers with vegetable-parer; parboil cauliflower pieces if desired (they can be eaten raw); peel off outer skin of shallots, cut off the very top greens, then, with a small knife, cut down remaining green section into thin pieces; allow to stand in iced water to curl tops. Place all vegetables in large glass or wooden bowl which has been rubbed out with cut garlic. Stand in refrigerator until required, then pour over french dressing and toss lightly. Serves 4 to 6.

PARNASSUS CHEESE ROLL

Six oz. soft cream cheese, 2 tablespoons cream, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon paprika, 12 chopped olives (ripe, stuffed, or green), 1 chopped green pepper, watercress or lettuce, mayonnaise.

Crush cream cheese with fork, stir in the cream, salt, paprika, olives, and pepper. Pack cheese into small, straight, oiled glass. Chill until firm. Unmould, cut into slices. Serve on bed of watercress or lettuce with mayonnaise. Serves 4 to 6.

HARVEST SALAD

Six figs, 6 cooked dried apricots, 6 cooked or canned prunes, ¾ cup seasoned cottage cheese, 1-3rd cup chopped blanched almonds, crisp lettuce, french dressing (flavored with little grated orange rind).

Cut figs in halves from stem to base. Drain apricots and prunes. Slit prunes, remove seeds. Mix cheese and almonds. Fill apricots and prunes with cheese. Place 2 fig halves (one filled with apricot and one with prune) on each plate. Garnish with lettuce (shredded, if desired). Spoon over little dressing. Serves 4 to 6.

CUCUMBER TOSS

One large lettuce, 1 large cucumber, 1½ cups sour cream, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Wash lettuce, drain, roll in towel to dry; chill at least 1 hour. Wash and peel cucumber, cut into paper-thin slices. Break lettuce into bowl, add cucumbers. Combine remaining ingredients, pour over. Mix lightly with 2 spoons, serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce-cup measure is used in all the recipes in this cookery feature.

RED CABBAGE SALAD

Heart of 1 small red cabbage, salt, 3 tablespoons salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon sugar, 2 firm eating-apples (peeled, cored, and thinly sliced), 1 chopped onion.

Shred cabbage very finely, sprinkle well with salt, leave in warm place 1 hour. Press cabbage well, pouring off all liquid. Beat the oil, vinegar, and sugar well together, toss shredded cabbage in it, then mix in apple and onion. Serves 4 to 6.

GREEN BEAN AND ONION SALAD

Four cups drained cooked or canned beans, 1 large white onion, 1 large brown onion, ½ to ¾ cup french or Italian dressing (bought or home-made), lettuce.

Combine beans with onion-rings in large bowl. Pour over french or Italian dressing; toss lightly. Arrange beds of lettuce in small wooden salad-bowl, pile in salad. Serves 4 to 6.

PEAR LINE-UP

One bunch of endive or 1 head lettuce, 6 canned or fresh pear halves, 1lb. cottage cheese, ½ cup french dressing.

Arrange endive or lettuce on base of 6 dishes, place pear half on each. Spoon equal amounts of cottage cheese into each pear cavity, pour over french dressing. Serves 4 to 6.

PIQUANT ASPARAGUS APPETISERS

One cup vinegar, ½ cup red wine, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, ¼ teaspoon mixed allspice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon minced shallots, ¼ teaspoon fresh or dried tarragon, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped capers, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 30 cooked or canned asparagus stalks (chilled), 6 lettuce leaves.

Heat vinegar, wine, spices, sugar together; let cook down to about half original amount. Remove from heat, add shallots, tarragon, parsley, capers, lemon juice; chill. Arrange asparagus on the 6 lettuce leaves. Pour over cold vinegar mixture; serve. Serves 4 to 6.

VITALITY PLUS

Three cups raw cauliflower (broken into small pieces), 1½ cups sliced raw turnip, 3 green peppers (sliced in rings), 1½ cups raw spinach (cut fine), 3 small onions (sliced), 6 raw carrots (cut in slender sticks), 3 cups crisp watercress or lettuce, salt, french dressing (made with lemon juice, celery salt, brown sugar), 3 tablespoons mixed green herbs (parsley, mint, basil, oregano).

Combine vegetables, season lightly with salt. Add dressing to coat mixture. Toss, sprinkle with herbs, and serve. Serves 4 to 6.

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FOR LIGHT LUNCHES

WHATEVER the temperature may be, a salad always makes a most acceptable and complete light meal for the middle of the day.

LOBSTER VERONICA

One large or 2 small lobsters, french dressing, 1lb. prawns, 1 small head lettuce, endive, 1 long green cucumber, 1 red pepper, ½lb. large white grapes, 2 firm red tomatoes, 1 cup partly cooked peas.

Remove lobster meat from shells, cut into large chunks. Shell prawns. Reserve all lobster claws for decoration. Place meat in bowl, add little french dressing, toss, allow to stand while preparing other ingredients. Slice cucumber (skin left on) and red pepper into long thin pieces and tomatoes into wedges. Place bed of crisp lettuce and endive on large platter, arrange seafoods in centre. On one end of platter place tomato wedges and peas, at other end the cucumber, red pepper slices, grapes. Arrange reserved lobster claws attractively on top. Serves 4 to 6.

GRAPE ASPARAGUS ASPIC

One can asparagus tips, 1 tablespoon gelatine, chicken stock, salt, paprika, 1½ cups seedless grapes, ½ cup chopped celery, mayonnaise.

Drain asparagus, reserve some tips for garnishing, cut remainder in half, reserve liquor. Soak gelatine in 3 tablespoons asparagus liquid; heat remainder, dissolve gelatine in it. Add enough chicken stock to make 2 cups of liquid in all. Season to taste with salt, paprika. Pour liquid in wetted or oiled mould, and when nearly set stir in grapes, celery, cut asparagus. Chill mould until firm. Unmould, serve with mayonnaise and asparagus tips round edge. Serves 4 to 6.

KIDNEY BEAN COMBINATION

One large can or 2 small cans kidney or lima beans, 3 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), ½ cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons minced onion or chopped chives, 6 small sour-sweet pickles (chopped), ¼ cup mayonnaise thinned with ¼ cup tomato ketchup or sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, lettuce-leaf cups, parsley.

Prepare beans by pouring hot water over them, then drain well. Chill them, combine with the eggs, celery, onion or chives, pickles, mayonnaise, salt. Add extra seasoning if needed. Serve salad in lettuce cups, garnish with parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

BEET-NIC SALAD

Six small beetroot (or use canned beetroot), ¾ cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, ¾ cup beetroot juice, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons grated onion, 1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

Wash raw beetroot well, boil them. Drain, reserve liquid (if canned, reserve liquid from can). Peel beetroot, dice them. Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, add reserved beetroot juice, vinegar, salt, onion, horse-radish. Chill mixture until almost set, fold in beetroot and celery pieces. Put salad into wetted mould. Chill until firm, unmould on bed of lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 4 to 6.

SAINT TROPEZ SALAD

Three-quarters tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup tomato soup, ¾ cup cottage cheese, ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup cream (whipped), salt to taste, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, ¼ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped onions, ½ cucumber (peeled and diced), ¾ cup crab or prawns (if desired), mayonnaise.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in heated tomato soup. Beat in cottage cheese. Cool. Fold in mayonnaise, cream, salt, green pepper, celery, onions, cucumber, also crab or prawns if used. Put salad in wetted ring-mould or individual moulds. Chill until set. Unmould on serving-dish, serve with mayonnaise. Serves 4 to 6.

KENTUCKY CORN PLATTER

Three cups cooked or canned whole kernel corn (drained), ½ cup pickled relish, 4 small pickled beetroot (chopped finely), 2 chopped gherkins, 1 small dill pickle (chopped finely), ¼ cup chutney, 1 head lettuce, mayonnaise.

Combine well-drained corn with pickle relish, beetroot, gherkins, dill pickle. Drain chutney, reserve liquid for dressing. Mix chutney with corn and relishes. Wash lettuce, drain and quarter. Cut each quarter crosswise in half. Place 2 halves on each of 4 salad plates. Mix tablespoon of chutney liquid with about ½ cup of mayonnaise. Beat and spoon over salad, serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

HOT APPLE SLAW

Three cups shredded cabbage, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 large apple (peeled and grated).

Put cabbage in saucepan, add vinegar, water, sugar, caraway seeds, salt, butter. Cook all these ingredients over quick heat until boiling. Reduce heat to low. Add apple, heat slowly 1 minute longer before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

GOLDEN LUNCHEON RING

Two ounces gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1½ cups mayonnaise, juice 1 lemon, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon tabasco sauce, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 6 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), ¼ cup chopped parsley, ½ cup chopped green pepper, favorite chicken or vegetable salad combination for centre, crisp greens.

Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over boiling water. Let cool slightly. Add mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt, tabasco sauce, grated onion. Place centre slices of eggs round inside of oiled ring-mould. Separate remaining yolks from whites, sieve yolks and chop whites. Combine yolks with half the gelatine mixture, pour as layer into mould. Place parsley and green pepper on this. Cover with egg-whites mixed with remaining half of gelatine mixture. Chill until set. Unmould on large platter, fill centre of ring with chicken or vegetable salad combination. Garnish with salad greens. Serves 4 to 6.

NORWEGIAN SALAD BOWL

Two heads lettuce, 1 medium-sized can sardines, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons cream, ¼ cup salad oil, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 clove garlic (crushed).

Wash lettuce, cut into chunks and place into chilled salad bowl. Add drained sardines. In small bowl mix egg-yolks with salt, pepper, sugar. Add paprika, mustard, and cream; mix smoothly. Beat in oil, worcestershire sauce, vinegar, onion juice. Add garlic if desired. Beat, pour over lettuce in bowl, toss lightly. Sprinkle with chopped egg-whites and serve. Serves 4 to 6.

ANCHOVY SALAD WITH BEER MAYONNAISE

One head celery, 1 small cucumber, 6 small potatoes (cooked in their skins until tender), 2 small cans anchovy fillets, 4 tablespoons beer, ¼ pint mayonnaise, lettuce.

Remove outer stalks from celery, cut remainder into 1in. lengths. Peel and slice cucumber, skin potatoes, and cut into thin slices. Arrange alternate slices of cucumber and potatoes in large round dish, overlapping slices. Heap celery in centre, arrange anchovy strips on celery. Beat oil from 1 can of anchovies with the beer, gradually add it to mayonnaise. Pour over salad. Serve with lettuce. Serves 4 to 6.

LOBSTER VERONICA: White grapes add a touch of interest to this attractive luncheon salad. Cooked and flaked or canned fish can be used instead of the lobster for family-style meals.

SEAFOOD PACIFIC

Three large crabs, 1 lettuce (shredded), 3 finely chopped hard-boiled eggs, 2 sliced hard-boiled eggs, chopped chives.

Flake crab meat in as big pieces as possible, removing all shell and cartilage. On each individual plate put bed of shredded lettuce, then mound of crab meat, topped with big pieces from legs. Round crab arrange ring of chopped egg. Top crab with few slices of egg and sprinkling of chives. Serve with following dressing. Serves 4 to 6.

Dressing: One cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup french dressing (made with wine vinegar), ¼ cup tomato sauce or ketchup, 1 teaspoon horse-radish, 2 tablespoons chopped chives, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt, coarse black pepper, some chopped green pepper if desired, pickled cucumber or chopped stuffed olives.

Mix all ingredients, chill well.

Continued overleaf

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The main course – make it substantial, satisfying

CHICKEN TOSS: If desired, this easy-to-prepare salad meal could be made with cold veal or lamb left over from the Sunday roast. Leftover baked or boiled vegetables could also be added.

WHEN augmented by rice, pastas, or potatoes (see the recipes on opposite page), salads can provide a well-balanced complete meal to satisfy the heartiest of appetites.

TUNA CHEESE LOAF

Two tablespoons gelatine, ¼ cup lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped cucumbers, 1lb. cream-style cottage cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper, ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 medium-sized can flaked tuna, 2 tomatoes (cut into 8ths), 1 cucumber, salad greens, mayonnaise.

Soften gelatine in lemon juice. Add salt to cucumbers, let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Sieve cottage cheese. Melt gelatine over hot water, stir into cottage cheese. Drain liquid from cucumbers, add to cottage cheese with shallots, red pepper. Fold in mayonnaise. Pour into oiled loaf-tin. Chill several hours or until firm. Turn out on large chilled serving-plate. Cut large V-shape from centre of loaf. Chop roughly and pile at each end. Toss tuna with tomatoes and sliced cucumber; spoon into loaf. Garnish with salad greens, serve with additional mayonnaise. Serves 4 to 6.

PASTA CHICKEN VEAL SALAD

One cup cooked veal strips, 1 cup cooked chicken strips, 2 cups cooked (cold) macaroni or spaghetti (cut into small pieces), ½ cup sliced celery, 2 apples (cubed), 6 stuffed olives (sliced), 1 tablespoon minced chives, pistachio nuts or almonds, mixed greens, sweet-and-sour dressing (see panel).

Arrange veal, chicken, macaroni or spaghetti, celery, apples, and olives on bed of mixed greens. Garnish with chives and few pistachio nuts. To serve, toss with sweet-and-sour dressing. Serves 4 to 6.

Note: Any leftover meat or fowl can be substituted for veal and chicken.

MIXED VEGETABLE SALAD

One and a half cups diced cooked carrots, 2 cups cooked peas, 2 cups cooked string beans, 1 cup diced boiled potato, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 cup french dressing, 6 crisp lettuce leaves, ½ cup boiled tongue (cut in thin strips), 1 cup boiled or roast chicken (cut in thin strips), 2 tomatoes (skinned and sliced thin).

Mix cooked vegetables, season with salt and few grains ground pepper. Mix with enough dressing to moisten; chill thoroughly. To serve, arrange crisp cold lettuce on platter. Heap marinated vegetables in centre. Add little more french dressing if needed. Top with tongue and chicken, garnish with tomato slices. Serves 4 to 6.

CHICKEN TOSS

One cooked chicken (3-3½lb.), 1½ cups shredded lettuce, 1½ cups shredded cabbage, ½ cup shredded carrot, 1 finely chopped onion, ½ green pepper (finely chopped), ½ cup mayonnaise, 1-3rd cup yoghurt or sour cream, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, lettuce leaves.

Cut all meat from chicken bones and cut into small pieces; stand aside. Combine lettuce, cabbage, carrot, onion, and green pepper. Blend mayonnaise with yoghurt or sour cream, add lemon juice, vinegar, sugar, and salt. Mix into vegetables and toss in the chicken pieces. Line a large salad-bowl with lettuce and pile in the chicken toss. Serves 4 to 6.

LIMA SALAD TOSS

Four cups cooked lima beans (drained), 3 onions (sliced), 2 cups cooked sliced carrots, 1 cup french dressing, ½ cup mayonnaise, salt, pepper, crisp lettuce, cheddar cheese.

Combine beans, onions, carrots. Blend french dressing and mayonnaise. Pour ¼ of the dressing mixture over vegetables. Season with little salt, pepper. Toss lightly; chill thoroughly. Place on lettuce with spoonful of remaining dressing. Serve with wedges of cheddar cheese. Serves 4 to 6.

CHILLED AVOCADO SALAD MOULD

One ounce gelatine, ¼ cup water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup mashed ripe avocados, extra 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup sour cream, ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 finely chopped red pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots, salt, cayenne pepper, shredded lettuce, 1½ cups diced tomatoes, extra ½ cup chopped shallots.

Soak gelatine in cold water ½ hour. Add boiling water; stir until dissolved. Mix in sugar and lemon juice. Stand aside until partially set. Combine in basin the avocados, lemon juice, sour cream, mayonnaise, red pepper, and shallots; season well with salt, cayenne pepper. Mix well. Add to gelatine mixture and pour into oiled fancy ring-mould; chill. Unmould on large serving-platter, place shredded lettuce round edge. Fill centre of mould with diced tomatoes and shallots mixed together. Serves 4 to 6.

MACARONI MEDLEY

Two cups diced cold cuts or sliced cooked frankfurts, french dressing, 2 cups cooked cold macaroni, 1 cup sliced celery, ½ cup diced cucumbers, 3 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon celery seed, salt, pepper, cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise, 2 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), parsley.

Sprinkle cold cuts with little french dressing; chill ½ hour. Add macaroni, vegetables, seasonings, and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Toss, let stand in refrigerator 1 to 2 hours before serving. Garnish with egg-slices and parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

PHILADELPHIA EGG SALAD

Six hard-boiled eggs, 4oz. cottage cheese, 4oz. unsalted butter, 3oz. liver pate (or liverwurst), salt, cayenne pepper, freshly ground black pepper, 1 tablespoon brandy, 2 teaspoons tomato sauce, 2 gherkins, few black olives, 3 cups boiled rice, ½ cup diced cooked carrots, ½ cup diced cooked green beans, ½ cup diced skinned pitted tomatoes, ½ cup diced skinned pitted cucumber, watercress, 1 dessertspoon tomato paste.

Dressing: Two teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon coarsely ground black pepper, 2 teaspoons french mustard, ¼ teaspoon sugar, ½ crushed clove garlic, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, ¾ cup olive oil, ½ cup salad oil, 1 raw egg.

Shell hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves lengthwise. Remove yolks, rub through fine strainer. Cream butter, add sieved egg-yolks. Beat well; divide in halves. Into one half beat cottage cheese, tomato sauce, tomato paste, salt, cayenne pepper. Fill into pastry-bag with plain tube; set aside. Add to other half the liver pate, brandy, salt, black pepper. Beat well, fill into pastry-bag with rose-tube; set aside. Mix together in large bowl the rice and vegetables. Put all ingredients for dressing into screwtop jar, shake thoroughly, add to vegetables and rice. Blend with 2 wooden forks; fill into bowl. Make hollow in centre, arrange spray of watercress in it. Smooth edges of rice, arrange empty hard-boiled egg-whites round. Fill them alternately with tomato-cheese and pate mixtures. Decorate pate with pieces black olive and the tomato and cheese with thin slices gherkin or colored cocktail onion. Chill well before serving.

STUFFED ARTICHOKES

Six large artichokes, ¼ cup vinegar, 2½ to 3 cups cooked crab (prawn, lobster, tuna fish, chicken, or veal can be substituted if desired), 1½ cups chopped celery, ½ cup finely chopped green pepper, 1½ cups mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons chopped chives or parsley (optional), cheese wedges.

Put artichokes in saucepan, add water to cover, then add vinegar; cook artichokes. Drain and cool cooked artichokes and spread leaves outwards. Pull out the tight conical centre of leaves. Scrape out the thorny, fuzzy substances with teaspoon. Combine crab, celery, pepper, 1 cup mayonnaise, chives or parsley and fill artichokes. Decorate each with remaining mayonnaise. As the leaves are removed they are dipped in the mayonnaise. This leaves the remaining salad to be eaten with the cheese wedges and artichoke hearts. Serves 4 to 6.

CALIFORNIA SALAD

Four cups crisp lettuce, ½ cup french dressing, 1 cup thinly sliced celery, 2 cups slivers leg ham or pressed ham or tongue, 4 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 4 tomatoes (skinned and quartered).

Have the greens freshly washed, drained, and chilled. When ready to serve, put the greens in salad-bowl, add small amount of dressing, and toss lightly. Then in centre of salad arrange the celery, ham or tongue, and egg. Sprinkle with parsley. Arrange tomatoes as garnish round bowl. Serve with french dressing. Serves 4 to 6.

FRUITY CHICKEN SPICE

Three cups diced cold roast chicken, ¾ cup mayonnaise, 3 pears, french dressing, 6 stuffed olives (sliced), crisp lettuce, 1 large can peach halves, 1½ cups sugar, 1-3rd cup cider vinegar, 3in. stick cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, ½ teaspoon curry powder, ½ thinly sliced lemon, celery curls.

Moisten chicken with mayonnaise and chill in covered bowl. Peel pears, cut into small pieces, pour dressing over. Combine chicken, pears, and olives and arrange on bed of crisp lettuce. Chill. Drain peaches, boil peach syrup, sugar, vinegar, spices, and lemon together 10 minutes. Add peach halves and simmer 5 minutes. Chill fruit in pickling syrup several hours or overnight. Arrange on top of chicken salad with celery curls for garnish. Serves 4 to 6.

DRESSINGS AND MAYONNAISE RECIPES

• These recipes — some classic, some new—will help to provide the finishing touch to any type of salad, from the simple one to the most elaborate.

BASIC FRENCH DRESSING

Quarter cup vinegar or lemon juice, ¾ cup salad oil, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon sugar, ⅛ teaspoon pepper (freshly ground black pepper gives good flavor), ½ teaspoon paprika, little crushed garlic (if desired).

Combine all ingredients in jar, screw on lid, and shake well. Makes 1 cup of dressing. Store in refrigerator, re-shake before using.

Variations:

• To 1 cup french dressing add ½ teaspoon onion juice and 2 tablespoons tomato sauce for a spicy flavor.

• Add ¼ cup tomato soup, ½ teaspoon prepared horseradish, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon worcestershire sauce to 1 cup basic french dressing.

• Combine 1 tablespoon honey with 1 cup french dressing.

• Ideal for green salads—combine 1 cup french dressing with 1-3rd cup crumbled blue cheese.

• To 1 cup basic french dressing add ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, and ½ cup chopped cooked beetroot—the coloring is attractive.

BASIC MAYONNAISE

One teaspoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper and paprika, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups salad oil, 3 tablespoons vinegar.

Mix prepared mustard and dry ingredients, beat into egg, and gradually add, drop by drop, ½ cup salad oil. Use rotary or electric beater. Add vinegar a little at a time, beating well after each addition; then slowly add remaining oil. Mixture should be stiff enough to hold its shape. Chill in covered jar. Makes 2½ cups.

Variations:

• To 1 cup basic mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons anchovy paste, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped shallots, pinch garlic salt, ¼ cup finely chopped onion.

• Fold in ¼ cup capers into 1 cup basic mayonnaise.

• For a fruity mayonnaise to be used at once, fold ½ cup whipped cream into ½ cup basic mayonnaise, then add ½ cup well-drained shredded canned pineapple or other fruit.

• For fish salads, fold ½ cup sour cream and ½ cup diced cucumber into 1 cup basic mayonnaise. Season with freshly ground black pepper.

• To 1 cup basic mayonnaise add 1 teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice—the flavor is very piquant.

SWEET-AND-SOUR DRESSING

One cup salad oil, 1 cup red wine vinegar, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup minced chives, ½ cup minced celery, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper, 2 tablespoons minced watercress, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons salt, freshly ground black pepper.

Combine all ingredients in jar with screw top. Shake well before using. Makes about 3 cups.

VINEYARD DRESSING

One sliver garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 to 2 tablespoons claret, 3 tablespoons salad oil, 1 cup yoghurt, ¾ teaspoon paprika, dash tabasco sauce.

Crush garlic with salt in bowl. Add all the other ingredients; mix thoroughly. Makes 1¼ cups. Serve on fruit or green salads.

WHIPPED CREAM MAYONNAISE

One teaspoon salt, pinch paprika and mustard, 2 egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 cups salad oil, 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 cup whipped cream, grated rind ½ orange and ½ lemon.

Mix dry ingredients, beat egg-yolks lightly and mix with dry ingredients. Add lemon juice, stir well. Add salad oil, a few drops at a time, beating until smooth with rotary or electric beater. When nearly all oil has been added, stir in remainder in larger amounts, then add hot water. Lastly fold in whipped cream and fruit rinds. Serve with fruit salad or celery and nut salads. Makes about 3 cups.

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MIXED POTATO SALADS above are Hot Potato Salad, Lobster Cream Platter, Sour Cream Potato Ring, Horns of Potato Salad, Warm Potato Salad. The recipes are below.

SOUR CREAM POTATO RING

Four cups sliced cooked potatoes, 1 cup diced celery, ½ cup sliced shallots, ¼ cup sliced radishes, 1 cup sour cream, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon blue cheese salad dressing mix, thinly sliced radishes for garnish, parsley, mixture of cooked and cooled corn and peas, french dressing.

Combine potatoes, celery, shallots, and radishes. Blend sour cream, vinegar, and blue cheese dressing mix; pour over vegetables, toss gently to blend. Spoon salad into oiled ring-mould, pressing down well with spoon. Cover with aluminium foil, chill several hours. To unmould, loosen top edges carefully with spatula or thin-bladed knife; place serving-plate over mould, invert; shake hard once; salad will drop out. Garnish with sliced radishes and parsley, fill centre with the corn and peas (tossed in a little french dressing). Serves 4 to 6.

LOBSTER CREAM PLATTER

One lobster, ½lb. leatherjacket or other fish fillets, butter, salt, pepper, 1lb. new potatoes, 1 to 2 tablespoons chopped mint, ½ cup sliced celery, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 finely chopped onion, juice 1 lemon, 2 cups mayonnaise, lettuce, ½ cup grated cheese.

Remove meat from lobster, cut into pieces; reserve claws for decoration. Steam or grill fish fillets, seasoning well with salt, pepper, and adding little butter. When cooked, allow to cool; chop into small pieces. Mix with lobster meat and lemon juice; stand aside. Boil new potatoes in their skins until tender. Remove skins, chop into cubes. Place potato cubes in bowl with mint, celery, hard-boiled eggs, onion. Fold in mayonnaise, lobster, fish. Arrange lettuce cups on large platter, fill mixture into these. Pile grated cheese in centre of platter, decorate with lobster claws. Serves 4 to 6.

WARM POTATO SALAD

Four cups cooked sliced potatoes (about 2lb.), 3 tablespoons salad oil, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, ¼ cup white vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 finely chopped onion, ¼ cup chopped parsley, partly cooked Chinese cabbage (or use lettuce), sliced onions, red food coloring.

Put potatoes in large bowl, sprinkle with oil. Combine in saucepan the stock, vinegar, salt, pepper, onion; heat to boiling. Pour over potatoes, toss carefully until all potatoes are coated; add parsley. Serve on bed of Chinese cabbage or lettuce. Garnish with sliced red onions (made by soaking onion rings few minutes in little water colored with red food coloring). Serves 4 to 6.

HOT POTATO SALAD

One onion (finely chopped), ¼ cup salad oil or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup water, ¼ cup vinegar, 4 cups cubed cooked potatoes, ½ cup diced celery, ¼ cup diced green pepper, 1 packet cheese slices, 1 red pepper (cut in strips).

Saute onion in oil or butter until soft. Stir in flour, sugar, paprika, mustard, salt, slowly add water and vinegar. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thickened and bubbly. Combine potatoes, celery, green pepper, sauce; spoon half of mixture into buttered casserole. Reserve 2 or 3 cheese slices for garnish; arrange remainder over potato layer; top with rest of potato mixture. Cut reserved cheese slices into triangles; arrange round edge of casserole, garnish with red pepper strips. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until salad is hot. Serve at once. Serves 4 to 6.

HORNS OF POTATO SALAD

Two cups mashed potatoes, 1-3rd cup mayonnaise or salad dressing, 1 tablespoon minced onion, ½ tablespoon horseradish, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1-8th cup minced celery, 1-8th cup minced cucumber, 1 teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard, dash tabasco, 12 thin slices salami or other round cold cuts.

Blend potatoes, mayonnaise, onion; divide mixture in half. To one half add horseradish, salt, pepper, parsley. To other half add celery, cucumber, paprika, mustard, tabasco. Roll each slice of salami into horn shape, fasten with cocktail stick. Press parsley-potato filling into half the horns, using pastry-bag and star-tube (or carefully fill with spoon), swirling mixture slightly. Fill remaining horns with cucumber-potato filling in same way. Chill. Arrange on serving-platter. If desired, garnish with parsley, olives, tomato. Serves 4 to 6.

Color pictures in this cookery feature by staff photographer Don Cameron.

Our Man—denizen of the Deep

As he swoops to conquer the Silent World, Our Man is thinking of you. His eagle eye misses nothing: if the secrets of the sea can be turned into new ideas for decoration, he is determined that you shall have them.

Pastel shades for your fabrics? A warm glow for your walls? Our Man has served you well. From the world at-large he brings you every decorating idea you'll ever need—at the most reasonable prices you can think of. Whatever you look for, whatever your taste, you will find the answer in his Sanderson Collections—waiting to meet you at your Sanderson stockist's. And when you settle down to live happily ever after with your Sanderson choice, what of Our Man? Resting on his laurels? Not he! Half a world away, he is hot on the scent all over again.

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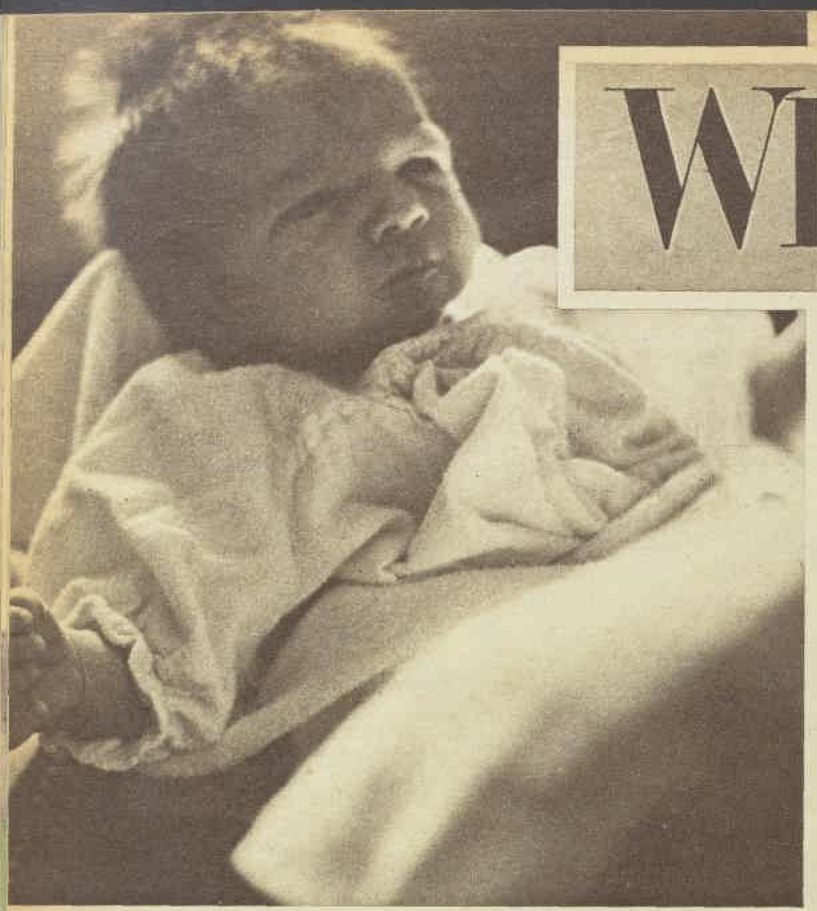

What it's like t

● Parents through the centuries have pondered over just what their baby thinks, knows, feels. But alas, none of them can remember what it's like to be a baby. All that even the most loving adult can do is observe a baby's reactions and try to determine from his frowns, smiles, gurgles, and wails just what goes on in the impenetrable reaches of his mind. Experts have discovered, however, that the development that goes on during a baby's first year exceeds that of any other year in his lifetime. From the helpless, unknowing state of the newly born, he grows in one swift season into a complex individual capable of varied emotions and responses.

1 MONTH To the newborn, the world is frightening, since he is mainly aware of it in painful ways—hunger, cold, loud noises, or cramps. He cries—it's an automatic reflex. His eyes can't distinguish anything more than light or dark. The wild kicking that accompanies his nappy-changing is an automatic reaction at being free of confining blankets. He makes small throaty noises and strange expressions flicker across his face. He pouts or frowns in infant displeasure. Despite these fascinating histrionics, and his mother's fondest imaginings, he can't be said to think at all. (Above and below.)

2 MONTHS Although he perkily surveys his world and can stretch, arch his back, follow (for a short time) a bright object with his eyes, gurgle happily, and try to pull hair or noses, he is still an egotist, essentially, and finds his food more interesting. He'll turn his head now at a new sound or his mother's voice. His conversation is earnest, full of "oo's" and gurgles. He knows nothing of time, morality, or manners. And doesn't care.

3 and 4 MONTHS A three-month-old is an arch-conservative when it comes to trying something new. He doesn't like the feel of unfamiliar food and often spits it out. He is also a sensualist, and next to eating, he loves to be bathed or rubbed with baby powder. He responds to his family with delighted smiles — or registers utter boredom. He puts things in his mouth — not because he thinks they're edible but because his tongue is highly sensitive and he's interested in feeling things with it. At four months he reaches the high point of his early mental development. He begins to know his mother as a person, to watch her for long periods, and fear her absence. His other chief interest is eating, but he also begins to reach out for everything, hold toys, play with his own hands. The world is a fascinating showcase; sometimes he escapes it for a moment by pulling his nightie over his face and then reappearing from underneath to check the world is still there.

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to be a Baby

5 MONTHS

Propped up with pillows, he passes the time pondering over the pink softness of his own hands and feet. He practises grabbing things with his hands — and even those same feet. He can roll over, hold his own bottle, and may even have a tooth or two. (The baby photographed was ahead on these and other things. Rates of mental and physical growth vary enormously, of course, from child to child.)

6 MONTHS He's becoming a social being. He likes to play with his family, be tossed in the air by Daddy, play peep-bo with a three-year-old brother. But he's as likely as not to poke your eye, pull your nose, or grab your hair. His memory is developing. He's beginning to realise he's "cute" and tries to repeat simple performances that got a laugh the first time. He'll howl when cutting teeth.

7 MONTHS At this stage he becomes an infant Marco Polo, an insatiable discoverer and adventurer in his little world. He can sit alone now and also pull himself up to stand unsteadily but triumphantly in his playpen. His memory grows markedly—he'll crow at the sign of his favorite food, or pet toy, or perhaps howl at an unknown uncle. He loves a cuddle, nestling his warm head into mother's neck, and curving his arms about her.

8 MONTHS He crawls gleefully now, or walks by hanging on to furniture, and gets into everything. Ashtrays, dishes, books have to be kept out of reach to save trouble.

9 MONTHS A favorite plaything is a saucepan lid. He has learned by now to use his thumbs. He's likely to fiddle with the TV knobs — but will be horrified if the set comes on.

10 MONTHS Life is full of mystery, such as a face suddenly appearing in a mirror. He can make sounds like ma-ma, da-da now, may clap imperfectly to the rhythm of a poem.

11 MONTHS He may "walk" by holding a willing relative by the hand, and he crows with delight at this. He's becoming shrewder and will go right round a table, say to get a toy.

12 MONTHS He likes to play (above) and takes pride in walking (see him at right). He has learned now to recognise pleasure and pain, love and anger. He's a real individual.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528871

Economical meat loaf wins £5

NO ONE will ever guess that this colorful and tasty meat loaf was made from leftovers. See prize-winning recipe.

● An interesting meat loaf made from left-over meat and gravy and served with beer sauce wins the £5 recipe prize this week.

AN unusual topping spread on a butter-cake and grilled lightly wins a consolation prize of £1 for a N.S.W. reader. All spoon measurements are level.

This cake would be ideal for morning tea on Sunday and remainder for Monday's lunchboxes.

SAVORY LOAF WITH CONTINENTAL SAUCE

Two hard-boiled eggs (sliced), 1lb. cooked lamb, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 onion (chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch herbs, salt and pepper to taste, ½ cup gravy, 1 egg.

Grease loaf-tin, arrange sliced egg in base to form attractive pattern. Mince meat, add breadcrumbs, onion, parsley, herbs, salt and pepper, and mix well. Moisten with gravy and beaten egg. Pack into tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Turn out on to hot serving-dish and slice. Serve with the following sauce:

Continental Beer Sauce: One clove garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups beer, ½ cup tomato puree, salt and pepper to taste.

Melt butter in pan, saute garlic until soft. Stir in flour, brown lightly. Add beer and cook, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thick. Add tomato puree, salt, pepper. Mix well.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Milne, Peddar St., Campbell Town, Tas.

CRUNCH-TOP SQUARES

One cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 egg, 1oz. melted butter or substitute, ½ cup milk, ½ cup sugar.

Sift flour, salt, baking-powder together. Combine egg, butter, milk, sugar; add dry ingredients and beat until smooth. Pour into 8in.-square tin, greased and papered on base. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Remove from tin, place on baking-sheet.

Topping: Half cup brown sugar, ¼ cup flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1oz. softened butter or substitute, 4oz. cream cheese, ¼ cup chopped almonds, ¼ cup corn cereal (crushed).

Combine brown sugar, flour, cinnamon, and mixed spice in basin. Work in butter and cream cheese, add nuts and corn cereal. Spread over top of cake, place under hot griller 5 minutes or until crisp on top. Cut into squares, serve warm.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Frankish, 243 Trafalgar St., Annandale, N.S.W.

RECIPE CONTEST

Readers are invited to enter recipes in our weekly cookery contest, in which cash prizes are awarded. Recipes should be interesting and made from easily obtainable foodstuffs. Use level-spoon and standard 8-liquid-ounce cup measurements.

Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I'd like one of your little pillows' young lady!"

Take sugar 'n' spice, sun drenched dried fruits, cover them in smooth cake-like biscuit.

A slow tapering bake to spicy perfection and—Mmm! Unmistakable! Arnott's Spicy Fruit Rolls—the "biscuits that look like little pillows."

Arnott's FAMOUS Biscuits

SPICY FRUIT ROLL

There is no Substitute for Quality

this week's SUNDAE

Sun Worshipper

One 15-oz. can Golden Circle Crushed Pineapple, 1 tray ice-cream (chocolate), 1 pint red jelly, marshmallows, cherries, and whipped cream to garnish.

Fill parfait glass with alternate layers of crushed pineapple, chopped marshmallows mixed with red jelly, and chocolate ice-cream, finishing with jelly and pineapple. Top with swirls of whipped cream and a cherry.

Quantities above serve 6.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528872

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● We have an invalid in the family at the moment. Mike has a broken arm and he is, in every possible sense of the words, enjoying ill health.

THERE'S something very odd about this broken arm of Mike's.

It allows him, without the least discomfort, to visit his friends or go to the pictures, but it makes it quite impossible for him to fetch himself a book from his bedroom or a drink of water from the kitchen tap.

"Get it yourself," I heard Di yell at him yesterday when he wanted something. "You haven't broken both your arms and legs!"

"Don't bother, I expect I can manage without it," Mike said in a martyred voice. "The doc said I've got to take it easy and not rush about."

So he did, and I was there when he said it, but it hasn't prevented Mike from spending hours bowling a tennis ball against the laundry wall with his left arm.

"Your arm's been plastered, not amputated," I told him when I got sick of the noise while I was doing the washing.

"It can't really be necessary for you to change yourself overnight into a left-hander."

"I can't afford to waste any time in the cricket season," Mike said.

Personally, I wonder when he's ever done anything else!

Broken arm—("Aw well, no exams, Mum")

THE man who said "The coward dies a thousand deaths, the brave man dies but one" was forgetting about parents.

Or perhaps being a parent just turns you into a coward automatically.

There's no moment worse than the one when you're told one of your children has been hurt somewhere out of sight.

A friend of Mike's who lives across the road rushed into the house shouting, "Mike's crashed, come quickly!"

"Where?" I said, already on the run to the gate, and imagining half a dozen appalling catastrophes one after the other.

"On the vacant block behind our place," the boy said, running with me.

When I got there I found that three or four of them had made a sort of bicycle speedway on the vacant block, using empty drums and planks to build ramps to ride over.

Mike, I was informed, had been trying to "beat the course record," and drums, planks, bike, and rider had all collapsed in a heap.

I found Mike sitting nursing a distinctly mishapen-looking arm and very white around the mouth, but remarkably cheerful for all that.

"I think I've busted it," he said. "And it's my right arm. I won't be able to finish my end-of-year tests."

An anesthetic (but appetite still good)

I HELPED Mike home and called the doctor, who very soon confirmed that the arm was "busted."

He rang for his partner and a supply of plaster and an anesthetic, and they went to work at once to set the arm.

I think I got just about as much of the anesthetic as Mike did! We'd pulled Mike's bed out into the middle of the room so that the doctor who was giving the anesthetic could sit at the head of it.

"You stand by," one of them had said to me, "because when he's half under he'll struggle a bit and you'll have to help hold him."

Mike didn't struggle, he exploded!

When he was halfway under he suddenly arched his back, dug his heels into the mattress, and tried to shoot himself off the end of the bed and out into space; when he was balked at that end of the bed he reversed his motors and tried to take off at the foot end, and we had a lively couple of minutes with Mike shooting up and down and the anesthetic shooting up and down with him right under my nose!

When the job was finished the doctors left, telling me to keep him quiet (what a silly suggestion!) and bring him down next morning so that they could check the setting of his arm with an X-ray.

By the time I'd telephoned Hugh with this dramatic story and had a cup of tea and scraped up about a pound of spare plaster that had got trampled into the boards in Mike's room he was sitting up quite cheerfully and announcing that he was "starving."

Very soon everyone else was home, also starving, and, of course, I'd done nothing about getting a meal, so Kat had the bright idea of taking the car and some containers and getting us a meal from the nearest Chinese restaurant.

We had a very nice dinner, all perched round in the suffering invalid's bedroom, with the suffering invalid eating a very hearty meal.

An overworked bicycle

MIKE'S plaster cast is now a deep, dingy grey with dirt, and adorned with funny drawings and signatures contributed by his friends.

I think he's really more concerned about his bike than about his arm.

It certainly looks a bit of a mess, and personally I don't greatly care. I've always regarded Mike's bike as an enemy.

I agree absolutely with Hugh that you can't stop a boy doing the normal things boys do and taking the normal risks.

It's not the normal risks I'm complaining about. The trouble with Mike is that he's not content for his bike to be a bike.

All his worst accidents happen on those very frequent occasions when his poor overworked bicycle is being used as a combination helicopter-steeplechaser-bobsled.

"If you worry so much about his bike, what will you be like when he starts driving a car?" Kat asks.

That's a prospect that I can't even bear to think about. Thank goodness it's still a very long way off.

And, who knows, even Mike may some day settle down, grow up, and begin to show some sense!

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Westinghouse above all...

MIGHTY WESTINGHOUSE FROST-FREE RCD139 is a spacious refrigerator and 75 lb. capacity freezer combined, with a unique top rating (1/5th h.p.) Westinghouse sealed unit. Other important features include the new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system, automatic defrosting, outstandingly accessible storage area, full width humidrawer, glide-out shelves, height adjustable top shelf, exceptional bottle storage space and magnetic door lock.

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...is designed to keep your food fresh...longer!

The new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system is here— designed by Westinghouse to keep an uninterrupted flow of fresh, cold air circulating down and up, in and out and around your food. Your good fresh food is kept good and fresh under all conditions...longer.

The new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system forever wipes out stale air pockets, the spoilers of good fresh food. The cabinet interior is free, open and uncluttered —has no little nooks and crannies where stale air could lie. The humidrawer is where a humidrawer should be for correct temperature and fresh-cold moisture control—at the bottom of the refrigerator where it can't interfere with the flow of fresh cold air. The shelves have space back and front to allow ample air circulation even when they are filled to capacity.

Fresh cold air flows constantly from the big freezer coils at the top of the cabinet . . . down past and through the shelves . . . down and under and right round the humidrawer . . . back up through the door shelves. Every part of the refrigerator is cooled to the correct temperature to keep your food fresh-longer!

AFTER SALES SERVICE—your satisfaction as a Westinghouse appliance owner is assured by readily available after-sales service. The Westinghouse appliance service division is fully equipped to provide the most outstanding factory trained service in the industry.

THROUGHOUT THE NEW WESTINGHOUSE RANGE — COMMONSENSE DESIGN BRINGS UNMATCHED VALUE!

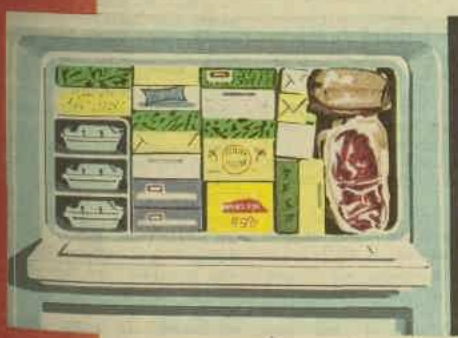
THE FRESH-COLD SYSTEM and an uncluttered, easy-to-get-at interior are by no means the only thoughtful, commonsense design features you will find in these new Westinghouse refrigerators.

YOU WILL FIND NEW, SIMPLIFIED, MORE CONVENIENT DOOR STORAGE . . . shelf area that makes use of the full width of the cabinet . . . new "Flash" instant push-button defrost on the 9 cu. ft. and 12 cu. ft. models. Many more features you can't see set the seal on Westinghouse quality and value. Because no technical sacrifices have been made to cut costs, Westinghouse refrigerators are more powerful than other brands — 30% more powerful, thanks to the sealed unit designed and built by Westinghouse to power-drive every model to 12 cu. ft. And the silent power-plus Westinghouse sealed unit makes the mighty Westinghouse combination refrigerator-freezer — biggest of the range—more powerful again by a further husky 20%—gives it power to spare even with a jam-packed load under the steamiest conditions! What's more, Westinghouse backs each sealed unit with a generous 5-year guarantee.

THE DEEP, GLOSSY WESTINGHOUSE FINISH lasts a lifetime—it is baked on over an exclusive protective undercoat applied by the amazing American "Flowcoat" process and strongly resists bumps, knocks and scratches. All Westinghouse refrigerators have porcelain titanium enamel interiors with high-impact plastics used throughout—more reasons why the cabinets carry a full 12 months' warranty

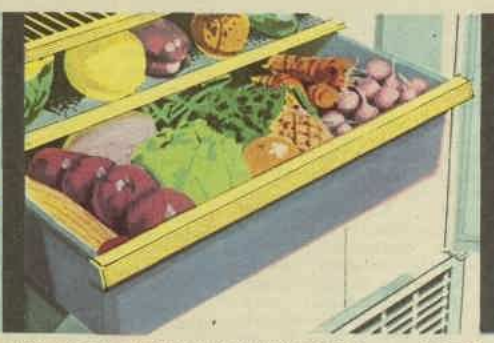
Rest assured that, before a Westinghouse refrigerator comes to you, its every fitting and detail is inspected, checked and re-checked to bring it as near perfection as possible!

YOU BUY A WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATOR WITH ABSOLUTE PEACE OF MIND!



GIANT CAPACITY FREEZER. All Westinghouse refrigerators have ample space for all your frozen food requirements. The mighty Frost-Free RCD 139's freezer stores up to 75 lbs. of food . . . room enough for a whole dressed lamb and much more besides. No unexpected catering problems with Westinghouse!

GLIDE-OUT SHELVES. You will find this convenient feature in the new Westinghouse range. Exclusive new sliding action operates easily and silently—makes these the smoothest, easiest-to-roll shelves ever. De-luxe finish construction eliminates the possibility of stain, rust or corrosion.



FULL-WIDTH LIGHTWEIGHT HUMIDRAWER. The Westinghouse full-width humidrawer is the right size and shape even for celery, spinach and rhubarb. It seals moisture in and, for correct temperature control, is situated at the bottom of the cabinet where fresh, cold air circulates right around it. It keeps fruit and vegetables really moist, really fresh.

BOTTLE STORAGE. As you can see, the functional new Westinghouse door storage system provides plenty of space for even the tallest bottles. Furthermore, thoughtful shelf design permits additional storage for tall bottles within the cabinet, and the egg trays can be removed to provide still more door storage space when required.

There's a refrigerator exactly the right size and price for you in this new 5-model Westinghouse range. See them all at your Westinghouse retailer today!

RAD 99—9 cu. ft.	**149 gns.**
RGD 99—9 cu. ft. with flash push-button defrost	**169 gns.**
RAD 111—11 cu. ft.	**189 gns.**
RBD 121—12 cu. ft. with flash push-button defrost	**229 gns.**
RCD 139—Combination Refrigerator-Freezer	**265 gns.**

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOME AREAS

EMAIL Westinghouse

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S

Westinghouse

because Westinghouse made the sealed-unit!

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Continuing . . . FAIL-SAFE

from page 47

"Times have changed since Clausewitz. True war was an institution like the church, or the family, or private property. But institutions grew obsolete," Foster argued. "Real toughmindedness consists in recognising that thermo-nuclear war is not the extension of policy by other means, it is the end of everything—people, policy, institutions."

Groteschele shook his head. "In a full-scale nuclear war between America and Russia a hundred million people, or so, would be killed, right?"

"A hundred million," Foster said, "or more."

The circle of people about the speakers moved restlessly. Betty finished her drink in a gulp and looked for a waiter.

"Now this is a tragedy and no one here denies that," Groteschele said, glancing at the Senator. "But every war, including thermo-nuclear war, must have a victor and a vanquished. Are you suggesting, Foster, that we should be the vanquished? Do you value American culture less than Soviet culture?"

Betty's hand had tightened on Black's arm.

"Marvellous," Foster said with a grin. "So neat, so logical, so well ordered. Groteschele, your argument should persuade a monkey, a high-school kid, but not many others. It indicates only that you are a prisoner of the past, of stale ideas, of cliches." Foster looked around the group. "What is called for," he said, "is a revolutionary break through in our thinking, a new Manifesto."

"An arresting thought!" Groteschele broke in. "What would the new Manifesto proclaim?"

"It would proclaim peace," Foster said. "Not because peace is nice, or I like my fellow humans, or it is Christian. Peace because it is the only way we can live. Get with it, Groteschele. Probability and the cobalt bomb made you old-fashioned ten years ago. Be realistic."

"Moving, very moving," Groteschele said. "But we must face realities. The point is, who is going to be the victor and who the victim? It is still the question of the survival of a culture."

FOSTER rocked on his heels. "A culture," he said, his voice full of wonder. "A culture with most of its people dead, its vegetation burned off, the germ plasm of survivors contaminated. Do you really think that this world you describe is a culture?"

It was Betty who broke up the duelling. Before Black realised it, she had moved from his side.

"It is hopeless," she said, staring at the two men. "You are both romantics, caught up in a fantasy world of chopped logic." Her words fell like a pall on the group. Even Groteschele was at a loss for the right thing to say.

"We all know that the big explosion is going to happen," Betty continued, her voice edged with despair. "Your concern, the two of you, is to make sure you die intellectually correct. But my problem is more primitive. I only want to make sure that when it comes, and my boys are dying, that I'm there to ease their last pain with morphine."

"General, what do you think?" asked Foster.

"I think Betty is mostly correct," Black said slowly. "I have the awful feeling that we are reconciled, both we and the Soviets, to mutual destruction. In the end, morphine will be more important than a bomb shelter." He stopped and felt a secret revelation. Now, at last, he understood The Dream—the agonising, recurring dream of being a flayed bull.

. . . . . .

The President looked across the desk at Peter Buck, not really seeing him. His face hardened. "What do you think of that list?" he asked, pointing at the card in Buck's hand. Buck knew the President was thinking out loud. He didn't care what Buck thought, but he expected an answer. Buck glanced again at the names listed under Pentagon Alert Group.

"I only know them as names," he said. "A few I have never even heard of."

"The men in that Pentagon group see one another all the time, day after day," the President said. "They've probably talked over things so much that they've got a nice committee solution for everything. Right?"

"Yes, sir," Buck said.

"But a bomber group off for Russia is something they have no solution for," the President said. "They'll have to do some fresh thinking, and they have less than an hour to work in."

The President swung in his chair and looked at Mrs. Johnson. Quite automatically she opened up a notebook.

"Blackie's in the Pentagon group, isn't he?" the President asked.

Buck's eyes ran down the list. "There is a General Black, Mr. President," he said. His throat felt dry.

"That's Blackie," the President said. "We went to college together. Blackie's a bright boy, got guts, and I'd trust him with almost anything. He can think on his feet, deal with a novel situation. He doesn't talk much, except when he believes in something . . ." He stared at the wall.

"Next we need someone who's not a Pentagon type but knows his way around. Whom do you suggest?" He asked the question of both Buck and Mrs. Johnson. Buck's mind went flat. He could not recall the name of a single person. His mother? Gypsy Rose Lee? Old Mr. Carmichael in the apartment below? He must be losing his mind.

Mrs. Johnson flicked over a few pages in her notebook. "They've got that Professor Groteschele out there for the briefing," she said. "He's not one of them. I mean, he doesn't work at the Pentagon."

The President rocked in his chair. "He doesn't work for the Pentagon. That's right. But that book of his almost made him one of them." He sighed. "O.K., Johnnie, he'll add something to a bunch of people who've been seeing each other too often. Tell the Pentagon to include Groteschele in the advisory group. Tell Swenson that Groteschele is personally cleared by me and that he can say anything he wants on any subject."

. . . . . .

Walter Groteschele had awakened that morning at precisely 5.30. As he swung out of bed his mind began to block out the day. He would shower, shave, dress, drink one cup of instant coffee and make the 6.10 train at Scarsdale. An hour to the airport, another hour to Washington. He'd be entering the Pentagon at 9.50 a.m., be at the briefing by ten. The day was under control.

During his trip Groteschele let his mind dwell on two subjects: the briefing he would present, and all that had led up to it. Professor Tolliver had helped.

For the first year in graduate school, Groteschele had sat quietly in Professor Tolliver's classes. He made a point of reading every book and article the man had written. At the end of the year Groteschele's chance came. Tolliver published a book called "Models for the Future War." The title had been a mistake. It suggested that Tolliver was advocating war. Some of the reviews were scathing. Groteschele read them all.

There was one in a liberal monthly in which it was clear that the author had not read the whole book, but had used the first few chapters to promote his own theories about "the rising tide of militarism."

GROTESCHELE wrote a 2000-word letter to the "Liberal Magazine." It was a model of careful and biting analyses. The editor of the monthly, in a spasm of regret, sent Groteschele a small cheque and published the letter as an article.

Tolliver never thanked Groteschele; but in his second year of graduate work Groteschele was invited to be the professor's research assistant.

Groteschele never worked so hard in his life. Carefully and patiently he read all of the memos which Tolliver, as a longtime consultant to the Pentagon, received from Washington.

At last Groteschele found what he wanted: a gap in American military thought. Stretching over a generation, the notion had arisen that America would never start a war. Even the most hardened of the military people skirted the question.

In his Ph.D. dissertation Groteschele attacked this taboo. The title of the dissertation was "The Theory of Counterescalation Postures in a Thermonuclear World." He gave Tolliver five copies of the first draft. Tolliver sent them along to Washington.

One day the phone call came.

"Doctor Groteschele, this is Colonel Stark of the Air Force," a voice said. "I'm calling from the Pentagon. We have read your dissertation with great interest and wonder when you can come to Washington to discuss it."

Groteschele was not yet a doctor, but this was not the time to say so. "Colonel Stark, my schedule is fairly full for the next five or six days," he said cautiously. "Maybe sometime next week."

Stark cut in abruptly. There was irritation in his voice, and something of respect. "Doctor, down here we consider this rather urgent," Colonel Stark said. "After all, the security of the country is involved."

"Can you schedule the meeting for tomorrow afternoon?" Groteschele asked.

That had been the start. Soon Groteschele was practically commuting to Washington. Conference followed conference. Discussion papers appeared at regular intervals. Each trip, each conference, gave Groteschele access to valuable information. He was cleared to read top-secret material.

His doctoral dissertation was published under the title "Counterescalation." It was instantly reviewed by Hanson Baldwin in "The New York Times."

With a speed that startled Groteschele he now became a public personage. The awesome powers on which he was expert, the facts of life and death and survival, the new cabalistic language of the nuclear philosophers and high scientists of physics, were merely matters of fact. But the layman, the rich socialite, the industrialist, the politician endowed Groteschele with control of the things he described.

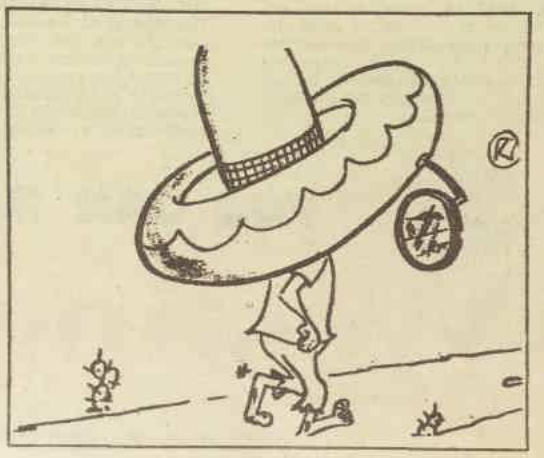
He handled the incidental aspects of fame easily. There was more money, lots more money. Groteschele turned it over to an expert business manager. He became a consultant to carefully selected foundations and corporations, making sure to make no connection that would impair his link with the Federal Government; for his status in Washington, and the information he got there, were the sources of his power.

This morning, exactly as planned, he entered the Pentagon at 9.50. There was nothing to indicate that he had exerted himself to get there on the dot, or that he worried about what lay ahead. He had organised the briefing he would give that day, anticipated the reactions of certain secretaries and generals, and decided upon the arguments he would hold in reserve to counter possible challenges. It was going to be a more than usually satisfying day.

. . . . . .

Buck calculated the difference in age between himself and the President: 12 years. For the first time he realised the maturity of the man facing him. There was no one in Washington who could match his experience, toughness, and drive.

"Buck, this may all be over in the next few minutes," the President said, turning his pencil. "It probably will be. The bombers will find out their mistake and turn around, or we will make radio contact and recall them. Right now we don't know why they flew past their Fail-Safe point or why we can't raise them by radio. By itself neither event is catastrophic. But this particular situation has never occurred before. That's why we're here. Possibly it will get very sticky."



"Mr. President," Buck said, "if the military people were sure it was something that could solve itself, they wouldn't have called you. You're down here because they know it is a serious problem."

The President raised his eyebrows. "You interested in politics?" he asked.

"No, sir, not particularly."

"You've got a nice political feel," the President said. "Bogan in Omaha has instructions to get through to me in a number of specific situations. He also has one general instruction just in case something happens that the specific instructions don't cover. You stated the general instruction just now: Whenever anything occurs that looks serious, get on the red phone. Bogan thinks it's serious or he wouldn't have called."

The President tapped his pencil on the desk. "Buck, if things get really serious we might have to use the 'hot wire' which connects me with the Kremlin."

Buck knew that late in 1962 Washington and Moscow had agreed to set up a telephone link between the American President and the Premier of the Soviet Union. It had promptly been labelled the "hot wire." So far, it had never been used. Buck suddenly felt chilly.

"Most situations I can handle myself," the President went on, "but I don't speak Russian. You do. You'll have to translate for me, and the translation has to be more than literally perfect—it must catch every emphasis I intend and the tones I use to convey meaning.

"So from now on you listen to every conversation I have on the phone. As soon as the conversation is over I'll tell you what I think of it. Don't argue with me, just make sure you understand what I feel. All right?"

"Yes, sir," Buck said. "I'll try."

THE President leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. When he spoke again it was in an intimate manner. "I've talked to Bogan in Omaha twice since ten-thirty," he said. "Good man. Old-type flyer. Not afraid of all the new equipment. If he's worried, I'm worried. O.K.

"Then I talked to Wilcox. New Secretary of the Army. He's tough, but too tough for a new man. Too sure. We listen to him, but we take his advice slow. Very, very slow. But we listen. The switchboard is trying to get Swenson. You know Swenson?"

"No, sir," Buck said. "I know he is Secretary of Defence, but that is all."

"To Swenson we listen, and if he gives advice, we take it all," the President said. "Unless I tell you otherwise, whatever Swenson says is what I think."

The phone rang. The President opened his eyes and nodded at Buck to pick up his extension.

"Mr. President, it's Swenson at the Pentagon," a dry voice said. "I am in my own office, but have an urgent call to come to the Big Board room. There was also the word to call you."

"It might be nothing, Swenson," the President said. "It might be big trouble. One of our groups of Vindicators flew through its Fail-Safe point and is headed toward Russia. Positive Control has broken down. Omaha doesn't know how it happened.

"I talked to Wilcox in your Big Board room, and he doesn't know, either. I'd like you to get down there and be ready for anything. Keep that college professor, Groteschele, there and don't let the military boys drown him out. Also Blackie is there, General Black. Keep him there whatever happens."

"Any particular reason, Mr. President?" the Secretary of Defence asked.

"Blackie's an old friend and a classmate. I trust him in any situation," the President said.

"Yes, sir," Swenson said. "Anything else?"

"That's all," the President said. The phone clicked dead without a farewell salutation.

The President grinned at Buck. "Wastes no time," the President said. "I wish I liked the man a little better. All I can do is respect him. But that's enough."

Buck had never spoken to Secretary of Defence Swenson, but he knew a good deal about him. Swenson was shy, and at the same time abrupt, incisive, and cold. Lesser men never quite understood him. They were not around him long enough. Quietly, without injury to their reputations, they were disposed of.

The President picked up the red phone. "Get Omaha again," he said.

Buck picked up his extension. General Bogan came on the wire.

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Any change, General?"

"No, Mr. President. Group Delta is still heading for Russia."

The President sighed. "I think I should know who's leading the group," he said. "If I can speak to him—if it's ever possible—I'll want to address him by name."

"It's Lieutenant Colonel Grady, Mr. President," Bogan said. "He's had Group Delta for—well, I guess it's three years now."

"Grady," the President said. "I'll remember the name. Is he all right?"

"If you mean, Mr. President, is Grady likely to have gone crazy the answer is 'No'," Bogan said. "He's all right."

. . . . . .

Earlier that morning, while it was still dark, Lieutenant Colonel Grady, the commander of Group Delta, had stood beside his Vindicator bomber and examined it in the cold floodlights of the airstrip.

On the ground the Vindicator looked ungainly. Its landing gear was very high to clear a great pod slung under the fuselage. The pod could carry extra bombs, or fuel, or air-to-air missiles, or deception apparatus. Big as it was, the Vindicator was handled by only three men: a pilot, a bombardier, and a weapons operator. Everything had been miniaturised, transistorised, and automated.

Older pilots like Grady loved the plane. They knew, with all the agony of a doomed love affair, that it was probably the last of its type. The next one would surely be flown with no one on board. It would be, in fact, a guided missile. But the Vindicator crew, Grady thought proudly, still exercises judgment; the plane still responds to our hands.

The bombardier and weapons operator walked by Grady and climbed into the plane, eager to get into their burrows. Grady followed. Two minutes later he had the bomber screaming down the runway. Behind him five other Vindicators leaned into the takeoff. Three hours later, just before dawn, the group was at 60,000 feet over Alaska.

Two tankers from Fairbanks loomed up and fed the Vindicators thousands of gallons of fuel. Beneath them the darkness of the land began to break; mountains

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Household hints

● These useful hints to make housework quicker, pleasanter, and easier were sent in by our readers. Each one wins £1/1/-.

STRONG cardboard cartons can be made into attractive wastepaper baskets for children's rooms. With colored pictures pasted on the outside — ballerinas, flowers, and horses for girls; animals, aeroplanes, and ships for boys — they'll encourage children to keep their rooms tidy.—Miss Christine Gillard, 99 Beulah St., Gunnedah, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When making long journeys by train or car put required amount of baby food for each bottle in separate clean envelopes and stick down. Envelopes can be sterilised by putting in warm oven before use. At feeding time snip off the corner and use envelope as a funnel to empty out the powder. Add water from a vacuum flask and baby's meal is quickly prepared.—Mrs. N. Walsh, 158 Juno Pde., Greenacre, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Wash cotton dress materials while still uncut, iron while damp, and the finished garment will not shrink.—Miss E. M. Cato, Private Bag 8, Cygnet, Tas.

★ ★ ★

A nice idea for a bride's home: Use up those special-occasion gift wrappings, such as wedding or kitchen-tea paper, to line drawers. I did this after I was married a few months ago, and every time I open a drawer I recall some happy incident associated with my wedding. In future I'm going to keep birthday and anniversary papers and use them, too.—Mrs. J. Harriman, 58 Lord St., Roseville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Instead of serving an egg with steak, try wrapping fairly long rashers of bacon spirally round peeled bananas. Grill gently until bacon is transparent, then turn over and grill other side. The bacon should be lightly cooked, not crisp, and the bananas just hot. This combination is delicious with fried chicken, too.—Mrs. Betty Robertson, 33 Holder St., Bentley, W.A.

★ ★ ★

To remove tight lids from screw-top bottles and jars slip on a pair of rubber gloves. The surface is easier to grip and hands are not roughened by the lids. — Mrs. F. I. Simms, Second St., Cowell, S.A.

★ ★ ★

To clean the most stubbornly blocked sink pipe, place a tennis ball with a hole about the size of a sixpence over the discharge outlet and press up and down.—Mrs. R. Lewis, 32 Donaldson St., Braddon, Canberra.

★ ★ ★

Cut the hem off the bottom of a plastic shower curtain with pinking shears. It will dry quicker and soap and water will not collect at the bottom.—Mrs. P. Bentley, Seven Hills Rd., Baulkham Hills, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

For a lasting starch, substitute gelatine. Use 2 tablespoons to 1 pint of boiling water and let garments drip dry.—Miss K. Smith, 1106 Burke Rd., North Balwyn, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Small, sharply pointed scissors are valuable equipment for the needlewoman. Preserve their points and at the same time prevent them from damaging your workbox lining by sticking the sharp ends in a cork when not in use.—Mrs. Joyce Cole, Orchard Hills, via Penrith, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To repair a cracked fingernail quickly: Apply a coat of colorless polish, press a scrap of tissue paper over the damaged spot, cut to fit, then revarnish the whole nail.—Mrs. E. F. McCarthy, 11 Hammond Place, Birkenhead, Auckland, N.Z.

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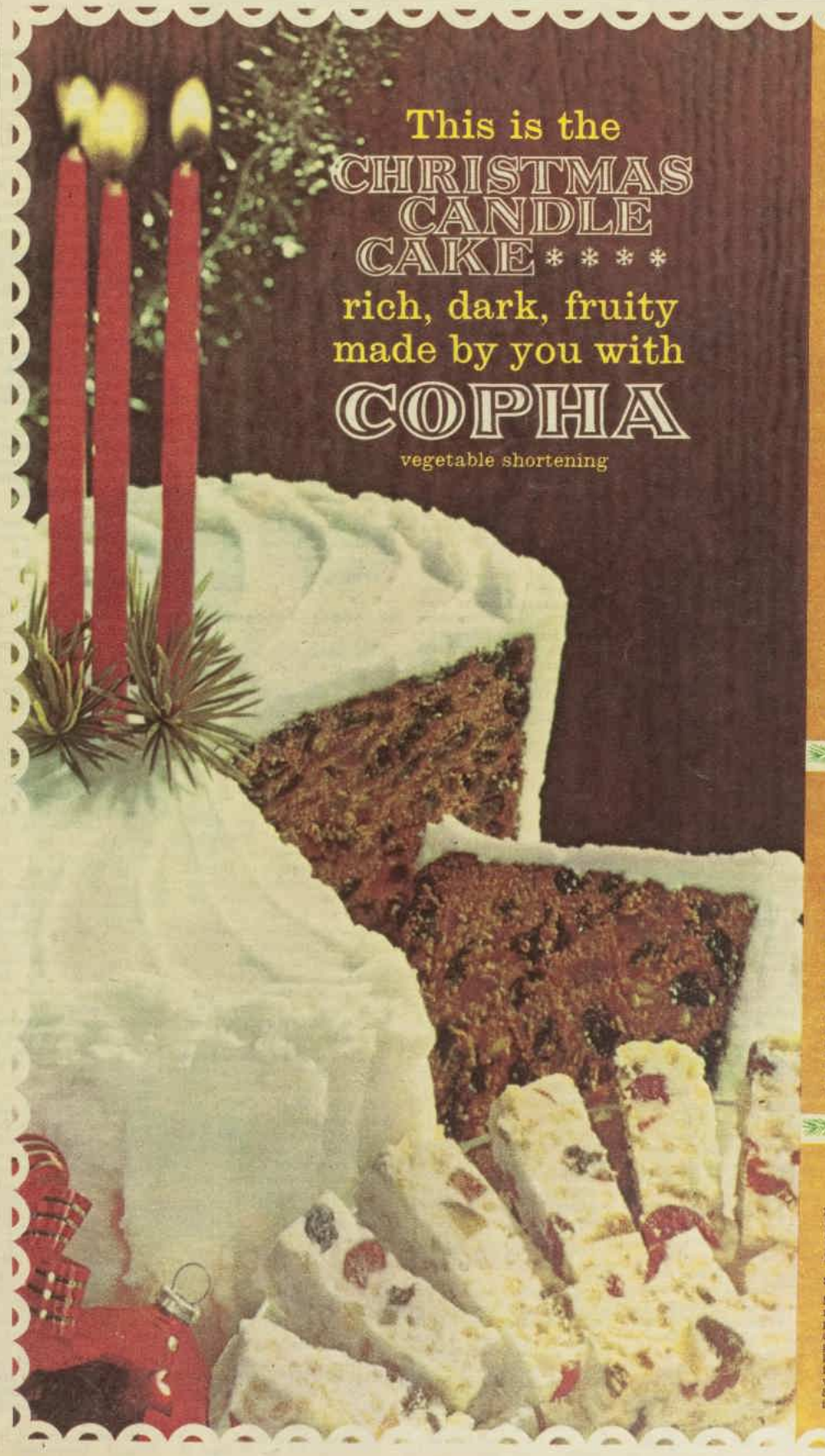

This is the CHRISTMAS CANDLE CAKE * * * *

rich, dark, fruity made by you with COPHA

vegetable shortening

How to make the CHRISTMAS CANDLE CAKE and its sugary-smooth SNOW DRIFT FROSTING

8 oz. Copha shortening
1½ cups lightly filled (8 oz.) brown sugar, 4 eggs
1 lev. tblesp. honey/golden syrup
2 cups (8 oz.) plain flour
½ cup (2 oz.) self-raising flour
1 level teaspoon mixed spice
1 level teaspoon cinnamon
½ level teaspoon salt
1 cooking apple, grated
2 oz. chop. walnuts or almonds
2 lb. raisins, 1 lb. sultanas
½ lb. prunes/dates, ½ lb. mixed peel, ½ lb. crystallised cherries *
½ lb. cryst. pineapple/papaw
½ lb. dried apricots or figs
3 tablespoons sherry or rum
1 tablespoon orange juice, 1 level dessertspoon grated orange rind

** or 3 lbs. mixed fruit*

METHOD: Prepare the fruit and place into a large basin with the nuts, grated apple and orange rind. Add the sherry or rum, orange juice and honey or golden syrup. Cover and allow to stand several hours before using. Place into a mixing bowl the brown sugar, eggs, sifted flours, salt, cinnamon and spice. Melt the Copha over gentle heat—it must only be lukewarm—and add to the ingredients in the basin. Beat with a rotary beater or at low speed on an electric mixer for 3 minutes. Add to the fruit mixture and mix thoroughly to combine. Place into a paper-lined cake tin 8" round or square and place blanched almonds on the top if liked. Bake in a barely moderate oven for ½ hour then with a slowly decreasing heat for 2-2½ hours. Stand in the tin on a cake cooler until cool, remove from the tin, but leave paper around cake and store in an air-tight tin until required.

SNOW DRIFT FROSTING

4 oz. Copha shortening
1 lb. icing sugar, 1-2 tblspns. milk
½ teaspoon vanilla/lemon essence
crystallised cherries and angelica or green jubes for decorating

METHOD: Sift the icing sugar into a basin. Melt the Copha over gentle heat—it should only be lukewarm—and add 1 tablespoon milk and the essence. Add to the icing sugar and mix until of a thick, creamy consistency. Sometimes it is necessary to add the extra milk, depending upon the heat of the Copha. Spread evenly on the cake and swirl with a fork. Decorate with cherries to form holly berries and cut pieces of angelica or green jubes for leaves. Tie with ribbon and finish with an attractive bow. Wrap in clear cellophane and attach your card for a Christmas gift.

Here's a little Xmas treat from Copha: WHITE XMAS FINGERS

2 cups rice bubbles
1 cup mixed fruit
1 cup desiccated coconut
1 cup icing sugar
1 cup powdered milk (dry mix)
vanilla essence to taste
8 oz. Copha shortening

METHOD: Place rice bubbles, mixed fruit, coconut, icing sugar, powdered milk and vanilla into a basin. Melt the Copha over gentle heat—it should only be lukewarm, not hot—pour on to ingredients in the basin and mix well. Press into a slab tin to set. Store in the refrigerator and cut into finger-length pieces.

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HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

Continuing . . . FAIL-SAFE

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shouldered up into the faint light.

Group Delta received the radio order to fly toward its Fail-Safe point without comment. It was Condition Blue — a mild alert. Grady led the Vindicators in a sweeping arc through the sky.

Captain Thomas, the bombardier, handed up a form on which he had written: "Fuel range past Fail-Safe estimated 3020 miles."

Looking at Thomas, all Grady could see were brown eyes, dark eyebrows, and a few inches of white skin. The rest of Captain Thomas' face was covered by helmet and microphone. Grady glanced back at Lieutenant Sullivan, the weapons operator, and realised that their acquaintance was so slight he couldn't remember what Sullivan looked like.

Grady, Thomas, and Sullivan, he thought. No good war novel here. We should have a Jew and an Italian to give color.

Thomas handed him a note on their position: "100 miles to Fail-Safe." At once Grady began another turn to bring the bomber just to the edge of the Fail-Safe point. The five other Vindicators turned with him. The sun shone jaggedly on the eastern horizon, lighting the high darkness, but leaving the land black.

GRADY spoke into his microphone. "Sullivan, how is the group holding formation?"

"Perfectly, sir," Sullivan said. "Even Number Six is not out of position by more than five yards."

Grady smiled. He must remember to compliment the pilot of No. 6 when they landed. Although the No. 6 plane carried no thermonuclear weapons, she was more heavily laden than any other plane in the group.

In every bomb group the No. 6 plane carried a maximum weight of defensive apparatus. It was No. 6 which could jam enemy radar, detect and attempt to foil enemy attack, spread decoys throughout the skies, and act, as Grady thought of it, like a wise but tuskless elephant leading young bulls into action.

Grady moved the yoke, and the Vindicator levelled off. He glanced around his limited arc of sky, and saw it turning from crystal grey to deep blue.

Then he received two signals which made his body go rigid. In his earphones there was a sudden beeping repeated in staccato bursts. He looked down at the Fail-Safe box installed between him and the bombardier. For the first time in his flying career he saw the bulb on top of the box glowing red. The real thing! he thought. War!

He met Thomas' eyes and reached for the single-sideband radio switch to call Omaha. It was the Positive Control double check. Immediately, Grady knew, he would hear from Omaha a reassuring "No Go." Something had gone wrong with the Fail-Safe box. It would all be corrected.

He flipped the S.S.B. switch. A loud, pulsating drone filled his ears. No voice signal was possible.

"Request permission, sir, to verify," Thomas said crisply.

"Permission granted." To his own ears Grady's voice sounded small and chilled.

From the map case beside his seat he took a red envelope labelled "Fail-Safe Procedure March 13." Thomas was taking an identical envelope from his map case. As Grady's fingers tore open the flap he looked at the face of the Fail-Safe box. There were six apertures, each about an inch square. Usually blank, they now showed letters and numbers: CAP-811.

Grady got his envelope open and took out a white card. Typewritten on it was the date and the legend CAP-811. He held the card directly over the Fail-Safe box to make sure. Thomas held an identical card next to Grady's. The machine was showing the correct code sequence for the day.

"Request permission to authenticate on the secondary channel, sir," Thomas said.

"Permission granted," Grady said.

Thomas removed a red plastic cover from a switch labelled "Fail-Safe Alternate Channel." He turned the switch. Instantly the red light went out, the beeping stopped, and the code apertures in the Fail-Safe box went blank. Grady scanned the sky again, his mind utterly blank. In three seconds the beeping resumed and the red light went on again. The Fail-Safe box was now receiving its signal on a different channel. The six apertures again said CAP-811.

Grady felt a spasm of disbelief. It had never happened before; it could not be happening now. He thought of alternatives: Call General Bogan at Omaha, keep circling at Fail-Safe, ask for some other form of verification. And then he glanced at Sullivan and Thomas. Their eyes were innocently implacable.

Grady ordered his tongue to move, to speak the words he knew he must say. "I read it as CAP-811."

"I verify your reading as CAP-811," Thomas said.

"We will now open our operational orders," Grady said.

For a brief second Grady saw Sullivan looking at him. If the masking helmets were off, would Sullivan's face show terror? Somehow Grady doubted it. He reached for the envelope in the map case.

Red letters on the envelope spelled out TOP SECRET. In smaller letters was a crisp sentence: "To be opened only at specific orders and under current operating instructions." Farther down were the words — "Destroy before capture or abandonment of aircraft."

Grady broke the seals and found his operational plan on one piece of paper. The rest of the enclosures were alternative plans, escape routes, survival techniques.

The top line of the plan said, "Target, Moscow." No. 6 plane was to take the lead. There were detailed instructions on what to do under varying conditions of fighter-plane, missile, and anti-aircraft attack. Under optimum conditions the group would lay 10 bombs over Moscow to explode at an altitude of 5000 feet.

In Grady's mind there was a shocking montage of old motion pictures showing bombs exploding at Eniwetok and Los Alamos and Bikini. The 10 fireballs over Moscow would touch one another, and combine into a great shuddering shimmer of pure heat.

"Do you want to come up on the T.B.S., sir?" Thomas said.

The T.B.S. was a low-powered radio designed for communication between the planes in the group. A dread sense of loneliness engulfed Grady. He knew there was only one explanation for his jammed radio and the "Go" order on his Fail-Safe box: The Russians had started an attack. He must follow his orders — no time now for doubts. He got on the T.B.S. and began to give penetration orders to the group.

* * * * *

A sergeant standing at the door of the Pentagon War Room saluted General Black. "General, they've moved the briefing to the Big Board room," the sergeant said. "I don't know why, but I hear that Secretary of Defence Swenson is going to be there."

Black turned and almost bumped into General Stark. The two men started for the elevator which would take them down into the concrete cube hundreds of feet below the Pentagon.

"I think Swenson wants to see Wilcox in action," Stark said. "I hear that he doesn't think Wilcox was the best choice for Secretary of the Army."

"Maybe," General Black said. "What's the briefing about?"

"Routine stuff, I guess," Stark said. "Professor Groteschele's the main speaker, and I think it's mostly for Wilcox's benefit, to give him the word on war theory."

The War Room was dominated by a huge illuminated screen which occupied an entire wall. When Stark and Black entered, enlisted men were testing the Big Board, throwing various projections on to the screen. At the moment it was switched to a SAMOS 111 satellite in orbit. Words began to crawl across the bottom of the board.

"SAMOS 111 No. 15 is 300 miles above the earth and has just been instructed to transmit pictures. It is scanning a part of Russia which includes a Soviet ICBM site. Selective discrimination follows."

Now the screen showed a range of mountains under moonlight and the great twisting course of a river. In some parts of the screen there were banks of clouds. Black identified a storm front over 200 miles long.

A new message crawled into view. "The picture will now come to maximum close-up."

General Black always enjoyed this process. It was marvellous, intricate, dizzying. What he saw was happening halfway around the world. Now the picture grew as if SAMOS III were rushing toward the earth. Villages popped into view as small rectangles. An instant later individual houses could be made out. The picture focused on a moonlit clearing pocked with the unmistakable circles of rocket silos.

"What do you hear about Wilcox?" Black asked.

"The usual stuff." Stark laughed. "He's chewing out generals to show them he's boss."

Black smiled and glanced idly around the room. It was filling up. Of the 20 men already present, over half were in uniform. All were greying, middle-aged, ruddy, and powerful-looking. Did men look this way because they were the power types, Black wondered, or were they chosen for power because they looked this way?

These briefings were becoming increasingly unpleasant to Black. The calculations of Soviet intention and capability had started as a straightforward exercise in logic, but at some point the logic had become exasperatingly intricate.

We matched and surpassed their capability, then guessed at their intentions. They ran a series of tests, surpassed our capability and guessed at our intentions. Then we guessed what they guessed we were guessing — and meanwhile both sides had the capacity to destroy the other, even after suffering a surprise first strike.

Black often had the sensation that they had all lost contact with reality. It was not just SAC or the Pentagon, he thought. It was civilians, the White House, the Kremlin, 10 Downing Street, de Gaulle, Red China, marchers for peace, demonstrators for war — everyone. No one could talk complete sense, but everyone was quite sincere.

Black remembered when he had first noticed the trend toward unreality. In his role as Pentagon adviser, Professor Groteschele had brought up the Kahn example of what would happen if an American Polaris submarine accidentally discharged a missile at the United States. The submarine commander would have time to radio SAC a warning. Everyone at the briefing had nodded, thinking that ended the discussion.

But Groteschele had persisted. The Soviets would detect the missile in flight, would know it was our accident, and would detect the explosion. But they would worry about our reaction. How could they be sure that we knew it was our missile? And if we did know, might we not, fearing a Soviet misreading of events, expect that they would attack us in the confusion?

Wouldn't it be the best Soviet strategy to strike at once? Indeed, it might be the best strategy on both sides, even if both knew it was an accident, to strike at once.

They had slipped by that one cheaply by adopting General Black's suggestion: that all possible steps should be taken to prevent accidental discharge of a missile.

Maybe, Black thought, I should resign my commission. But his role in SAC—the link he furnished between operations and the Strategy Analysis and Evaluation Section — made his private thoughts seem like heresy.

The door opened and there he was, Groteschele, confident and aggressive. With him came Secretary of the Army Wilcox, Carruthers, the Naval Chief of Staff, and Allen of the National Security Council.

Groteschele proceeded to the head of the long conference table. Everyone else began finding seats, assuming that Secretary of Defence Swenson would arrive late.

General Stark handled the opening remarks deftly. Then Groteschele began talking in his positive, slightly patronising way. He announced the subject: accidental war.

"In the old days, six months ago," Groteschele said with a chuckle, "most of the talk about accidental war was what we now call the madman theory, the possibility of SAC squadron commanders going berserk."

It hadn't been a joke, as Black knew well. SAC crews were trained for destruction. They were "pre-programmed" to attack Russia.

"Automatons. That's what some of our critics call them," Groteschele said evenly. Dismissing the human factor, he proceeded to the possibilities of machine error—quite remote, he said.

"With the present rate of alerts and the present computerised equipment," he said, "the odds are that one accidental war might occur in fifty years."

General Black interrupted. "Doesn't the increasing complexity of the electronic systems and the greater speed of missiles make that figure worse each year?"

Groteschele smiled tolerantly at Black. Secretary of the Army Wilcox leaned toward an aide and asked a question. The aide whispered in Wilcox's ear. Black knew what he was saying: General Black is the professional heretic.

"In theory, yes," Groteschele said. "But we completely pre-test every component, and every system is checked by another. The chance of accidental war by mechanical failure is next to zero."

First it's fifty to one, Black thought, then it's next to zero. He swallowed his anger and looked at the Big Board. Blips appeared, grew bright, travelled short distances, vanished. No one took the Big Board very seriously until the light over it indicated some degree of alert.

Groteschele was classifying various types of machine errors that might cause accidental war. "But the Positive Control Fail-Safe system is the ultimate protection against mechanical failure," he said.

He had a nervous chuckle, and Black understood why. Nobody could be certain that the black boxes of the Positive Control system would work properly in a showdown, because there had never been a showdown. A showdown meant war.

GENERAL BLACK also knew that Groteschele was sliding past another important factor. Each machine had to be adjusted by men, and men suffered from fatigue. Many a time General Black had seen a tired mechanic turn a screwdriver a half turn too far, fail to make one last check, ignore a negative reading on a testing instrument. Bad enough on a plane; on a Fail-Safe box the slightest accident could trigger nuclear war.

"Suppose the Russians caused an accident," Groteschele went on. "Suppose it were a true accident, a 50-megaton missile aimed for New York or Washington. How could we really know it was an accident? How could they prove it? Even if we believed it to be an accident, should we not retaliate with everything we have?"

Good questions, Black thought, but no answers were offered. It didn't seem to be a real discussion about real problems.

But Groteschele had stopped talking. Everyone was looking at the Big Board. The alert signal had flashed on. The board showed six blip clusters representing six bomber groups at their Fail-Safe points.

Groteschele said, "Well, we're in luck. A nicely arranged alert for our discussion."

But the Big Board was proving more seductive than words. Groteschele had lost

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Moon Madness

The scientists assure us,
very soon
Man will be packed and
ready for the moon.
Being a woman, I prefer to
stay
On dear old Earth, for, who
knows, Science may
Devise a rocket back to
yesterday!

— Lucy C. Drabble.

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Continuing . . . FAIL-SAFE

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his audience. All eyes were on the Big Board, expecting the SAC groups to turn back. Yes, Black could see, it was beginning now. Cigarettes were lighted, and pencils returned to doodling as men tried to shed their nervousness. One by one, five SAC groups began to veer off. Only one group was left on the board. Then, as Black watched unbelievingly, it flew past its Fail-Safe point. He glanced at Wilcox, saw that he was unaware of what had happened. Most of the other officers had turned back to Groteschele. Stark caught Black's eye. He knew.

Then the whole board went black. Apparently the operator hadn't noticed the action of Group Delta. Groteschele was spinning out his lecture. Stark scribbled a note to Black: "Ever see a group go past Fail-Safe before?"

Black shook his head. Stark started to get up from his chair to check with tactical officers in another office. He froze halfway up.

A PHONE was ringing—the red phone, a direct link to the White House. An Army general ran across the room, picked up the receiver, and listened for a moment. Turning back to the room, he spoke to Wilcox.

"Mr. Secretary, the President is calling from the White House bomb shelter. He wants to speak to the senior person present. That is you. I am directed to see that the Joint Chiefs and the Secretaries convene here immediately." He put down the receiver and dashed from the room. Wilcox stumbled out of his chair and virtually fell toward the phone.

The Big Board had lighted up again. Now it projected just two items: the Fail-Safe point of Group Delta, a green cross, and the blip cluster of Group Delta. They were already inches apart. The six Vindicator bombers of Group Delta headed toward Russia.

. . . . . .

The red phone at SAC's War Room in Omaha rang shrilly. General Bogan snatched up the receiver. "There is nothing further to report, Mr. President," he said. His deputy, Colonel Cascio, was staring at the Big Board.

"Group Delta is about two hundred and sixty miles past Fail-Safe and continuing on what is apparently an attack course."

"Do you know what happened to them?" the President's voice asked.

"No, sir, we don't," General Bogan said. "There's an outside chance that they made a navigational error and will swing back."

"Have they ever made a navigational error that big before?" the President asked crisply.

"No, sir, but at their speed a little error could throw them a long distance off."

"Let's rule that one out," the President said. "Why can't you raise them by radio?"

"We don't know, Mr. President," General Bogan said. "It might be meteorological — there's a big electrical storm — or the Russians might be jamming our radio channels."

"Why would they do that?" the President asked.

"I don't know," General Bogan spoke slowly, his voice unconvincing. "There is a remote possibility that their Fail-Safe boxes are giving the bombers a 'Go' signal, and that Russian jamming is preventing our oral Positive Control system from operating."

"Is that possible?" the President asked sharply.

"No, Mr. President, I think it's impossible," General Bogan said. He was aware that Colonel Cascio was staring at him. "Almost impossible."

"All right," the President said. "If we do regain radio contact will they obey an order from me to return?"

"They will answer, sir," General Bogan said, "if we can reach them within the next five minutes." He paused. "After that time, if their black boxes still tell them to 'Go,' they are under orders not to turn back — even if someone who sounds like you orders them back. You can see the reason for that. The enemy could abort a real attack just by having someone imitate your voice. Those people in the Vindicators have to obey the Fail-Safe mechanism. They can't rely on voice transmissions."

A sigh came over the wire. "Let me sum up," the President said. "For reasons which are unknown to us, Group Delta has flown past its Fail-Safe point and seems to be on an attack course toward Russia. We can't raise them by radio, but there's an outside chance that we may later. All right, what's their target?"

"Moscow."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God," the President said in a low voice. "What's the next step?"

"Standard operating procedure would be to order the Skyscrapper fighter planes, which are standing by at the Fail-Safe point, to divert them," General Bogan said. "Failing that, the fighters would attack with air-to-air missiles."

There was silence on the line.

"Who gives that order, General?"

"You do, sir," General Bogan said.

"General, order the fighters to start their pursuit of Group Delta," the President said. "Tell them to hold fire until they get the direct order from me."

. . . . . .

Secretary of Defence Swenson had come into the Pentagon's War Room, accompanied by two aides, tall men, who emphasised the Secretary's slightness. He stood at the door for a moment, looking at the big brass in the room. All had come to attention.

Swenson made his count, and walked to the chair at the head of the table. As he did he heard the bell of the red phone ring, which had been moved to his place. He picked up the receiver.

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Mr. Secretary, General Bogan at Omaha recommends that we order our fighter planes accompanying Group Delta to shoot them down."

This was not precisely the truth, and the President knew it. But he wanted Swenson to face the problem boldly. "The decision is mine," he said, "but I would like the advice of you and your people."

"Mr. President, do you want me to discuss this with them right now, or shall we call you back?" Swenson said.

"I'll hold the line," the President said.

Swenson addressed the room. "General Bogan at Omaha has recommended to the President that our fighters be ready to shoot down Group Delta. The President wants our advice before giving that order. Gentlemen, what do you have to say?"

Of the men at the table, only Swenson and General Black knew that planners had made the shooting down of a "crazed" bomber standard operating procedure.

Wilcox was shocked. "Order Americans to shoot down other Americans?" he asked. "It's indecent! I'm against it."

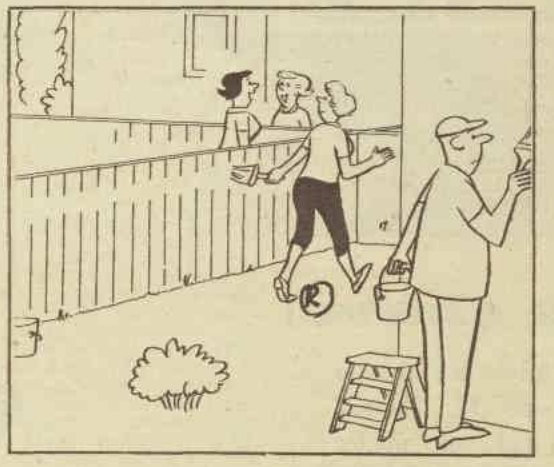
Swenson's eyes were veiled. He looked around the table. Professor Groteschele's hand went up. "Mr. Secretary, I oppose it as premature," he said levelly. "After all, sir, our planes have not yet reached Soviet airspace."

Swenson's face was impassive. "General Black?"

"We must shoot down the bombers at once," Black said flatly. "First, if we don't give the order now, the fighters may not be able to overtake the Vindicators. Second, if we delay the order, we lose any bargaining position that we might have later with the Russians.

"They are watching Group Delta and our fighters right now, trying to guess what we're doing. A lot may hinge on the Russians believing what we tell them. The moment those planes penetrate Soviet airspace the President is going to be in a tough spot talking with the Russians—he'll need everything he can get to bargain with them."

Swenson glanced quickly around the table. There appeared to be nothing left to say. He spoke into the phone. "Mr. President, it is our view that the fighters should be ordered in."



The President lighted a cigar and smiled distantly at Peter Buck, his Russian-speaking translator. Buck, scared at finding himself alone with the President in this inner room of the bomb shelter, was trying not to tremble visibly.

The President spoke into the phone. "Get Omaha again."

General Bogan was on the line almost instantly. "Yes, Mr. President."

"General, order the fighters in," the President said.

"Let me confirm that," a strange voice cut in. "This is Colonel Cascio, General Bogan's assistant. Do you want the fighters to press home the attack even if they have to go to afterburners? That will nearly triple their fuel consumption. None of them could make it back."

The voice had overtones of arrogance. "Mr. President, those fighters are America's first line of defence against a Russian attack—and the Russians may attack at any moment."

Buck watched the President scribble words on his pad: Sacrifice fighters convince Russians it is an accident? Will they believe?

"General Bogan, I repeat the order," the President said coldly.

"Mr. President, the fighters swung away from the Vindicators when they got the all clear," General Bogan said. "They've been flying an opposite course for some minutes. I doubt they can overtake the Vindicators."

"I repeat, General Bogan, that the fighters are to overtake and shoot down the Vindicators," the President said. "Even if it means going to afterburners."

General Bogan cradled the phone. "Colonel Cascio, order the fighters to attack Group Delta."

Cascio came halfway out of his chair in a spasm of protest. "Does that mean you've decided our bombers are making an accidental strike on Moscow?"

"I have, and the whole damn system has," General Bogan said savagely. "The machines, the men, the diplomats, the President, all of us. Why the hell do you think we have fighter planes with the Vindicators? Just to protect them if they 'Go'?

"Don't be silly. We always knew that one of their tasks was to shoot down the bombers if there was a mistake. All right, there's been a mistake. Get on the horn to the fighters, colonel."

Colonel Cascio lifted his hand in a plea for time. "General, the fighters—"

"Colonel, get on that horn and give the order," General Bogan said.

Colonel Cascio pressed the levers that would put him in voice communication with the fighters. A voice came up on the War Room intercom. It was the officer in charge of Fighter Direction.

"General Bogan, we have Tangle-Able-One. You can talk to them on Channel Seven. Single side band."

There was the blurred static-heavy sound of long-distance radio transmission. A strong, young voice came through.

"This is Tangle-Able-One. I read you five by five at last transmission."

Colonel Cascio spoke into a microphone, his voice slightly thin and weak. "Tangle - Able - One, this is Colonel Cascio on the Omaha staff." Sweat stood on his forehead. "Group Delta is on an attack course toward Russia. It's a mistake—I repeat, it's a mistake. Go to afterburners and overtake and attack Group Delta."

The young voice came back loud and clear. "Roger. Go to afterburners and overtake and attack Group Delta."

. . . . . .

Swenson picked up the red phone.

"Mr. Secretary," the President said, "if our fighters shoot down the Vindicators the big problem will be over. I'd like your people to be thinking about what we do if the fighters don't shoot down the bombers."

Swenson looked around the room. For a moment he thought of turning the Big Board off, but decided to leave it on as a reminder of the urgency of the situation.

"Gentleman, Omaha is plugged in with us and General Bogan and Colonel Cascio are listening in at that end," Swenson said. "Congressman Raskob, of New York City, is also at Omaha, on a visit. I have given them permission to listen to our discussion and to comment." In Swenson's voice was the metallic ring of urgency.

"In a very short time the President will be back to us for answers to some questions," Swenson said. "First, what to do if the fighters can't overtake the Vindicators? Second, what are the Russians going to think of all this? Third, what will they do about it? The discussion will be only on these points."

He glanced around the table and pointed a finger at Black. "General, will you very quickly bring us up to date on what has happened?"

"Mr. Secretary, we're flying blind," Black said. "All we know for sure is that unless SAC Group Delta is stopped it will attack Moscow. Either there's been a mechanical failure or someone in Group Delta has gone berserk."

"Statistically, a mechanical failure is almost impossible," Groteschele growled.

Bogan's voice boomed over the loudspeaker. "I agree with General Black; but Colonel Cascio has a doubt. His argument is that the Russians have devised a way to mask the real position of Group Delta, which is probably flying back toward the States.

"What we read as Group Delta on the radar is actually a group of Soviet bombers up there for precisely one reason: to make us believe that we have accidentally launched a bomber group at Russia. I disagree with this analysis, but it should be considered."

Around the table there were signs of restlessness. Groteschele scratched on a pad of paper. Others reached for cigarettes. Black remained passive, but he tensed for Swenson's reply.

"Thank you, General Bogan," Swenson said. "I agree with your evaluation of Colonel Cascio's argument . . . General Black, will you continue?"

"Every surveillance device we have has been thrown on the Russians," Black said. "They have seven bomber groups in the air at this moment. None is flying an attack course. All are following hold-patterns inside Soviet borders. But an abnormally large number of Russian fighters is in the air, in fact about half of their fighters."

"What do you make of it?" Swenson invited comment.

"The Russians are worried about our Group Delta," Allen of the National Security Council said. "They don't know why it's there or even if it's ours."

"Professor Groteschele, could you comment on what the Russians might be thinking?" Swenson said.

General Bogan's voice cut in from Omaha. "Who's this Groteschele, Mr. Secretary?" he asked. "Why is he sitting in?"

Swenson's reply was edged with ice. "Professor Groteschele is a recognised authority on many of the matters before us. He was invited here at the express wish of the President."

Groteschele spoke with practised glibness. "The Russian leaders are Marxist ideologues," he said. "They believe that history is determined by nonhuman events which will assure the victory of Communism. Nuclear war would interrupt the course of this historical determination. Therefore an American first attack would bring Russian surrender rather than retaliation."

"Why would they surrender?" Swenson asked.

"They are human calculating machines, not motivated by rage or hate," Groteschele said evenly. "If they are hit first, even by a few bombs, they know that retaliation would bring a devastating second strike. The important thing, for the Marxist, is to keep at least part of the Soviet Union intact. So they would surrender."

Groteschele was putting a whole career, an academic reputation, a school of thought nakedly on the line. Swenson looked around the table, his silence inviting comments.

Groteschele could not afford the silence. "What I'm arguing, Mr. Secretary," he said, "is that we should do nothing. Nothing! If I am correct, the Russians will surrender; and if our leaders are resourceful, the threat of Communism is over forever."

General Bogan's voice cut in harshly from Omaha. "Mr. Secretary, that's stupid. Don't kid yourself! Three or four Russian generals at key spots will say the best defence is a good offence. They'll attack, and the hell with Marxist logic."

"Any other comments?" Swenson asked.

On the Big Board the fighter blips were seemingly only inches away from the Vindicators. The lead blip ejected two phosphorescent dots that sped out ahead of it. Then the blip began a long downward curving arc. Black knew that the plane had fired its missiles, and flamed out. Now it was falling toward arctic waters.

The second and third fighters launched their futile missiles and went into long spirals toward icy death.

THERE was a murmur of voices from Omaha. Swenson cocked his head to one side. General Bogan's voice came out loud and clear. "You know we have a visitor here—Congressman Raskob. He wants to speak."

"Mr. Secretary, I don't know if you want a politician's guess," Congressman Raskob said, "but you're going to get it. No politician, not even a dictator, could survive if he sat still and let his capital city be destroyed. If Khrushchev lets Moscow get blown up without taking revenge, he won't live to explain it in his memoirs."

The red phone rang. Swenson picked it up, listened, and spoke to the table at large. "The President wants to know what the chances are of those six planes getting through to Moscow."

"One or two of the six may get through," Black said. "Maybe more."

"Two," Swenson said into the phone. He listened, looked up again. "We have moved into a genuine crisis. The President is going to talk to Khrushchev on the phone."

. . . . . .

"All right, Buck," the President said. "Tell the operator to complete the Moscow connection."

The President showed no sign of strain, but responsibility had laid pouches under his eyes, etched lines around his mouth, given his

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● *This week's Home Plan is a U-shaped design ideally suited for a site with a northerly aspect.*

IF the front of the house faces north, the living-room is sunny all winter, but cool and shaded by the overhanging eaves in summer.

Entrance to the house is by a walk which is sheltered by a wide roof overhang. The entrance lobby divides the bedrooms and bathroom from the living area.

The living-room is spacious and opens on to a terrace overlooking the central courtyard. The dining-room, 8ft. 6in. by 9ft., is partly separated from the living area by a wall, but this could be replaced by a free-standing screen if desired.

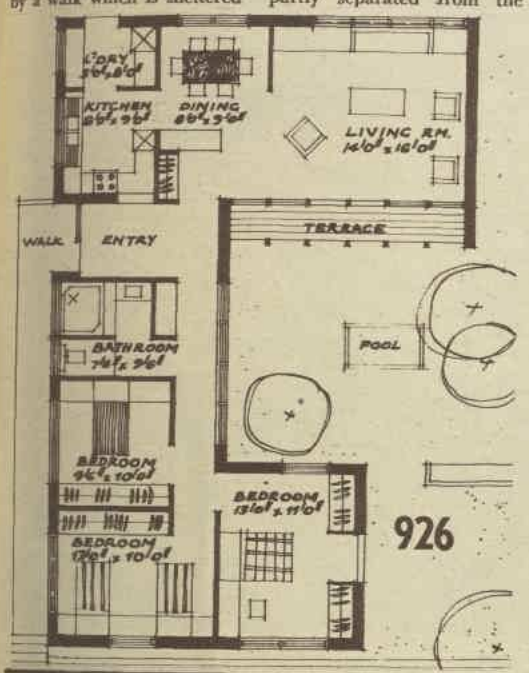
The compact kitchen opens off the dining-room and leads into a small laundry with direct access to the back garden.

Plan 926 has been designed with three large bedrooms. The master bedroom has two separate built-in wardrobes; the other bedrooms have a large single unit each.

The bathroom, 7ft. 6in. by 9ft. 6in., has a toilet, shower-recess, and vanity bench.

The exterior is most attractive and has a slightly pitched roof. Glass doors from the living-room open on to the terrace and courtyard.

This house is suitable for construction in either brick or timber. In brick the area will be 12.15 squares and in timber 11.32 squares.



FLOOR PLAN. Note U-shaped design with sleeping area separated from living area by entrance lobby. The two wings of the house surround the courtyard and give privacy.

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows pleasant exterior with pitched roof and private courtyard.

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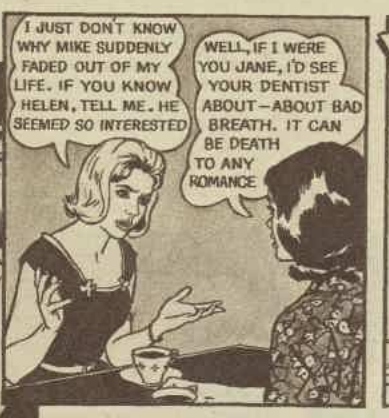

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Continuing . . . FAIL-SAFE

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powerful hands the slightest tremor.

The phone crackled with Russian speech. "Hello, Khrushchev is here."

"Premier Khrushchev, the President of the United States is calling," Buck said quickly.

"Who else?" Khrushchev said. Incredibly, his tone sounded almost jovial. "That is what the line was set up for."

The President spoke, Buck translating. "Premier Khrushchev, I am using the telephone line which we agreed should always be kept open. I am calling you on a matter of great urgency."

Another voice on the Moscow end began to translate. At once the President nodded to Buck and began to speak. Buck translated quickly, speaking over the voice of the Moscow translator.

"Premier Khrushchev, because of the urgency of the matter I hope that you will agree to the use of a single translator," the President said. "Your translator can listen to make sure that my translator is accurate, but time is very short. Two translators would only complicate matters."

THERE was a long moment of tension. Buck felt squeezed between the wills of two men. Although they were separated by thousands of miles, it was almost as if their strength poured through the line. Khrushchev yielded.

"It is a little thing," he said. "I agree to using your translator."

"Premier Khrushchev, I'm calling you on what may turn out to be a small matter," the President said. "But it could be tragic if it's misunderstood."

"Does it have to do with the aircraft we have detected flying toward Russia from the Bering Sea?" Khrushchev asked bluntly.

The President's eyes widened a bit. "Yes," he said.

"I had a report fifteen minutes ago," Khrushchev said. "I presume you are calling to tell me this is another of those allegedly off-course reconnaissance flights. Mr. President, I have warned you in speeches, in diplomatic notes, through military channels, that your constant flying of armed planes around the Soviet Union's frontiers was a menace to peace. Have you ever wondered how long the patience of . . ."

"This is a mistake, a serious mistake," the President cut in coldly. He nodded for Buck to translate. Buck talked over the voice of Khrushchev until he came to a halt.

Khrushchev laughed. "All right," he said in a tough voice. "Tell me the secret."

"It is not a secret," the President said. "A group of bombers has flown past its Fail-Safe point. I assume you understand our Fail-Safe system?"

"Yes, I understand," Khrushchev said. "Has it turned out not always Fail-Safe?"

The President's mouth turned white at the corners. "That is correct," he said. "Six of our bombers are flying toward Russia. Five of them are loaded with two twenty - megaton bombs apiece."

Khrushchev spoke in a musing, tolerant, shrewd voice. "We shall watch with great interest while you recall them. Only two weeks ago in a speech you gave to the young soldiers of your Air Force Academy in Colorado you said that the Air Force could never be a threat to peace, only a deterrent to war. I hope this little incident will change your mind."

The President rolled a pencil in his fingers, drew a hard circle on the yellow pad in front of him. "Premier Khrushchev, this is not the time for moralising. We have been unable to recall the bombers."

The silence was ominous; when Khrushchev spoke, his words were edged with bitterness. "Are the planes from the Bering Sea being flown by madmen?"

"We're not sure, Premier Khrushchev," the President said. "It may have been a mechanical failure. Your radio-jamming devices have made it impossible for us to establish contact. The bombers are apparently flying on orders which are normally received by mechanical transmissions. But we aren't sure. All I can tell you is that it was an accident. This isn't an attempt to provoke war; it isn't a part of a general attack."

"And how is an ignorant Russian like me supposed to know that?" Khrushchev asked. His voice was harsh, but condescending. "How do I know that you do not have hundreds of planes coming in so low that our radar can't pick them up?"

"Your detection apparatus will soon tell you that some of our fighter planes have been trying to overtake and shoot down our bombers," the President said. "They are doing that at my direct order. Three of them have already run out of fuel and have gone into the sea."

When Khrushchev spoke, Buck could tell he was startled. "You mean you are ordering American fighter planes to shoot down American bombers?"

"I have already given that order," the President said.

There was the sound of background conversation on the Moscow end of the line. Buck quickly wrote a sentence on a pad and turned it to the President: "Someone arguing for strike-back in full power."

Suddenly Khrushchev's voice came distinctly over the line. "Nyet," he said savagely. "I will make my own decisions." His voice went level. "Mr. President, some of my advisers are convinced that this 'accidental attack' and your phone call are tricks. They want to strike back at once. I have forbidden it. Soviet airspace has not yet been invaded.

"But I must tell you this: If your fighters can't shoot down your bombers, we will shoot them down ourselves. Then we will prepare our ICBMs and other retaliatory devices. Your single group of bombers does not disturb me in the least. We can handle them. Your real intention I do not yet know. I will protect myself."

"Premier Khrushchev, let me urge you to take no steps which are irrevocable. I give you my word that this is a mistake. If you launch missiles, I cannot forbid our forces to do the same. If that happens there will be very little left of the world."

"I think we will be able to take care of our interests, Mr. President," Khrushchev said. His voice was tough. "Is there anything more you wish to say?"

"Yes," the President said. "I have arranged for a second conference line, to link our Air Force people in Omaha and your counterpart officals in the Soviet Union. If you will give permission, that conference line can be set up at once."

He took a deep breath, like a tired runner. "Our people in Omaha will give every assistance to your forces in shooting down our bombers."

Khrushchev snapped out his answer in an angry tone. "Mr. President, the forces of the U.S.S.R. are perfectly capable of defending our country. We don't need your help."

"The choice is yours," the President said evenly. Then his voice went so low that Buck had to ask him to repeat the words. "Premier Khrushchev, I must tell you that two of those six planes will probably fight through to their target. We have new evasive devices and masking techniques which I don't think you know anything about. My experts tell me that two of the planes will probably hit the target."

"What is their target?"

"Moscow."

The silence that ensued lasted almost twenty seconds. It was broken by Khrushchev. "I will call you back, Mr. President." His voice was opaque, seamless, pitiless. "Keep that second conference line you mentioned ready for use."

The President put down the phone. "Let's go out and look at the board," he said.

He led Buck into the next room, where his assistants were gathered before a miniature version of the Big Board in the Pentagon War Room.

The last of the fighter planes shot its rockets in futile pursuit of the Vindicators and went off the screen. The bombers passed over the light green line which marked the Siberian border of the Soviet Union. The technical conditions of war now existed. An invasion had been made.

Now the world was living on two levels. There was a public level, where the world's business proceeded in normal fashion, and a secret level, where two war plans were brought to readiness.

Men waited. They waited in conference rooms, in war rooms, at rocket silos, on submarines lying at the bottom of the ocean, in fighter planes, in ready rooms, at computing consoles. Over Russia fighter planes rose in waves, flew toward the edge of Soviet air space—and waited. Rockets came up from deep pits—and waited.

On two continents whole armies of men, fleets of planes, scores of bizarre weapons were brought to a hair trigger of preparation and carefully restrained.

One such place was the War Room at Omaha. Every man and instrument in the War Room was at readiness. General Bogan sat at the desk in front of the Big Board. "Let's get a close-up on Group Delta," he said.

The projection on the map changed at a dizzying speed, as if a camera were swooping down from some great height and centring on an area north of Gora Pobeda. General Bogan marvelled at the ingenuity of the machine's design.

Using radar housed in satellites, it could pick up an image of any locality in the world. This radar picture, linked to an actual map of the Soviet Union, could trace the progress of runaway Group Delta. And there they were, a few miles inside the Soviet border, spread out for the penetration.

"Put the Soviet fighter planes on the projection," General Bogan said. A fleck of small white blips appeared on the Soviet side of the line.

"This is Enemy Defence Performance Desk, General Bogan," a voice said. "Our Number Six plane, which carries only defence equipment and devices, has moved into the lead. Apparently it has already launched some masking devices, for, as you can see, the Soviet fighters are not gathering at the point where Group Delta crossed the border.

"On their radars the targets probably appear to be spread over several hundred miles, and they can't tell which blips are bombers and which are decoys."

General Bogan could not put down a sense of guilt. If the attack had been legitimately ordered, the Vindicators would be receiving help. Jamming and masking devices located around the borders of the Soviet Union would have gone into action. But these parts of the mechanism had been ordered to stand-down. The Vindicators were fighting alone.

"How much defensive armament have the Vindicators had to fire so far?" General Bogan asked.

"The Number Six plane has been firing air-to-air missiles at any missile or plane that is closing a real target," the Enemy Defence expert said. "She has run through fifty-five per cent. of her armament. All the other planes have full loads."

On the screen a Soviet fighter-bomber started to fly directly at the lead plane, No. 6. A tiny blip fell away from No. 6 and sped toward the Soviet fighter-bomber. It was a Bloodhound rocket, and General Bogan estimated that its speed was more than 1500 miles an hour.

The Soviet plane began to zigzag and dropped an air-to-air missile which turned toward the Bloodhound. It was too late. In the next second there was a great mushrooming blotch on the screen. The warhead of the Bloodhound had gone off, wiping out the Soviet plane and its missile. The American bomber veered away.

"I'll bet the crew on that Vindicator got a shaking up," a voice said in the roar of the room.

Two Soviet fighters altered course and ran down their electronic tracks toward the nearest Vindicator. As No. 6 plane veered toward them, both fighters released air-to-air missiles. The attacked Vindicator and No. 6 simultaneously loosed six anti-missiles. They sped toward the Soviet missiles, wavered and then went on toward the fighters.

"Oh, no!" Colonel Cascio whispered. "They went right by the missiles."

Two seconds later the Soviet fighters went up in a rolling green blip. But their four missiles continued to bore in. The attacked Vindicator began to jink, and shot off four more missiles. But the Soviet missiles closed the Vindicator and blew it up.

There was utter silence in the War Room. For some of the men it was the first time they had "seen" a plane destroyed. General Bogan turned on the intercom so that everyone in the room could hear him.

"Apparently the Soviets have a very slow missile which compensates by a long range," he said. "A longer range than we had calculated. The computing systems built into our missiles detected the four Soviet missiles, but 'calculated' that because they were moving so slowly they were drones. So they ignored them and continued toward the Soviet fighters. You can't win 'em all."

Instantly he was aware of the unintended irony. All the Vindicators must be destroyed. He felt slightly sick, torn by crosscurrents of loyalty and of logic.

"General, it's going to get worse before it gets better," someone said. It was Congressman Raskob, a dead cigar in his mouth, staring at the board. "Khrushchev isn't going to sit around forever and watch those planes move on Moscow," Raskob said. "If the President can't persuade Khrushchev it was an accident, we're going to have all-out, slam-bang, hell-bent war. That's right, isn't it, General?"

"Yes, sir, that's right," Bogan said. It was the first time that Bogan had faced the fact that everything now rested with the President. If the Soviets did not believe the attack was a mistake, they would be forced to respond.

"No notion of how it happened, eh, General?" Raskob asked.

"No, sir, not the slightest," Bogan said. "They told us that the system was foolproof."

"THEY told you," Raskob's voice was bitter.

Colonel Cascio turned in his chair. He did not speak, but he stared at Raskob with hatred.

The remaining five Vindicators were now widely scattered in a calculated pattern. They could still protect one another, and be protected by the No. 6 plane, but they were so dispersed that no single shot could down two of them.

"How are the Soviet fighters doing?" General Bogan asked.

The Enemy Defence expert responded. "Apparently, General, they're confused by our masking," the voice said, "they're still chasing decoys."

Somewhere in the War Room a voice cheered and was instantly joined by a score of others.

"Let's knock that off," General Bogan said. "This is no football game." He saw the glint of resentment in a dozen eyes. The men were all well trained, but not for this sort of incredible game.

On the southern flank of the Vindicators a Soviet fighter began to firm up on an intercepting course. The nearest bomber turned away, but the Soviet blip also altered course.

"Fire! Fire!" said a voice close to General Bogan. It was Colonel Cascio, half out of his chair. "Fire before he gets off one of those long slow ones."

The Soviet fighter was joined by three others, and they formed a long box formation as they ran down their intercept. The Vindicator jinked once more. So did the Soviet fighters. Instantly the Vindicator fired four missiles. Each Soviet plane fired a missile. At the same moment their detection gear told them they were fired upon, and they turned sharply away.

It was too late. Five seconds later all of them were destroyed. But their four missiles ran with an agonising slowness toward the Vindicator. Again there was the merging, again the slow exploding, engulfing blip.

General Bogan's hands shook. He felt as if he were being exposed to torture, some rupturing of his life.

Congressman Raskob muttered to himself "Four more to go."

THE phone on the President's desk rang. Buck picked up his extension. It was Moscow. The first voice was Khrushchev's, tingled with petulance.

"We have only one hour left, Mr. President," Khrushchev said. "How should we use it? You have launched an attack against our country. You say it is an accident. But meanwhile we lay defenceless before you."

"Not quite defenceless, Premier Khrushchev," the President said. "You have hundreds of fighter planes and countless defensive missiles. In fact, in your recent Warsaw speech you boasted of the invulnerability of the Soviet Forces."

Khrushchev grunted and sighed. Suddenly Buck remembered: a recording at the Monterey Language School, made by a Russian peasant, in which the ultimate in resignation and despair was this sequence of petulance, a grunt and a sigh. Buck reached for a pad and wrote, "Khrushchev's mood is sorrow." The President drew a large circle around the words to indicate he understood.

The silence on the line went past the point of ten-

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"They're my Dad's overshoes — they float!"

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sion. On his pad the President traced the head of an arrow. At last he spoke. "What luck have you had in your attack on our bombers?"

"Luck? No luck at all," Khrushchev said. "But earned results, yes. We have got 860 of our fighters vectored in on the hundreds of targets which suddenly appeared on our radarscope. That, Mr. President, was a tender moment. Some of our experts urged that we retaliate instantly with all of our ICBMs and our bombers."

"Why didn't you do that?" the President asked. He nodded at Buck to translate.

Khrushchev said, "I still had time to take the gamble that you were sincere. Also I knew that retaliation would be the end for both of our countries. My generals are not happy, but there is a time for common sense . . ."

Continuing . . . FAIL-SAFE

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The President started to speak, and to his own surprise Buck found himself lifting his hand in restraint.

"Of the 860 planes we sent up, seventy were, by great valor and ingenuity, able to attack your bombers," Khrushchev went on. "Of these, around sixty-five were destroyed. Most of them simply exploded in mid-air. And for that we got two of your bombers."

"What of the four others?" the President asked.

"There is little to be optimistic about," Khrushchev said. "Mr. President, I agree to setting up the conference line between your people in Omaha and my people in Ziev," Khrushchev said. "Wait—while I make arrangements."

The President pressed a button on his desk. An aide appeared. Briefly the President instructed him about the line between Omaha and Ziev. When Khrushchev came back on the line, there was a note of calamity in his voice.

"I have arranged for myself and some of my staff to leave Moscow by helicopter," he said. "Moscow will not be evacuated. There is not time. It lies here defenceless. If it is destroyed, there will be little time to talk, Mr. President."

"I'm aware of that," the President said. "But I'll do anything to demonstrate our goodwill—anything. I only ask that you take no irrevocable step. Once you launch bombers and ICBMs, everything is finished. I won't be able to hold back our retaliatory forces, and then it would be utter devastation for both of us."

"I know, Mr. President," Khrushchev said. "But if Moscow is obliterated"—helpless rage shook his voice—"am I supposed to watch our biggest city destroyed and then come hat in hand to you and ask for peace talks? It would be absurd. I am not a man, we are not a people, who like to look absurd."

"I agree with much of what you say," the President said.

For the first time Buck saw physical tension in the President's face. There was a long hesitation. Then Khrushchev spoke again. "I will come up on the conference line when I am a safe distance from Moscow."

The line clicked dead.

"You have broken him, Mr. President," Buck said. "He is shaken."

The President looked up. His eyes glittered. "He is not broken, Mr. Buck," the President said. "He is suffering, but he is not broken. Unless we can show him that this is an accident he will launch an all-out attack on us."

Buck felt his stomach knot. In the rush of translation, in the thrill of the negotiation, he had forgotten the stakes. "What do we do now?"

"We do what we must," the President said slowly. "Get General Black at the Pentagon."

While Buck put the call through, the President leaned back in his chair. He put his hand over his eyes, his teeth clenched together, the muscles at the back of his jaw tightened into hard knots.

"General Black, Mr. President," Buck said.

The President took the phone. "Blackie, do you remember the Old Testament story of Abraham, and the terrible sacrifice he prepared? When we were boys at Groton, we used to hear it at least six times a year for chapel."

HE'S cracking, Buck thought, cracking wide open and the whole world with him. He found himself actually looking around for means to escape, for a door to run through. But General Black's voice came back calm and reassuring.

"I remember, Mr. President," Black said. He stood awkwardly over Swenson holding the red phone. Others around the table in the Pentagon War Room were arguing quietly and watching the board. Somehow this was a time for first names, but he could not use the President's.

"Blackie," the President said, "keep the story of Abraham in the front of your mind for the next few hours." He paused. "Are Betty and the family in New York City?"

"Yes," Black said. A dread premonition came over him.

"I need your help," the President said slowly. "Get out to Andrews Air Force Base immediately. Further instructions will be waiting for you there. Things are not good, Blackie. I will be asking a great deal of you."

"I'll do what you say," Blackie said. "I'll do what has to be done."

"Good luck, Blackie," the President said.

Immediately Black wanted to call Betty—to talk with her and with his two boys, but he knew it was out of the question. He felt a wave of apprehension, remembering that Betty was spending the day across town with a friend. She and the boys would not be together until late afternoon. The knowledge was unsettling. He shook the thought off and strode rapidly toward the door.

After hanging up, the President sat perfectly still, his eyes closed. Then he rose from his chair and looked down at Buck.

"Tell the switchboard to get our ambassador to Moscow on this line, and also the Soviet delegate to the United Nations in New York," the President said. "Put them directly on to the conference line which connnects us with Khrushchev. The moment that we can talk to Khrushchev, open the conference line again."

The President's face had undergone a strange transfiguration. A stranger could not have guessed his age or the meaning of his expression. Then Buck identified it: the doomed look of utter tragedy, a tragedy which is not a single person's but the world's, which relates not to one man's misfortunes, but to the human condition.

For the first time since he was a boy of 14, Peter Buck felt the need to weep.

To be concluded

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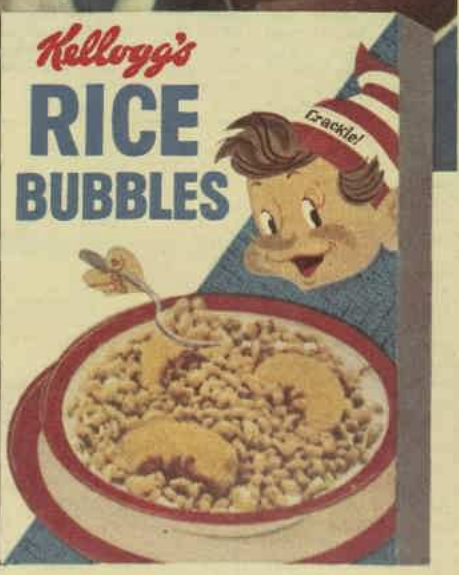

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Continuing . . . YOU NEVER CAN TELL

from page 21

"How do I know now whether I'll be in the mood for Hitchcock on Saturday?"

"The mood won't do us any good by Saturday. Mrs. Peterson will have another job."

He would put his arms about me, then. "You know that I'm a man of moods — black moods, passionate ones. What am I doing here, where you have to predict moods in advance?"

"I have a loose tooth," Brigid said one night.

"You are lucky. You still have a source of supply." Her father stopped to examine the small tooth.

"What?" Brigid frowned at him.

"The fairies will leave a quarter under your pillow when it comes out, dear," I said.

"I never got more than a dime," Jack said.

"Everybody gets quarters now. You don't want to have fairies who are different, do you?"

"The big hand is at ten, and the little hand is at seven," Brigid said. "Does that mean the cartoons are still on television?"

"That means absolutely nothing," Jack said. "Your mother keeps all the clocks in the house fast."

I do; it is a faint bid for survival in a scheduled world. You see, it is hard for us. Once, back light-years ago, we were the flexible people. We were the ones who knew the nights designed never to end; we knew the places born for the midnight rendezvous, the days when we spent time lavishly scattering it, losing it in a hundred different ways. It never mattered a bit — we were flexible.

Flexibility in a marriage, however, is rather like flexibility in a figure — it grows harder to achieve as the years go by. Children impose a discipline, and so do timetables and the traffic on the highways and the home freezer and the cookbook and the programme guide for television and the exigencies of plotting social life in the evening, when the children are in bed.

THE clocks may be fast, but it still is not the same. You have a pattern, and while it is not one you have been conscious of trying to achieve, it exists nonetheless, and you are bound by it.

On the singular summer evening of which I write, it was all as normal as this, the pattern as clear as a blueprint, the air as tranquil in its inevitability as it had been all winter and spring. The music of six o'clock began and swelled and filled the house and the street and the neighborhood.

"I don't like carrots," Brigid said. Brigid said this once a week; she ate them, anyway.

"I don't like carrots, either," Jeremy said. He finished his.

The casserole I was preparing took longer than I had expected. It was seven o'clock when I put it on the kitchen table and went to the living-room.

Brigid brought her latest library book and sat beside me for a bedtime story.

"Not this one. It's too long," I said. "I won't be able to finish it before Daddy gets home."

"Try," she said.

I finished it. Midway in the reading I had to raise the window blinds for light. As I did so, I noticed with some surprise that the parade of passers-by, en route home, had trickled off. By the time I had finished, shadows were covering the lawn and even the after-dinner ball players, the ten- and twelve-year-olds, were giving up their game for the night. I felt a small twinge of wonder.

Jeremy yawned, stretched his arms, and threw himself on the floor, like a small puppet when the strings are slack.

"Daddy is going to be late," I said. "I will put you to bed, and he will come and kiss you when he gets home."

They went about the room, amassing their collection of old stuffed animals. I watched them and tried to remember if I had by chance missed any telephone calls during the afternoon. I couldn't have; I had been home all day.

"Is Daddy going to be very late or only a little late?" Brigid asked.

"Oh, only a little late," I said. "Just too late for you."

I escorted them upstairs, heard their prayers, kissed them, administered last glasses of water. All the while, the main part of my mind reviewed the morning conversation with Jack. We have a morning music, too, where we live, faithful to its schedule, each day a reprise of the same refrain. The alarm buzzes; the news broadcast begins; the children clatter on the stairs; the coffee perks; the toast pops; the businesslike eating of breakfast begins.

"This cereal supplies a full day's minimum requirements," I said that morning, as I handed Jack a bowl of the cereal.

"I doubt it," he said.

"What?" I said.

"Never mind," he said.

"Doctor McCarten recommended it," I said.

"Good for him," he said. "Let him choose his daily requirements and I'll choose mine." He put down his coffee cup and stood up, frowning. "Allison," he said.

"Umm?"

"Rain late today and tomorrow," the news announcer said.

"Oh, no," I said. "I wanted to do the zinnia beds, and—what did you say, dear?"

"Nothing," he said. He had picked up four heavy portfolios.

"I'm going to take the car," he said. "I have to get these to the studio today."

I stopped, with the cream jug in mid-air. "I was going to pick up the slipcover," I said.

"Tomorrow," he said. "No, not tomorrow, either. I have to leave the car at the garage for a brake check-up."

"The children were supposed to get polio shots tomorrow," I said.

"They are safer waiting a day for shots than driving with you with loose brakes."

"Midge Bancroft wanted to look at some blinds," I said. "I owe her a trip."

Jack walked to the doorway, turned, and looked at me. It struck me, not so much then as later, when I remembered his face, that he looked as if he had not slept very much. I couldn't tell for sure, because I had slept so well. "I know," he said. "The children need shots; the couch needs a slipcover; Midge Bancroft needs blinds; McCarten has figured out my requirements. Has it ever occurred to you that it is possible to have a somewhat more stimulating conversation than this? That there are places where people do?"

He went out to the garage with the portfolios to deposit them in the station-wagon, returned, and tapped me on the shoulder. "I am heady with the salonlike atmosphere here," he said. "I have to pull myself together and go to work."

He backed the car out of the

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Continuing . . . YOU NEVER CAN TELL

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driveway and joined the pattern of movement outside, as punctilious as the awakening pattern of an hour before had been—the cars on the move everywhere, the commuters' bus at the corner, the men emerging from all the front doors. He had been gone twenty minutes or so, and the music of the humming machinery of the day at home had begun before I realised that I had not even asked him what was in the portfolios.

Once we had talked about the studio and the commercial artwork he was doing — through the night and into the early-morning hours we had talked. The new accounts and the old, the approaches and the compromises, the future and the past. Well, I decided, I would ask him about them in the evening.

That evening, after putting the children to bed, I descended the stairs slowly, thinking of this. It was a pebble cast in a pool, perhaps, but not a large one, surely, and hardly significant. No marriage survives years and babies and debts and illness without having pebbles thrown in its pools.

The kitchen clock said 8.15, which meant it was 8.05; I turned the knob back and made it 8.05. I started outside and midway stopped perfectly still, struck by a particular thought: The brakes had needed checking.

The kitchen was too functional and matter-of-fact, like the rest of our lives, for any fears such as that. Jack was a better driver than I, and the brakes could not have been all that bad, and—they tell you about accidents right away, don't they? They call or they come or—. The last sun still touched the back of the house and seeped through one window. I walked into the garden, because there, at first glance, you might believe it still was day. A power mower hummed somewhere; smoke from a charcoal fire was in the air.

If Jack had left the car at the garage and taken a bus—the buses always seemed to be off schedule in the summertime. I approached the Cahills, our nearest neighbors, intending to ask Marilyn if she knew of any delays that evening.

Tom Cahill came round the corner of his house, in light slacks and a sports shirt, carrying his lawn sprinkler. "Hi," he called. "Where's the lord and master tonight?"

"A little late," I said.

"Uh-uh," he said. "Better watch it. Always have to watch artists, you know. Out with the models."

I gave him the smile he expected.

"He'd better give it up and come home and water his lawn," Tom said. "It's all dried up in that corner."

"I'll remind him," I said. I went back into the house. Why do people pick certain times to say things like that? I sat down in the kitchen and gazed at the telephone and willed it to ring. The children sometimes played with the telephones and left the receivers off.

I ran upstairs to see if the bedroom extension had been touched. The receiver was in place. I returned downstairs. It occurred to me that Jack might be tied up at a meeting at the studio and unable to make a call; if I telephoned him there, at least I would know.

I picked up the phone and held it, remembering. It was problematical that Jack was there, but it was quite possible that Sam Thompson was. Sam was a bachelor and frequently made the studio his base of operations. He kept a few clean shirts, shaving equipment, a pair of bathing trunks for impromptu drives to the beach.

It was now 8.55, but for Sam the night could well be just beginning. It might lie ahead in a hundred different places where one gathers in Manhattan after dark.

"Now, don't weep on my shoulder," Sam had said the last time we'd seen him. We'd been discussing some plays Jack and I had missed that season. "You dug those two graves yourselves. Now just lie down in them peacefully." He had jerked a thumb toward Jack. "Besides," he'd said, "him I have no sympathy for at all. He had a free choice, didn't he?" He had patted my head fondly.

I had said, "Don't be silly. He is absolutely free to go and come when he pleases and where he pleases. I hardly think of myself as a keeper."

It wasn't fair. Sam had his one-room apartment and his address book and his collection of thrifty Italian restaurants to which he escorted girls. He didn't have to work very hard to support that. And he didn't have to care. He had his freedom. I put the phone down. Whoever said it was supposed to be fair? The wife who seeks the wandering husband—who wants to play that role?

The casserole required baking for half an hour. I lighted the oven and put it inside. It was 9.15.

THE receptionist at the studio left for the day before the men did, but we had her home telephone number. I found her name in our address book and held the place while I rehearsed what I might say to her. She was principally famous around the studio because a hosiery client had wandered in one day, noted her crossing the foyer, and decided on the spot to feature her legs in an advertisement.

She had not given up her job in favor of modelling, but she was young and pretty and pleased as a peacock that her legs were immortalised in a full-page, four-color advertisement in a glossy magazine.

It was difficult enough to imagine such a girl's being at home at this hour; it was impossible to think of her knowing or caring what anybody did or where anybody went after she drifted out of the studio and went off to her dreams. I closed the address book.

I went to the front of the house and switched on the outside light. It was a dark blue night now, the cool, still night of a summer day, with just the patch of our lantern outlining the doorstep. I shivered and went inside. At 9.45, I turned off the oven and removed the casserole.

Let me explain something. None of this time I mention was time in the way we know it. Fifteen minutes was an hour and two and three and four; no clock in the house really moved all evening long. And let me explain something else. The things I did I did automatically; the things I thought bore no relation to them.

I thought of the way Jack had looked when we had parted that morning, and it was a funny, cold feeling to know that someone so close to you had lain awake while you were sleeping—and who knew the reason? I thought of things he had said, and a few phrases stood out: There are places where people do . . . There are places . . . Has it ever occurred to you . . .

Before we were married, there was a song played often, while we were dancing or just sitting holding hands. "I'd like to get you on

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Continuing . . . YOU NEVER CAN TELL

a slow boat to China — all to myself alone."

"How about the Gold Coast of Africa instead?" Jack would say. "That slow boat is getting too crowded. Probably be like the Staten Island ferry."

"Either one," I would say.

"Africa, I think," he would say. "We could always come back via China — or, better still, not come back at all . . ."

It is never because of a quarrel. It is never the overdrawing of the cheque account or the gaining of ten pounds or the new girl in the office with the beautiful legs. But how is it that you lose the dream? And where does it ever go?

Sometimes one mouse in the box resisted and simply refused to drop into a hole, and you had to give up. It is something that never has happened to you, and it never will. The way an aeroplane crash will not happen to you, or a typhoon or a train wreck or a kidnapping. It happens to other people; but even when you draw it close and study it, it is not real.

Thousands of husbands desert their wives every year in the United States. I sat perfectly still in our glowing living-room as midnight came that night, and the clock chimes faded, and the day was over, and I saw the figure, out of some article, as clearly as if it were written in chalk on the wall. "He left for work in the morning just as usual, and—" Over and over, it ran in the case histories.

And we went in search of the lost dream. All the men we knew once wanted to be something else, something splendid and valorous. Today our son Jeremy wants to be an astronaut and go to the moon. Once, so did we. I went upstairs and walked about our bedroom, passing Jack's chiffonier and running a finger along the edge. On top, there was a scattering of coins — a nickel, a dime, and four pennies — a picture of me in my wedding gown, a leather box for his cuff-links, a set of military brushes.

A HOUSE belongs to a woman; it is amazing how little a man is contained within it — clothes, some books, a few pictures, perhaps. The ties that bind are fragile.

Beside the telephone on the desk, a list of emergency numbers was posted—the baby-doctor, the druggist, the electrician, the plumber, the fire department, the local police. In the article, the case histories called the police or a detective or the Missing Persons Bureau — and gave descriptions of their husbands. I picked up the Manhattan telephone directory and found the Police Department and its "Missing Persons Bureau."

"He is six feet one. He has dark hair. He was wearing a charcoal-grey tropical suit." Or did he have on the navy-blue? One was at the cleaner's. Was it last week the grey was at the cleaner's? "He has a small scar, from an old football accident, near the hairline on his right temple." It was the right temple, wasn't it? I imagined him near me, my hands on his face and touching his hair, and I was quite sure; but I was not positive.

"My husband left the house at eight this morning and I am not sure what he was wearing, and I cannot tell you his exact weight (I knew the weights of my children to the ounce) or what his schedule was for the day.

"I can tell you that our dishwasher takes thirty-eight minutes to run its cycle, that our grass must be mowed once a week in the summer, that there are one hundred and fifty gallons of oil in our fuel tank, that you must have sixteen to eighteen points to bid one no trump in bridge. He left at eight this morning, I think. I am not sure when he really left at all."

It is something that never will happen to you, so you have no way of knowing how you would react to it; but there is no reason in the world to believe you would react the way I did. You might pound the pillow with your fists or weep or

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call the neighbors or have the police at the door. I kept it all inside.

I had the hopeless feeling that no movement would do any good, and so I scarcely moved. I watched the sky from the bedroom window and got a first glimpse of the moon slipping in and out of a bank of clouds. One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, four. I sat in bed, covered by just the pretty, rose-sprigged sheet, surrounded by the pretty, familiar objects. From time to time, sitting there, I dozed.

At 5.30 or so light began filtering through the misty curtains and from Jeremy's room came the first squeaking sounds of the mattress. Jeremy awakens early, bounces a few times, inspects the situation, then returns to sleep. It was such a familiar noise that I was scarcely aware of it; certain sounds have their own identification.

For example, the next one I heard — the clicking a key makes when it is turned in the front-door lock. I jumped from bed and bounded down the stairs barefoot and pulled at the door as somebody pushed. It flew open and there he was.

He grabbed me and I clung to him and buried my face in the shoulder of his suit (it was the blue suit) and laughed and cried

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"Don't tell Jeannie who gave it to you."

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Continuing . . . YOU NEVER CAN TELL

from page 71

and ran my hands along his shoulder blades, as if I never had before.

"Come on, now," he said. "What is this? Don't — ah, please, don't. Don't, baby."

"I'll go to Africa," I said. "The Gold Coast of Africa—or Sardinia —or anywhere."

He put his hands on my shoulders and walked me into the hall and closed the door. "What?" he said. "What are you talking about? What are you so upset about? You knew the phones were out of order, didn't you?"

I stared at him. "What did you say?"

"There was a main-line breakdown. The whole area's without service. I was going crazy trying to get you. Then I realised, knowing you and your telephone friends, that you'd have found out about it before I did. I decided you'd put two and two together. I had to go to Baltimore with Schaeffer on that campaign. I tried sending you a wire, but they told me it would take hours to get through."

I leaned against the wing chair, unable to move. "Oh, no," I said. "The telephones. What—what time did they go off?"

He gave me an odd look. Then he crossed the room, picked up the pile of mail, and began riffling through it. It was all very dull mail, I knew; he studied it with great absorption. "I can't tell you exactly," he said at last. "I found out in Baltimore. I don't know what time it was then." He continued to look at the mail.

"In Baltimore?" I said.

He dropped the pile, plunged his hands into his pockets, and looked directly at me, without moving closer. "Schaeffer didn't like the campaign," he said. "There was no reason why he shouldn't, but he didn't. Five years ago he would have liked it. I would have been able to convince him. The whole time he was turning it down, I was thinking that.

"He was cold in New York, so I drove him back to his plant in Baltimore, and all the way down I tried to make him see. I wasn't able to. It was the biggest thing we've had in several years. I worked on it for months. I had four complete treatments — you saw those portfolios."

"I didn't see what was in them," I said.

He regarded me steadily. "I know you didn't," he said. "They were here for a week. It was one of our more involved domestic weeks."

"But you didn't say——" I said.

"You didn't ask. So there was no point in explaining the trip on the phone from the studio. You wouldn't have known what I was talking about. And I was not exactly in the mood to explain it."

"He is six feet one, and he is wearing either a grey suit or a blue one, and he left for work this morning—I am not sure what he is doing these days, of course. I know that cheques are deposited in our joint account at regular intervals and that they supply money for groceries and patent-leather Mary Janes and slipcovers and summer furniture."

"I'm sorry you were worried about me," he said. "I simply figured you're on the phone almost every night talking about a bridge date or a sweater sale or some such, and—" He shrugged and walked to the stairs. "I'm a little travel-stained," he said. "I'm going to get out of these clothes."

I followed him slowly up to the bedroom. When I entered he was standing at the desk gazing down at the Manhattan directory, still open to the Police Department page.

"What were you doing?" he said softly.

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing. I —"

"Where did you think I'd go?" He put his hands on my shoulders. "And what were you talking about before? Africa?"

"Don't you remember the Gold Coast of Africa?" I asked.

"You wouldn't like it," he said. "Neither would I. And I particularly wouldn't like it if you were not there."

One of Jeremy's aeroplanes lay on the floor at our feet. One of somebody's toys lay on a floor somewhere all through the house.

Jack leaned over and picked it up. "You see this?" he said. "Without the rubber band it won't fly at all. And here I am. You are my rubber band—I don't fly without you." He turned the aeroplane to and fro. "And don't think I don't resent it—never think that. There isn't a man alive who doesn't.

"We resent all sorts of things that marriage brings and women bring and wives bring. Then we get mad at ourselves because things are that way and we have to fight. Baltimore is a hot, dark city, but it's quiet—it's a good place for that sort of fighting. You need a special place, you know, when you're fighting by yourself."

It has never happened to you, and it never will, and it had not happened to me. At odd moments, odd hours, it happens, though, and it will happen—the person who is closest to you is missing, off fighting his own battles, thinking his own thoughts, making his own compromises that you know nothing about. No one will ever possess him completely.

We were standing there almost tentatively when suddenly, precisely on time, the morning music began. Footsteps sounded in the hall. Soon the alarm would go off. In all the houses around, it was starting. The coffee was perking; the children were chattering; the toast was popping.

JACK put his arms around me. "I'll tell you one thing," he said. "I didn't get any sleep at all last night, so I am going to take the day off. I think we both deserve it."

It was a wonderful thought. We looked at each other and laughed at the idea of it—an entire, unexpected day. As he kissed me, the telephone rang.

"Your line is now in working order," the operator said. "We are sorry if you have been caused any inconvenience by mechanical difficulties that were beyond our control. You now have a working line."

We did. The line of communication between us might never possess the reliability of the phone company; but it was back now, too. I went to the window to close the blinds and shut out the morning sun. As I did so, I glanced outside. It was too early for the movement up and down the street, but soon it would begin.

The men in the grey suits and the blue ones, the coconut straw hats and the attache cases, the armor without a chink would emerge, one by one, from their houses. You never could tell by looking at them that they ever faced their Donnybrooks or their Baltimores and fought them out, or that, when they stepped from the commuters' bus each evening and walked down the street, they were returning to the Gold Coast of Africa.

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Continuing . . . THE AMATEUR SPY

from page 25

He joined two gentlemen, business acquaintances, at their table, and they arose and left without speaking, leaving their food half-eaten. On Wednesday morning a delegation of four insurance officials came to his office and formally and without excuse voided all outstanding insurance. Francis Hovey kept these incidents from his wife.

Friday night, as he lay in bed and his wife sat arranging her cap, she said, "I had an ugly experience today. A butcher's apprentice smirked and bit my coin in my face. What did he mean?"

Mr. Hovey said, "He meant we are not to be trusted. They think it was not only piracy but fraud. There is much anger about that missing thirty-five thousand dollars. They think we entered it on the manifest and insured it, but did not ship it. The insurance companies have paid us, but they think we've stolen it from them."

"You mean people think you fomented your own piracy?" Hovey's startled wife asked him.

"No. That would have been impossible."

"Then it makes no sense."

"This is the beginning. The beginning of creeping ruin. I can stand it, I think, and you can stand it. But what will it do to our daughter?"

"That is entirely up to her," said Mrs. Hovey.

"Ruin and disgrace," Francis Hovey said. "A great hand has stretched from the sea mists to strangle us."

The immaculate rose-colored brick building which was Hovey and Osgood headquarters was on Half-Court Square, close by the town's financial heart. Its two tall storeys were warrens and labyrinths of counting rooms. There was a third floor, too, though few people were aware of it. This was a wide low garret, two feet high at the edges and a scant six feet at the roof ridge, dimly lighted by a small bubble-glass window at each end.

ONCE it had been used as a storage space, and when rain was on its shingles it became musty with the ghosts of Senegal and Tranquebar and Java, camphor and pepper and African palm oil. Here, between the rats under the floor and the pigeons on the roof, lived, and lived contentedly, Christopher Parker.

He was eighteen, gaunt, expressionless, and seething with energy. He was part-time porter, watchman, and errand boy and full-time clerk and bookkeeper. He was one of Hovey and Osgood's least important employees, and certainly its busiest.

More than anyone else, perhaps, he was aware of the consequences of the trial. Mr. Hovey, Mr. Osgood, the clerks, everyone, seemed on the verge of disintegration. He couldn't for the life of him see why somebody didn't do something—he didn't know what, but something.

About two o'clock one afternoon he came down the corridor with a sheaf of invoices for Mr. Osgood. The July sun, brazen on the brick, had turned the building into an oven; and people, nervous and irritable, had spent the day rushing back and forth through the halls on needless errands. Mr. Osgood's door was open, and he came through it into a remarkable little scene before his presence was realised.

Though Mr. Osgood was the junior partner, and his office was smaller than Mr. Hovey's, it was a good deal more magnificent, for Mr. Osgood had bought its panelling and English furniture from his own pocket. He was a big man, in his early thirties, clear-eyed—a little too clear-eyed, almost icy-eyed—with a big, pliable mouth. His clothes were humble in color, but elegant in cut.

He was standing with his fatty hands spread in appeal, and before him stood Miss Martha Hovey. "What I'm saying is this," he said, "though shame and disaster should come to you, I still love you. It will make no difference."

She stared at him. "Then why mention it?"

She was a small, straight girl about Christopher's age, black-haired, in a green dimity dress. Now, because she was absorbed, and he had a good opportunity, Christopher inspected her.

She said: "Really, underneath, you think my father is guilty, don't you?"

Osgood looked outraged. "How can you say such a thing?" Observing Christopher, he glared and said, "Go away. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I'll go with you," said Miss Hovey. "I think I'm busy, too." She walked with Christopher down the hall. Gallantly he escorted her to the big front door. As they parted he mumbled a few words.

He saw her gape, saw her eyes grow as big as saucers, and left her.

Alone in the hallway his words came back to him in a horrible echo. He had said, "You mustn't worry. It's going to be all right."

Yes; yes, indeed, someone was going to have to do some work on this thing. And it was going to have to be him, and it better be now.

The acquitted steward was the place to start, of course. He had told his story a hundred times—at the trial, to Mr. Hovey and Mr. Osgood, to insurance men—all to no avail, but he had been present at the massacre and looting and must certainly hold the key.

His address was in the company summary of the court records. "My name is Zadock Needham. Am fifty-one years old. Have followed the sea since I was seven. Reside at the moment at The Sign Of The Turk's Head, Whipple Lane, off Ann Street." By now, no doubt, he was far away on some strange ship on some strange sea. But this was the place to start.

That evening, when the counting rooms were closed, after a meagre supper on his stiltlike stool at his desk, Christopher put on his hat and went out into the streets. This was the hottest hour, and the sun was like an ashy ember. He went east on State, a block and a half, then turned north into Merchants Row. He passed through Market Square, then Dock Square, and came to Ann Street. Instantly he was in a world of oakum and anchors, of casks and street stalls and singing hawkers. .

Whipple Lane, branching off to the left, was paved with cobbles and lined with ancient, high-roofed shops and taverns. It was a foul, ramshackle neighborhood. Above its sharp gables loomed the dockside forest of masts.

Among the ancient buildings, The Turk's Head was one of the oldest, with its second storey jutting out old style, overhanging the window front and door below. Briskly Christopher entered.

A touch of briskness was always

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AFRICAN VIOLETS

— *they bloom the year round*

● Interest in African violets has greatly increased since the finer and hardier varieties of these charmingly rewarding house plants were introduced into Australia.

Gardening Book — page 55

THEIR basic needs can be remembered under these headings: Light, temperature, humidity, and care in watering.

Give them maximum light, but no direct sunshine (this would burn the foliage). They can be grown most successfully under fluorescent lighting.

Use water at room temperature; water the pot well and allow to dry out a little before watering again. But don't drown the plants. More African violets die from overwatering than from any other cause. They may be watered from the top, just under the foliage and around the rim of the pot, or from the base.

Keep the foliage dry in winter; but in a hot, dry summer, the plants could be sprayed with warm water, or held over the bath and washed lightly under the shower.

Certain parts of Australia are so dry that enthusiastic growers take special measures.

They fill a shallow copper tray with pebbles. Small blocks of wood or upturned saucers are also placed in the tray, the pots are set on these, and the tray is filled with water to just below the base of the pots.

Even temperature

This system is decorative and maintains humidity.

For best results, the temperature should be between 60 and 85 degrees, with no more than a 10-degree drop at night. Cold slows growth, and disease will often develop.

If you don't buy a ready-made potting mixture, make one of two parts of well-rotted she-oak needles, one part of rice husks, one part of moisture-holding Perlite, one part of peatmoss.

Sparingly use a well-balanced fertiliser. (Wait about three weeks for a newly potted plant to settle in.)

Propagation is by leaf cutting, division, or seed. Use a striking mixture of three parts of coarse river sand and one part of peatmoss.

Any type of container that will hold three or four inches of this mixture would do. Cuttings strike more rapidly in a softly shaded place.

Snip spent blooms

When shoots are about two inches high, remove the parent leaf and put the new little plant into a terracotta pot no more than three inches wide.

Change to a larger container after substantial growth is made and flower buds appear.

Snip off all spent blooms, as growth will go into seed formation and not into the flowers.

If the leaf stems grow long and slender, and there are few if any flowers, it is mainly due to insufficient light or overwatering. Small pale leaves lacking in lustre are caused by incorrect potting medium, lack of humidity in the atmosphere, or allowing the soil to become too dry.

Disease is made evident by distortion and curling of the crown leaves and flowers, and can be caused by cyclamen mite, nematodes, red spider, aphids, or mealybugs. Tackle it with one of the garden insecticides.

It is easier to keep out disease than to eradicate it. Be sure to accept only healthy plants, for your whole cherished collection can disappear after the introduction of one diseased plant.

● Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

AFRICAN VIOLETS—

SINGLE VARIETIES

BECKY SHARP

WHITE HEATHER

PRINCESS ANNE

SPARKLING WATERS

Gardening Book — page 57

DOUBLE VARIETIES

OHIO BEAUTIFUL

BOLD DESIGN

ALASKAN WATERS

DOUBLE-PINK BOY

Gardening Book — page 58

Furniture by Eastern Emporium, St. Leonards.

Quilting is the newest, prettiest fashion for you and your bedspread. The shortie gown, "Tania" (Jeldi D0006), is drip-dry quilted nylon tricot, in white, pink, sapphire blue, aqua, cherry red, coral rose, 32"-38". £5.19.6. And quite the prettiest bedspread of the year is "Goddess" (Jeldi 711/1), light as spun sugar in drip-dry quilted tetoron, in pink, blue, lilac. Also available, matching curtains, with 7 ft. drop. Bedspread is also available in lemon, blue or pink in flock nylon.

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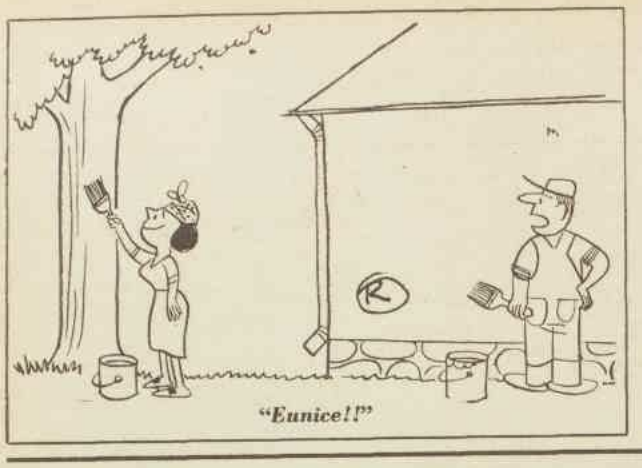

Continuing . . . THE AMATEUR SPY

from page 73

a comfort in a moment of difficulty. He didn't like this place and knew it wasn't going to like him.

The room was dim, and its imprisoned air reeked with the stench of sperm oil and ale and human sweat. Just within the door a staircase ascended, and seamen sat at tables drinking. A man whom Christopher assumed to be the owner, an apish man with an apron tied biblike under his chin, stood by the newel with a tankard in his hand, chatting with a blowsy female. Phrasing his question carefully, expecting a hostile and perhaps violent response, Christopher said, "I'm seeking information about a Mr. Zadock Needham."

"First room at the head of the steps," said the man and ignored him.

This wasn't working out properly at all. Confused, Christopher mounted the stairs, found his door and knocked. A soft, honeyed voice called, "Come in," and he entered.

It was a small room, astonishingly pleasant, with a big bow window at the front. Its woodwork had been rubbed with thin pea-green paint, and its pine floor was golden and dustless. The furniture was fine mahogany and new. In the centre of the room a man sat at a table. He was a cadaverous man, vulture-faced and crop-headed, and sat with his left leg stiffly straight.

Though Christopher had never seen him, he knew his record and knew him to be Zadock Needham. In his prime Needham had been a seaman and had fallen from the rigging and had become crippled. Crippled, he had still followed the sea, but as a steward. As a seaman he had earned fourteen dollars a month, as a steward he earned only nine.

He was eating, and on the table before him was a huge chicken pie, a lobster, pickled oysters, a pitcher of clove water, a pyramid of hot raisin buns, and a bowl of brandied strawberries.

Christopher introduced himself and then said, "I scarcely hoped to find you. I thought surely that you would be at sea."

"I've give up the sea," said Needham amiably. "Sit down, boy. What can I do for you?"

"I dream about that piracy," said Christopher.

"Any boy would," said Needham. "But others do, too, including me." He paused. "And it drawed you to me to hear it from my own lips? Well, I'm in the mood to oblige. How strong do you want it? I always temper it to the particular listener."

"Don't temper it for me," said Christopher.

"I truly believe I won't," said the steward, his eyes jelly-dull in reverie. "Foulkes claimed he'd done it five times and I believe him. Him and Doggett teamed up ashore, Doggett wanting to try his wings. Upton and Russell came in at sea. Crake and Daniels, the other two seamen, stayed loyal, as did I, but we thought there'd be no real trouble and put them off." He talked slowly and carefully; and as Christopher listened, people and things became very real indeed.

"As you may or may not know, it's at the changing of the midnight watch that this thing most always hits. It ain't called 'the death-watch' for nothing . . ."

IT was a dark night, a night of drizzle, and Undine was making almost seven knots. The first watch—Foulkes, Crake, and Upton, under the chief mate—had been on duty from eight. The second watch—Doggett, Daniels, and Russell, under the second mate—came out for the change. As the second mate came up on deck, Foulkes cried, "Sail, ho." The second went forward on the port side and the first went forward on the starboard side.

They met at the bow and peered. Doggett, with an axe, killed the first mate, and at the same time Russell killed the second with a handspike. The two bodies were put over the side.

Loyal Daniels was at the helm and Russell relieved him. As Daniels passed the mainmast, Doggett struck him with the axe and put him overboard. Meanwhile, Upton and Foulkes had rushed to the mates' cabins for pistols. They now had firearms.

"I learned all this later," said Needham, eating a bun. "I had locked myself in."

Now the crime was no longer secret. Mr. Whittredge, the supercargo, the company's business representative, an old sailor himself, came valiantly on deck and was shot down by Upton and fell by the bulwark. Now the captain came running with Crake, the loyal seaman, at his side, the captain armed with a pistol and Crake armed only with indignation. Down went the captain shot by Foulkes, and across the deck skittered his weapon. Then, as all watched amazed, Crake put the captain over his mighty shoulder and carried him tenderly to the master's cabin. There he fortified himself.

"Then they came again to my door," said Needham. "Yelling that they had taken her. There was nought else to do, so I came out."

It was while they were making

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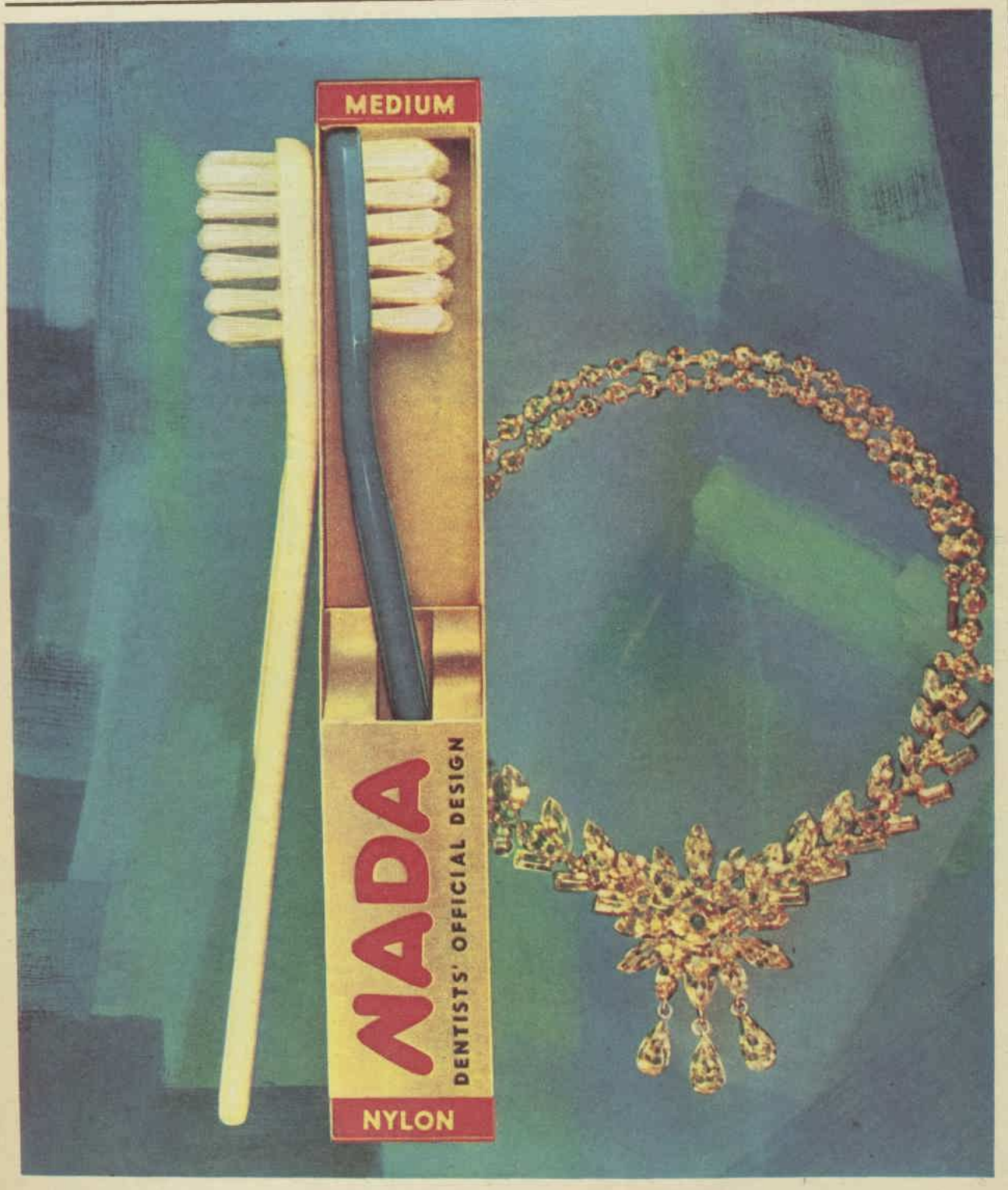

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Continuing . . . THE AMATEUR SPY

from page 76

their first unsuccessful assault upon the master's cabin that Needham found Whittredge, the company man, slumped in the shadows. He brought him water and bathed his head.

"He wept in gratitude at my compassion and kissed my hand," said Needham. "It was very sad. I wept, too."

"Did he say anything?" asked Christopher. "What did he say?"

"His wits had left him. He said we had been saved by Captain Webb, of Clarinda, and ordered me to bear this message to the owners, which I did. Clarinda, o' course, carries four guns, but, as we both knew, she was half around the world, at Whampoa, in the China trade."

Then Russell and Upton had appeared and put Whittredge also over the side. That was the end of the night's killing.

Three times next day they stormed the master's cabin, but each time Crake, with the ship's arsenal, repulsed them. That evening Foulkes, crazy drunk, killed the cook.

The final tragedy came next day at noon. It was Upton who thought up the lethal lie, and Needham himself, with Upton's pistol at his head, who had shouted out, offering the wounded captain a bowl of broth. Crake certainly knew it for a deceit, but his captain lay in fever. He opened the door to gunfire.

"The strongboxes were then forced," said Needham. "There were two, not ten—about the size of a loaf of bread. The captain clasped them in death. They held seven thousand dollars."

Christopher wiped his parched mouth with his knuckles.

"You look a little pale," said Zadock Needham. "By the way, how did you find me?"

"I found The Turk's Head through our company records," said Christopher. "The man downstairs in the apron, the owner, told me which room."

"He's not the owner," said Zadock Needham. "He's my assistant. I'm the owner. I bought The Turk's Head three weeks ago. And there's a lesson for you, boy."

"Lesson?"

"Yes. Work hard at whatever you're fitted for and hang on to your pennies. This represents my life savings—aided, of course, by a little gift here and there. I've nothing more to worry about."

"I've got to go now," said Christopher tautly. "Thank you for your time, but I've got to go."

BLACK sultry night hung low over the town as Christopher came out of Whipple Lane on to Ann. Do what you are fitted for, Needham had said, and Christopher had the sickening feeling that he alone, despite the verdict of the jury and the opinion of the judges, knew what this evil man was fitted for. Those jellylike eyes with their slippery glitter were the eyes of utter cruelty. He went southerly on Ann and turned west into Elm Street. Mr. Hovey had better hear about this, he decided.

If Foulkes had been six times a pirate, how many times a pirate was Zadock Needham?

Where Elm came to a dead end at Hanover, he went south on Hanover, cut north and passed along Bowdin Square and turned into Temple Street. Here were some of the town's most imposing residences. The Hovey home, like its neighbors, was set in a lawn and flanked with rose gardens. It was three storeys, of brick, cubic and clean and graceful, with a flattish low-hipped roof.

For a moment Christopher stood in the shallow recess of its great front door, the fanlight and side lights staining him with opalescent color, then dropped the knocker on its shield. The humid night was vaporous with honeysuckle.

Mr. Hovey, frail and silvery in the lamp glow, opened the door. Elegantly, he bent down and peered into Christopher's face. "Christopher Merriwether Parker," he said, meticulously, Mr. Hovey always gave him the full volley.

"Yes, sir," said Christopher.

"You're away off course, I'm afraid," said Mr. Hovey. "You've got yourself pretty badly lost. You're blocks and blocks from the office." In genuine concern, he added, "You'd better come in and rest."

"I'm not lost," said Christopher. "I want to talk to you."

Solicitously Mr. Hovey led him down a broad hall and into the family sitting-room at the rear. Its four walls were papered in a continuous pastoral scene, ponds and trees and lambs and dainty shepherdesses, and just beyond the table lamp, on a gilt pedestal, was a large birdcage of exquisite brass-wire filigree containing a single tiny canary.

Mrs. Hovey, a plump, motherly little woman in spectacles, sat reading a book in Greek characters, and near her, close to the lamp, sat Miss Martha, gorgeous in thin amber silk, at an embroidery frame.

Mr. Hovey introduced him, and they put down book and needle and smiled.

Standing stiffly with his hat cupped over his stomach, his face expressionless, he told them about his visit with Zadock Needham. When he came to the bloodshed part of the story, he tempered it, and tempered it a good deal, for the girl. They listened patiently.

When he had finished, Mrs. Hovey said quietly, "You're really distressed for us, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

There was a moment of utter, moving silence.

"It's been very kind of you to go to all this trouble," said Mr. Hovey gravely. "But I don't see how it's any help at all. We've heard all this before, at the trial."

"About what Mr. Whittredge said when he was dying? About Clarinda rushing up with her four guns in the nick of time and saving Undine?"

"Yes, we heard that, too," said Mr. Hovey. "To me, that was one of the saddest incidents in the whole affair. Mr. Whittredge was a personal friend of mine. His delirium must have been horrible."

"A dying speech is a dying speech," said Christopher doggedly. "Even the law says it's important."

"Clarinda was in China," said Mr. Hovey. "And nothing, nothing saved Undine."

"All right," said Christopher. "Now let's talk about Zadock Needham. Did you know he'd bought that inn?"

"No, I didn't. But I see nothing particularly incriminating—"

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Continuing . . . THE AMATEUR SPY

from page 77

"You know what I think?" said Christopher. "I think there's about thirty some thousand dollars of Hovey and Osgood money right here in Boston, right now, waiting to be uncovered. But we'd better not get our hopes up."

"We won't," said Mr. Hovey, wryly but affectionately.

"Well, good-night," said Christopher.

Martha went with him to the front door. They stopped just within the doorsill in the great hall. By her shoulder was a long mirror framed in fretted gold, flowers and leaves intertwined, and behind her rose the circular staircase, up three stories in a shaft of shadow, ending in the bell of the cupola.

"Listen," said Christopher, "just how was that money shipped? Down at the office we know it was, of course, but we don't know just how."

"It was shipped in small iron chests," she said, "like coins usually are. There were ten of them. Father packed and checked them; Mr. Osgood sealed them; and father rode on the car with them to the dock and put them into Mr. Whittredge's custody on the ship."

"And Mr. Whittredge stowed them in the captain's cabin?"

"Who knows? Mr. Whittredge was a very cautious man. Two of them went there, of course, because that's where the crew found them. But the others were never seen again. And how could that happen? How could eight little iron chests simply vanish?"

"They could have gone over the side, like Mr. Whittredge himself. Somebody could have looted them in secret, then slipped them overboard."

She listened in admiration. "My," she said. "When you set your teeth into something, you really toss it to death, don't you? Already I feel like a different person. Everything is going to be all right."

"We'd better not count our chickens before they hatch," he said. "I don't think we can say that yet."

"But you said it yourself, this afternoon. 'It's going to be all right,' you said. Those were your very words. What's the matter?"

"What do you mean, 'What's the matter'?"

"You're flinching."

"Not me. I never flinch. Well, I mustn't be keeping you any longer."

Half-Court Square was empty when he returned, and Hovey and Osgood was dark but for a little slice of yellow light from Mr. Osgood's office. Christopher fitted his brass key into the back door and entered. He locked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket and started down the corridor, his boot heels making ghostly drumbeats in the silent building.

He had nearly reached the stairs to his garret when Mr. Osgood's voice came to him, bodiless, calling, "Christopher, may I see you a moment?" He passed the stair well, continued onward and stepped into Mr. Osgood's office."

The fat little lamp on the desktop threw out a small tent of golden, moted light, scarcely reaching the blackness of the walls and ceiling. Mr. Osgood stood by the desk corner, waiting, goggling at Christopher as he entered. His big face was lumpy with anger, and his breath came in wheezes and puffs.

He had never liked Christopher, and Christopher knew it, and now he made no pretence whatever. Christopher was so absorbed with him that it was an instant before he realised there was a second person in the room, and saw with a shock that it was Zadock Needham.

He sat just beyond the lip of light, as seen through a smoky veil, not angry like Mr. Osgood but radiating benevolence. This was the Zadock Needham Mr. Whittredge had made his dying speech to, Christopher decided, the benevolent Zadock Needham.

"Christopher," said Mr. Osgood. "This, as you know, is Mr. Needham. He says you visited him tonight."

"That's right," said Christopher.

"And when you left, he followed you, and you went to Mr. Hovey's."

"That's right."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Mr. Needham has been tried in a court of law and found innocent. He is retired from the public eye and wishes to stay retired. He is disturbed and has brought his complaint to me. From now on, you'll leave him strictly alone."

"Alone," said Zadock Needham.

"Of course," said Christopher pleasantly. "And I might add, I didn't know you two gentlemen were friends."

"We're not," said Mr. Osgood. "Now get out of here."

That night, in his garret, when Christopher lowered the trapdoor in the floor, he pulled his table across it. He had never done this before. He told himself that he was just being careful, that he was excited. But he knew he was afraid.

Two weeks passed. Inside the brick walls of Hovey and Osgood things moved along in their same old way—except, perhaps, for a growing and indefinable air of listlessness and the vaguest hint of instability. The business was dying, Christopher knew, though you couldn't put your finger on any particular thing.

Mr. Hovey was still polite and absentminded and seemed to have completely forgotten Christopher's visit to his home.

The only real change was in Mr. Osgood. He turned suddenly friendly — not much, just a little, but he was not a friendly man. It was almost as though he were fawning, and that didn't make any sense at all.

After the trial Christopher, like the people he talked to on the pavements, had wondered if Mr. Hovey really could have manipulated that thirty-five thousand dollars someway. It was a horrifying idea, but, the way people put it, it seemed irrefutable. Then almost instantly, of course, he had realised that to steal you must be a thief, and Mr. Hovey was certainly no thief.

Next he had suspected Zadock Needham. Now, like a blow, it came to him that maybe Mr. Osgood had that treasure and had had it all along, and Zadock Needham knew it. The thing, though, was to prove it. And to prove it he had to figure out just what had happened.

One night, sitting on the edge of his bed, he tried it again. He put the whole thing through his mind,

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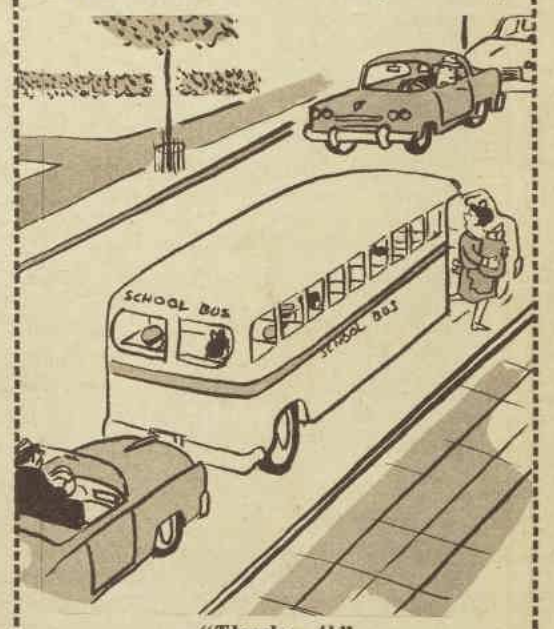
HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key



"Thanks, Al."

(Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

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detail by detail, as he had done a thousand times before. He began with Mr. Hovey packing those chests, thought about Mr. Osgood sealing them, and ended with their delivery to Mr. Whittredge on Undine.

But was that really the end? Mr. Whittredge, wounded on deck, had said they had been saved by Captain Webb of Clarinda.

All along this had disturbed Christopher, but he had passed it by. Now he took his candle and descended to the records room.

The records room was an enormous room at the rear of the second storey, and Christopher was intimately familiar with it. Here were ledgers, old ships' logs, shipping lists, and manifests and row after row of letter books. Every letter the company received was here, and every answer sent out was here, too, hand-copied neatly by Christopher or one of his fellow clerks. He set up his candle and got to work.

Systematically, tediously, he ran down every scrap of paper which in any way referred to Captain Webb or Clarinda.

About four in the morning he found it. It was a letter from Mr. Whittredge to Mr. Hovey, from Sumatra. That trip, Mr. Whittredge was supercargo on Clarinda, which was taking on pepper. It was a friendly letter about ship's news, and in its centre was a little suggestion Mr. Whittredge had made to Captain Webb.

Twenty minutes later he was hammering at the Hovey front door.

The pre-dawn was grey above the dockside masts as they walked three abreast—down India Street—Mr. Hovey, Mr. Sprague of Atlantic Assurance, and Christopher. No one spoke. The talking had all been done. Even at this hour the dock was busy, and they wove their way through bales covered with straw matting and corded with raffia; casks and firkins, tea-chests, Eastern crates reinforced with wrappings of woven split bamboo.

AFTER a long walk they came to Undine, snugly berthed, and lighted their lanterns though dawn was fast breaking. She had been repaired, refitted, painted, and would soon be ready to sail again.

She was a beautiful thing in the translucent haze, and Christopher was proud of her. They boarded her just forward of the mainmast, Mr. Hovey in the lead, and made their way aft. In this dewy peaceful world it was hard to believe that carnage had once stained her. They passed her mizzenmast, descended the companionway, and entered her cabin.

Here was a small central room, in buttery pine, containing a table and chairs; four doors opened into it. Mr. Hovey selected a door, said, "This was Mr. Whittredge's cabin," and they stepped inside. Their lanterns brought it into bright illumination. "Where now?" said Mr. Hovey. Mr. Sprague said nothing.

"We'll have to look," said Christopher.

This room, perhaps eight feet square, contained a bunk, full-length on its starboard side, a table, chair, and a slotlike window aft, out-thrust in the vessel's stern. The bulkheads here, too, were of pine.

Methodically they began their tapping. It was Mr. Sprague who found it — the false bulkhead above the bunk. They lifted out the panel and there were Mr. Hovey's eight little iron chests.

"Thank you, Christopher," said Mr. Hovey softly.

"Do you know whom I thank?" said Mr. Sprague, all twinkles and grins and jollity. "It sticks in my gullet, but I thank King George the Third, God bless him."

To Christopher, Mr. Hovey said, "Why not go back and have a little rest, then join us for breakfast?"

. . . . . .

Every morning Mr. Osgood paraded into his office in a trance of importance. This morning Christopher, with a letter file under his arm, waited for him by his desk. "Look at what I found," he said and pointed to the passage in Mr. Whittredge's letter. Annoyed, Mr. Osgood took the book and read.

. . . so when Captain Webb, sailing these dangerous Eastern waters,

Continuing . . . THE AMATEUR SPY

spoke the need of a hidey-hole of some kind, I suggested he construct one on Clarinda similar to the one on Undine, which he did. On my first trip on Undine, just after the war, back in 1816, I think, an old seaman showed me this place. In the port cabin there is a false bulkhead built during our conflict with England, for concealment in certain emergencies against impressment at sea . . .

Mr. Osgood began to tremble.

"This is for us," he said greedily. "Just for you and me."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Osgood," said Christopher. "I don't understand your relationship with Mr. Needham, for instance."

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"Needham is a swindler and blackmailer."

Christopher looked interested.

"He met me secretly right after the trial," said Mr. Osgood, "and began throwing out mysterious hints about Undine's money. He said he'd need five hundred dollars to get to it."

"And you gave him the five hundred dollars?"

"But first he made me sign a little paper, and it was this paper that convinced me. It said that we agreed to share the treasure half and half. That looked as though he really had something and didn't trust me."

"I see," said Christopher. "And what he really wanted was that signed agreement. When he had it, he could use it as a bludgeon against you. He could threaten to show it to Mr. Hovey."

"That's how he bought The Turk's Head with my five hundred dollars. That's what I got for trusting him. Well, what about it, Christopher? I'll make you the same proposition. We'll share half and half. Thirty-five thousand is a fortune."

"It sure is," said Christopher. "But Mr. Sprague has it, and he strikes me as a very stingy man, so I wouldn't worry about it any more. However, I'll tell him about how you worked it all out and about all your troubles and so on."

First, though, he told Mr. Hovey and the Hovey family at breakfast in the rose garden. "Mr. Osgood's trouble," he said to them, "was that in spite of the fact he didn't have it he was always dividing it up into shares with people. You might even call it the Osgood Curse."

After a bit the talk changed. Finally Mr. Hovey said, "Well, Undine is ready to try it again. Again Smyrna — with six hundred new bags of coffee and forty-two hundred different dollars in gold and silver coins. And you will be the new supercargo."

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ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 37

not to tell Mrs. Spence of their difficulties over Hazel Conway. Pride, partly, had determined this agreement, and the knowledge of the extreme distress Mrs. Spence would feel at such news. If Dan were to call now to inquire about Karen's whereabouts, some explanation, assuming she didn't know about everything already from Karen, would have to be offered. And only the truth, under the circumstances, would do.

Dan was still debating with himself when the door opened and his secretary, Miss Pauley, a tall, thin woman of few smiles and great efficiency, stepped into the room.

"Mr. Howard?"

Dan looked up, nearly duplicating Miss Pauley's own expression of polite inquiry. "Yes?"

"I was just wondering. The meeting is in forty-five minutes and you haven't gone to lunch. If you want to go on with the reports, I can send for a sandwich or something for you. But I'd better do it right away so it'll get here in time."

DAN regarded Miss Pauley for a moment with a certain admiration. Her solicitude was not offered in the attitude of mawkish devotion of most secretaries, but simply as a commodity bought and paid for, nothing personal thrown in for free. Dan felt obliged to offer the woman a smile.

"Good idea," he said. "A sandwich and a bottle of milk will be fine. Thanks for thinking of it."

With a brief nod of acknowledgement, Miss Pauley turned and started out. She had almost gone when he called out after her. Catching the door before it closed, Miss Pauley pivoted neatly and regarded him with a cool lift of the brows.

"Yes?"

"Before you call the restaurant," Dan said, "will you ask the switchboard to give me a line to New York?"

. . . . .

Karen couldn't remember the name of the town, but they had eaten lunch there, in a drugstore at a small, crowded counter, with the smell of disinfectant strong and disagreeable in their nostrils. She had forced herself to eat, at least a sandwich, having taken only coffee at breakfast, but the food only increased her feeling of dull nausea. She had slept a little toward morning, out of sheer exhaustion, but not enough to give her any real rest. Now, with Winnie at the wheel, she was alone in the back seat.

They were approaching the Colorado border now, which meant they would spend the latter part of the afternoon on the upgrade, climbing. Karen, checking the map, wondered where they were going to stop for the night. There weren't any suitable places that they could possibly reach by sundown. But perhaps Winnie meant for them to keep on into the night until they reached Denver.

Wearily, Karen leaned back and let her eyes fall closed, only faintly aware of the intermittent exchange between Connie and Winnie. How normal it sounded, she thought bitterly, their aimless, broken chatter, how perfectly ordinary. What a typical group of vacationing females they must look to everyone they met. For a moment she experienced, very distinctly, the feeling that she had slipped into madness. Everything, everyone else in the world was right and sensible. Except her.

But, of course, it was Winnie who was really mad. She had seen that last night. But Winnie's madness was not the kind, unfortunately, for which people were confined. It was a sort of childishness, really, the ruthless egocentricity that characterises the emotionally dwarfed, and often masquerades in the guise of easy affability. It was the reason why Winnie was able to deal with Connie so effectively on Connie's own level; she, in her way, was a child, too. But it was madness, too, and of an especially mercurial and dangerous sort.

"Just figure yourself lucky that car's still in one piece." Winnie's voice, as it had sounded through the darkness of the cabin, came back to Karen now with an awful clarity. "That's the only reason your head's still fastened to your neck right now, sister. And get this straight, you're not going to stop me, not you, not anybody. Just don't mess with me. Not if you want to see that kid of yours stay healthy. Anybody tries to get in my way from now on is in for big, big trouble. Anybody. Starting with you. So just remember, I haven't time to fool with you. You and that kid of yours are nothing to me, just nothing."

At the memory Karen opened her eyes and looked toward the front seat, the back of Winnie's head. Absently she raised her hand to the welt that was still there across her cheek. If Winnie ever did anything like that to Connie . . . if she just raised her hand to the child . . . Despite her weariness, the thought brought a sudden start of angry vitality.

As the emotion passed, however, she sank back into her previous state of near-mindless lassitude. Listening to the conversation from the front seat, she let her eyes fall closed again. Connie and Winnie were engaged in some sort of game having to do with the oncoming traffic and whether, during the day, they met more of one kind of car than another. Whatever the rules, Connie was always far ahead. By Winnie's contrivance, Karen was sure. After a time, lulled by the fragmentary sound of their voices and the constant underlying moan of the motor, she drifted off into sleep.

SHE was jarred awake again precipitously, alert at once to the sounds and motions of violence.

Hurled abruptly sideways, she tumbled loosely across the seat and came up hard against the opposite door. Over all there was the scream of brakes, and the thin cry of skidding tyres.

Then, with a smashing of glass and metal, there came a final jolt that landed her jarringly on the floor. And then silence. Her head filled with a curious soundless humming, Karen clawed to the edge of the seat, gasping for breath, trying frightenedly to say Connie's name.

"You okay back there?"

As she pulled herself up on to the seat, Karen looked up to meet Winnie's inquiring gaze. Winnie's manner was curiously calm, almost as bland as usual.

"Where's Connie?" Karen asked. "Where is she?"

"She's okay." Winnie said this with an air of mild impatience. "Aren't you, baby doll?"

Karen leaned forward to see Connie straightening herself in the seat. On her forehead, close to the right temple, was a small reddish bruise. She reached out to it and touched it with her fingers.

"Sweetheart . . ."

Winnie reached out and, giving her a swift glance, summarily brushed her hand aside. "She just got a little bump, that's all. You're all right, aren't you, hon?"

Connie looked in bewilderment from one to the other of them, and then nodded. "Uh-huh," she said doubtfully.

"What happened?" Karen asked, her gaze still on the child. "I was sound asleep."

"Blowout," Winnie said. "All of a sudden, bang! and the car was all over the road." She glanced out the window at the embankment that closed them in at the right, then turned to the left and the rise of the highway. The car was resting at a sharp forward angle in some sort of deep roadside ditch. The shadows that engulfed the car indicated that the hour was close to dusk. "Right in the middle of nowhere. Wouldn't you know?"

But Karen was still concerned about Connie. "Does it hurt?" she asked. "Can you feel it at all?"

Poor show

I'm not a good gardener:
too inclined to rest
On my laurels; too soft-hearted
To pull out plants at their summer best
So chrysanthemums can get started.
And when winter comes, while I know it precedes
Spring, I'm too cold to remember
That's the right time to plant bulbs and seeds
If I want to have flowers in September.

—*Daphne Bullock.*

Connie looked up and for an instant there passed between them that singular contact that can happen only between mother and child. For a second Karen felt a quick fierceness inside her, a renewed determination. But then Winnie spoke, and the moment was gone.

"Leave her be, for Pete's sake, she's okay. Come on, let's take a look at the damage." She glanced back again at Karen. "Everybody out, huh?"

As she followed down the steep side of the embankment to where the front of the car rested against a tangle of wire and heavy posts, a collapsed section of fence, Karen realised that fate, perhaps, had supplied the accident she herself had failed to accomplish, and felt a small thrill of hope. But it faded as Winnie, giving the car a cursory inspection, turned away with no show of real concern.

"The bumper and both fenders are smashed," she announced, "and the headlights are knocked out. But I turned the engine off after we hit, so that's not hurt. If we can just get somebody to pull us out, we'll be okay. We can get to a garage under our own steam." She nodded up the rise. "We better start flagging somebody down." She turned back to Connie and reached out her hand. "Here we go pardner!"

It was just as they emerged on to the shoulder of the highway that the blue sedan made its appearance from around the far curve and came racing toward them. Winnie, pulling Connie with her, hurried forward to the pavement, waving her hand over her head.

Almost at once the car began to slow down, but it was not until it was within a few yards of where they were standing that Karen, with a sudden flash of recall, recognised it as the one she had seen in front of the restaurant that first morning.

HER reaction was instantaneous and even to herself completely inexplicable. She found herself apprehensive, wishing that the car would go on without stopping. It was senseless, of course; anyone who came along at this moment was a possible ally against Winnie. And yet a bit of the furtiveness she had sensed about the men in the car before came back to her now.

And then she stared in astonishment as the car leapt suddenly forward, swerved wide of Winnie and Connie who were now out on the pavement, and sped straight ahead.

"Hey!" Winnie yelled, waving frantically. "Hey, you!" As the car vanished into the dusk-dimmed distance, she looked back at Karen with open-mouthed disbelief.

. . . . .

Gar swung the car off on to the shoulder and in a billow of dust braked to a stop. Frowning, he glanced back briefly along the highway, then looked again at Haggy.

"First we get caught out in front of the motel and now just to fix it up good we drive right into them. We should hand out autographed pictures."

Haggy shook his head. "Think they're wise to us?"

"How should I know? You get a look at the car?"

Haggy shrugged. "Looks like they ditched, blew a tyre, nothing big. We going to leave them back there with all those rocks?"

"Somebody'll pick them up, a couple of dames and a kid." Gar took up a road map from the seat and opened it out against the wheel. "Keep an eye out."

After a moment he tapped the map with his finger. "There's a turnoff a little way up. If there's cover we can hole up there until we see what's up."

Shoving the map aside, he put the car in gear and gunned it back on to the highway. Haggy, holding on to the door to brace himself, turned his gaze back the way they had come.

. . . . .

The old pickup truck led the way, its headlights fanning out weakly up ahead, reaching out waveringly to the flat distance on either side of the highway.

During the hour or more that it had taken the old man to hitch the truck to the car, pull it out of the ditch and change tyres, the night had closed in densely around them, bringing a sharp, penetrating chill. Winnie had been right about the car. The only real damage had been to the lights, though their loss

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1. Adjustable pendant fitting, 25" fibreglass shade (white or yellow) with white satin etched centre glass. 2. Table lamp, white satin etched glass, walnut finish wood base. 3. White opal table lamp with white ripple finish metal shade, walnut finish stand. 4. Wall bracket, 18" fibreglass shade (choice of colours) white satin etched centre glass. 5. 3-light pendant, flame-coloured rings setting off white satin etched glasses. Complete with 3-arm suspension unit.

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 80

was vital now that darkness had fallen. It had been lucky the old man, already on his way there, had been so willing to lead them to the nearest garage, one run by a "local boy," as he said, about twelve miles on.

The ride had been a tedious one, since the old man drove slowly and with extreme caution. Connie, in the front seat as before, had finally fallen asleep, worn out with the excitement and adventure of the accident. In the back, however, Karen was fully awake. Her thoughts, once their immediate problems had been solved, had reverted to the mystery of the blue sedan.

The more she puzzled over it, the less convinced she became that the car's sudden reappearance was mere coincidence. Their own travelling schedule and pattern had been too erratic. And the car was the same one she had noticed in front of the restaurant that morning, there was no doubt of that. Increasingly, she began to believe that the men in the car, aware of Winnie's real identity and what was contained in the battered old bag, had been deliberately following them from the beginning.

But who were they, then? And if they were after the jewels why did they only follow without making an attempt to seize them?

In time Karen found an answer, and if she accepted it as all but absolute truth from the moment of its conception, it was probably just because she wanted to—needed to. For now she was willing and eager to grasp at anything that offered her hope, that promised her, perhaps even falsely, that all would be well in the end.

And this was an answer that offered and promised both.

The men in the blue sedan were policemen. They had not approached Winnie or tried to detain her partly because they wanted her to lead them to others involved in the McCarren robbery, and partly because they did not wish to endanger the lives of Connie and Karen in the eventuality that such an encounter might bring violence.

It all fitted too perfectly not to be the truth. It explained everything, even the odd behaviour of the blue sedan out on the highway. They were simply there to provide safe escort. And they would take care of Winnie at the proper time, in Los Angeles.

MEANWHILE, they were close by, watching, and Winnie, at all costs, could not be allowed to know. Karen had just arrived at this conclusion when, as they rounded a shallow curve, there appeared, precipitously, against the night ahead, spelled out in letters of wavering blue neon, the name of Frank's Service.

As they drew nearer, the scene produced other lights, first as a radiant mass and then as a series of single, naked bulbs suspended against the night on invisible wires. Four of these illuminated a brief row of gas pumps which appeared at the centre of a semicircular yard of hard-packed dirt. Another picked out the disordered interior of a small office that doubled as a parts room.

Others lighted, not too successfully, the unlovely reaches of an attached garage, a gloomy, grease-and-oil-spattered cavern of raw wood, lined around with rough, unpainted work-benches and begrimed testing equipment. The right half of the shop was occupied by a disembowelled jalopy that straddled an old-fashioned work pit, the left was vacant. The establishment, as the pickup led them into the yard, appeared to be quite deserted.

Winnie, setting the brake, glanced back at Karen, then turned her attention ahead. She had managed very efficiently to block any communication between Karen and the old man back on the highway, and her glance was a clear reminder that the same state of affairs would prevail now. But Karen, having convinced herself of the identity of the men in the blue sedan, didn't care. She didn't want trouble with Winnie now any more than Winnie wanted it with her. Unconcernedly, she leaned forward to make sure that Connie was still asleep.

Ahead, the horn of the pickup sounded, and a moment later, magically, a slender figure in grimy work clothes appeared at the mouth of the garage. He stood looking out for a moment in an attitude of mild inquiry, and then lounged forward.

As he emerged into the area of light at the pumps he proved to be younger than he had appeared at a distance. His hair was dark brown or black, his face undistinguished but pleasant. Stopping beside the pumps where he could see who was there, he wiped his hands with slow thoroughness on a rag already black with grime, nodded to the old man, who by now had emerged from the pickup.

"Marv," he said, "how are you?"

The old man, his faded bib overalls shifting loosely upon his rangy frame as he walked, approached the young man, nodded. "Hi, Frank. Brought you some customers here, these ladies. Pulled them out of the ditch back a way. Had a blowout."

The young man, who had already noticed the damaged front of the car, nodded in return. "Lamps knocked out?"

The old man gave a grunt of assent. "They're in a big hurry to get on. Got a youngster with them, a little girl. I told them if anybody could set them back on the road tonight, it 'ud be you. So don't you go an make me out a liar."

The young man came forward to the car, and without even a glance toward Winnie or Karen knelt down before it. "I can fix them up with lights, if that's all they want." He said this from somewhere out of sight and then straightened into view again. "I don't know if I've got the exact right frames, and maybe it won't look too neat, but I can make them stay, all right. They can take care of the bodywork any time."

He turned away then and faced back to the old man. "You bring me those gears I've been wanting from your old bus?"

"Got them in the truck. That's what I come down for. I knew you were wanting them. Hold on, I'll get them."

The old man retreated to the pickup and returned a moment later holding out something loosely wrapped in newspaper. "These do you?"

The young man nodded toward the office. "Let's take them inside." As they started away, he flicked an oblique glance in Winnie's direction. "Be right with you people. You want to pull 'er up in the shop there, I'll get right on 'er."

Inside the office the two men bent down over the package which the old man had put down on a scarred and littered desk just inside the front window. As they did so Winnie backed the car around and headed it toward the garage. Karen, turning her gaze back toward the darkened highway, wondered if the men in the blue sedan were out there now, watching.

Absently, the thought came to her that perhaps if she could just find some way to let them know that she was aware of them and what they were doing, and to assure them of her co-operation, they would be able to move in and apprehend Winnie right away. Just the thought of finally being free of Winnie and the strain of the last couple of days brought her a wonderful feeling of release.

And then as they entered the gloomy precincts of the garage, she was jarred back into the present and reality. Again Winnie turned to look back at her.

"Just take it easy, huh?" she said.

"Yes . . ." Karen said, and then looked around at the sound of approaching footsteps to see the old man coming toward them. "Of course."

"You ladies are in good hands now," he said, leaning down to Winnie's window. "Frank'll take good care of you." He shifted his gaze from Karen to Winnie and he grinned. "Only thing about Frank is he's just plumb backwards with the ladies. You notice he wouldn't look straight at you out there in the yard? Scared to death. You want to have a little fun while you're here just you let on like you're setting your cap for him." He let out a small snicker of amusement. "But don't let on I told you. The little girl, there, conked out on you, did she?"

Winnie nodded. "Guess all the excitement wore her out."

Karen leaned forward from the back seat. "I wish you'd let me give you a little something for all your trouble. It really isn't right . . ."

"Oh, no," the old man said, holding up a work-hardened hand, "no, siree. I wouldn't think of it. I got to skeedaddle now, so you ladies take care of yourselves and stay out of them ditches. And you remember what I said about old Frank."

He ambled away. A moment later there was the sound of the pickup starting up, and Karen looked out the rear window to see it pull away from in front of the pumps, making a tight turn on to the highway. As it moved off out of sight, the young man came into the garage, proceeded silently to the front of the car, subjected it to a second closer inspection, again without a word or a glance for Winnie or Karen, and moved away to the nearest work-bench.

Winnie put her head out the window.

"Any place to eat around here anywhere?" she asked.

The young man turned, met her gaze as if by accident, flushed and looked quickly away again. "No, ma'am," he said, "I'm 'fraid there isn't. All there is is a soft-drink machine out front and a machine for candy bars. That's all."

With a resigned shrug, Winnie opened the door. "Let's get a drink. I'm dry." She glanced back at Connie for a moment. "Dead to the world. Hasn't been getting her beauty sleep lately, huh?"

"She's used to a nap," Karen said, "ordinarily."

They found the machine at the front of the office, to the right of the door under the window. Opposite were a pair of weathered straight-backed chairs that faced out to the pumps and the highway. Winnie, when she had got a bottle from the machine and opened it, crossed to the nearest of the chairs, and with an audible groan sank down into it. Karen, taking a dime from her bag, moved up to the machine.

At the same time her gaze reached idly into the office and the desk, brushed quickly past the gears the old man had brought and the smudged newspaper on which they rested, and lifted to the fan belts that hung from the ceiling from nails set into one of the rafters like a row of strange, orderly bats.

"Out of dimes?"

KAREN looked around and shook her head. "I've got one."

Joining Winnie, she took the other chair and settled back. The night seemed to have grown warmer, or perhaps she was just getting used to the cold. She took a bit of the bittersweet liquid into her mouth and looked out into the far darkness beyond the highway. Were they really out there? she wondered. Was one of them watching her now, perhaps, following every movement through a pair of high-powered field-glasses? The thought brought to her an odd feeling of self-consciousness, and she smiled faintly at the dogged persistence of feminine vanity, even in a time of crisis.

"You go for this, huh?"

Karen looked around. "What?"

"This jazz." Winnie nodded in the direction Karen had been looking. "Nature and fresh air and all that—the wide open spaces. Well, I'll tell you, you can have my share. It makes me nervous."

Karen looked at the woman, studied the line of her profile, saw the play of light on her face. She looked at her and felt a rising indignation, remembering with sudden bitterness her determination to be fair in her attitudes toward her, and how she had refused to let herself be critical.

"I'm a city gal, and no mistake," Winnie was saying. "I'd go psycho without the lights and the racket and all the rest. Everybody going somewhere, moving along, laughing it up, that's what I like. I just eat it up. I'm not like you, I want to live high, wide, and handsome." Catching sight of some distant vision, she turned her gaze outward again into the night. "And, man, oh, man, that's sure what I'm going to do from now on."

Everybody laughing, Karen thought, having fun. Those were the standards by which this woman lived, this grasping, irresponsible child-woman who would do anything to have her own way.

"I could even go to Europe on one of those big boats. You know that? When I get the cash, I can do any damn thing I want. Oh, wouldn't that be something, though, me jazzing around in all those famous places—Rome and

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The love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life, which come to everyone, for hours of delight.

Montesquieu

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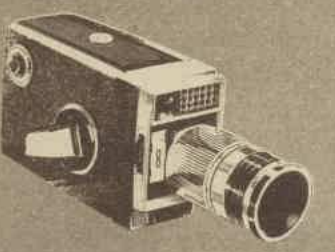

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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Paris and—that place where Ava Gardner lives—that Spanish place? I'll get myself fixed up so I'll look real good like I used to. That's what I'll do first. And then, with my personality, I can get along great anywhere. I never have any trouble with anybody. You know why? I like people. I like them, and so they like me back. I'm not like you, all so polite—"

"You *like* people?" Karen stared at her, breathless with anger, unable to hold the words back. "You fool . . . you childish, weak-minded fool . . . !"

Winnie's eyes snapped around at her, wide with surprise. "H e y, n o w look——"

"You fool," Karen said again. "How do you dare to sit there and tell me such a thing? You *like* people. You're going to go to Europe and be beautiful and have a wonderful, romantic time. You're going to have fun! You're a murderess. You've actually killed another human being. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Now you just wait a minute, you——!"

"No, you wait a minute," Karen snapped. "I suppose I should try to understand you. That's the way it's done, isn't it? I'm supposed to understand that you're a poor unhappy, tormented soul, and do what I can to make you happy again. Your crimes are supposed to be on my conscience, not yours. Everyone and everything's to blame but you—your parents, society, the national economy, the foreign policy, and the atom bomb. I'm supposed to blame all these things and myself, but never you.

"Well, I do blame you. I blame you and no one and nothing else. You're a criminal. That's a fact. You're a murderess and a thief.

"And more than that, you're stupid and ignorant and—inferior to the good people in this world! You're not worth anybody's sympathy and understanding — especially mine!"

SHE broke off, frightened suddenly at her own words and at the inner violence that had provoked them. She shrank back in her chair as Winnie, now on her feet, faced her, eyes blazing, her hand jammed deeply into the pocket of her coat.

"Who's asking you for sympathy?" she said. "Or any damn thing at all! Where do you get off, trying to put me down? You! Any more lip like that and you'll have to start sympathising with yourself — and that kid of yours. Just don't forget it!"

For an interval they were silent, simply staring at each other with open, wordless hatred. Finally, with a small snort of contempt, Winnie turned away.

"You just watch it, sister," she said. "You mess up again and you're going to wish you'd never been born."

Karen watched with uneasiness as Winnie moved off in agitation toward the pumps. It was useless; how could you ever hope to reach a woman like that, with her cheap little fantasies of self-escape and rose-tinted adventures in foreign lands? She had no conception of what she had really done, no realisation that she was a wanted criminal now and that the least of her day-dreams had very little hope of coming true. Perhaps she should feel sorry for her — at least that — particularly now, knowing what the ending would be.

A car passed on the highway, drawing her attention back in that direction. Did the men in the blue sedan know that she and Winnie had exchanged words? Were they watching that closely? She was certain they were there now; she could almost feel their presence. Would they have intervened, she wondered, if Winnie had produced the gun from her pocket. She was thinking about this when Winnie returned to the chair at her side, and in a mood of hostile silence sat down again.

Minutes passed, and the silence between them continued. Twice Karen tried to begin a conversation, but Winnie steadfastly refused to respond. Connie was evidently still asleep in the car, since she failed to put in an appearance. Nearly an hour passed, or what seemed to be an hour, before the young mechanic, wiping his hands on the same filthy rag, emerged from the shop and came unhurriedly toward them.

"Well," he said, "you've got lights now, anyway. When you get to where you're going to stop you'll need new housings, but you can take care of that when you get the bodywork done." He paused, smiled with awkward uncertainty, and nodded toward the office. "You'll excuse me, I'll just step inside and figure up what to charge you. I expect you want to get rolling, it's getting so late."

Winnie got up and followed the young man into the office, Karen close behind. They waited together inside the door as he opened the drawer of the desk, took out a book of receipts, and leaned down to write.

It was a moment before Karen saw it. She had been following the movement of the young man's hand across the desk, past the gears and the soiled newspaper, to a parts catalogue at the outer edge, when her gaze was diverted to the newspaper and the photograph at the top of the exposed page. Even then, in that first moment, recognition was delayed, and she started to look away. But then she saw the heading, WOMAN MISSING IN McCARREN THEFT, and with a thrill of discovery she looked back again.

Her gaze darted to the face of the young man. The picture was almost directly in front of him, within inches of his lowered head, and for all of Winnie's attempted disguise, the resemblance was unmistakable. Karen experienced a curious mixture of emotions. Her first reaction was purely instinctive, a desperate anxiety for the young man to see the picture and do something to extricate her and Connie from Winnie's threat. But then she thought of the men in the blue sedan, and how everything they were planning might be spoiled. If they were there . . .

If they were there . . . if . . . Suddenly, catapulted by this new possibility of escape back to the region of hard, cold reality, she had to confess to herself at last that she had no proof that the men were there at all. She had simply convinced herself that they were there because she had wanted them to be there so terribly. If she let this chance slip by and then found out she had been wrong . . .

She looked around at Winnie, whose attention, for the moment, was on the parts bins at the back of the office. If she could just manage to draw the young man's attention to the picture, get him to look up from his chore with the catalogue. . . .

"Is the little girl still asleep?" she asked suddenly. "Did you notice?"

The moment he looked up she tried to catch his eyes and hold them, just long enough to direct his gaze with her own down to the picture. But almost at once the young man flushed and looked away.

"I guess she is," he said. "I didn't hear her peep while I was working on the car. I guess she must really be——"

Karen, aware of a movement from Winnie, looked around in her direction. They exchanged glances and then Winnie shifted her gaze alertly to the young man. And held it there. Karen looked back again quickly.

It was all there, nakedly, in the young man's all-too-innocent face as he looked up at Winnie. He had seen the picture, then, as he had returned to his work. Outlined all too plainly in his lean features was recognition and dumb incredulity.

"Why—" he began and then stopped.

Now was the moment, Karen suddenly knew, the moment when she must do something, must act, to throw the balance in the right direction. But what was she to do? Her panicked thoughts refused to assemble themselves into any coherent pattern of reason or action. Unable to think, she simply stood there, staring frozenly at the young man as, wretchedly, in a pitiful attempt at subterfuge, he tore the page upon which he had been writing from the receipt pad and held it out, almost in a gesture of pleading, to Winnie.

"Here's your bill, lady," he said.

In the moment that followed no one moved. Then Winnie turned briefly to Karen.

"Stand back from this, you."

"Lady, now—" Whatever the young man meant to say was lost in an odd choking sound as his gaze fell to the gun which had suddenly appeared in Winnie's hand.

"Son," Winnie said evenly, "you just ran out of luck."

The young man shook his head in stunned disbelief. Ridiculously, he offered the bill again. "Lady," he said in a hoarse whisper, "now you got no cause to——"

"Shut up," Winnie said almost gently. "Just keep quiet and get on out here." She motioned toward the door.

"Winnie . . . !" Karen moved forward in thoughtless distraction. Were they really there, the men in the blue sedan, or had she only wished them to be? Were they on their way out of the darkness, like providence itself, to stop the awful thing that was about to happen, or were they miles and miles away, unknowing and unconcerned strangers?

"You stay back, dammit," Winnie snapped. "I'm telling you for the last time . . . "

"But, Winnie," Karen protested weakly, "he hasn't got anything to do——"

"Lady," the young man said, his face drawn and dead looking under the overhead light, "if it's money you want—the till's right there. I'll open it for you and you can help yourself. I won't make a move to stop you. I don't want any trouble. You take what you want and go on your way. I won't do a thing to get in your road . . . "

Karen could see the tension coursing through Winnie, the fear and petulant self-justification taking possession of her, making right in her own mind what she had already decided to do. She strained, even at this last moment, for some sound from outside, some sign of approach, but the whole world seemed to have gone silent; not even a car passed out on the highway. And then she knew that she could not, must not, simply stand there and see the young man led away to his death without some intervention.

Knowing only that, she lunged forward, striking out at the gun in Winnie's extended hand. In the blur that followed she was aware of a shout from the young man and his forward rush from around the desk.

For one long nightmarish moment they grappled together, the three of them, in silent desperation, Karen clinging with mindless tenacity to the gun, trying to wrest it from Winnie's hand. And then, as Winnie lunged suddenly against her, she lost her balance and toppled backward. She struck against the desk and reached out to it in an attempt to catch herself.

She fell to her knees, jarringly, aware of the increased sounds of struggle just behind her. Pulling herself to her feet, she turned to see that they were in the doorway now, framed there in a weird composition of mortal struggle against the tangle of light and dark outside. Karen had one flashing glimpse of Winnie's face, of strong white teeth

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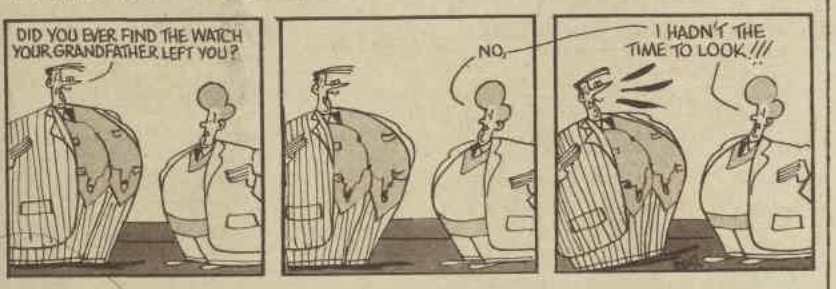
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*



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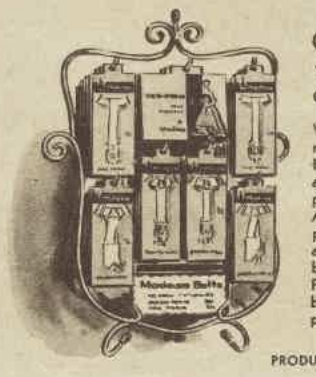

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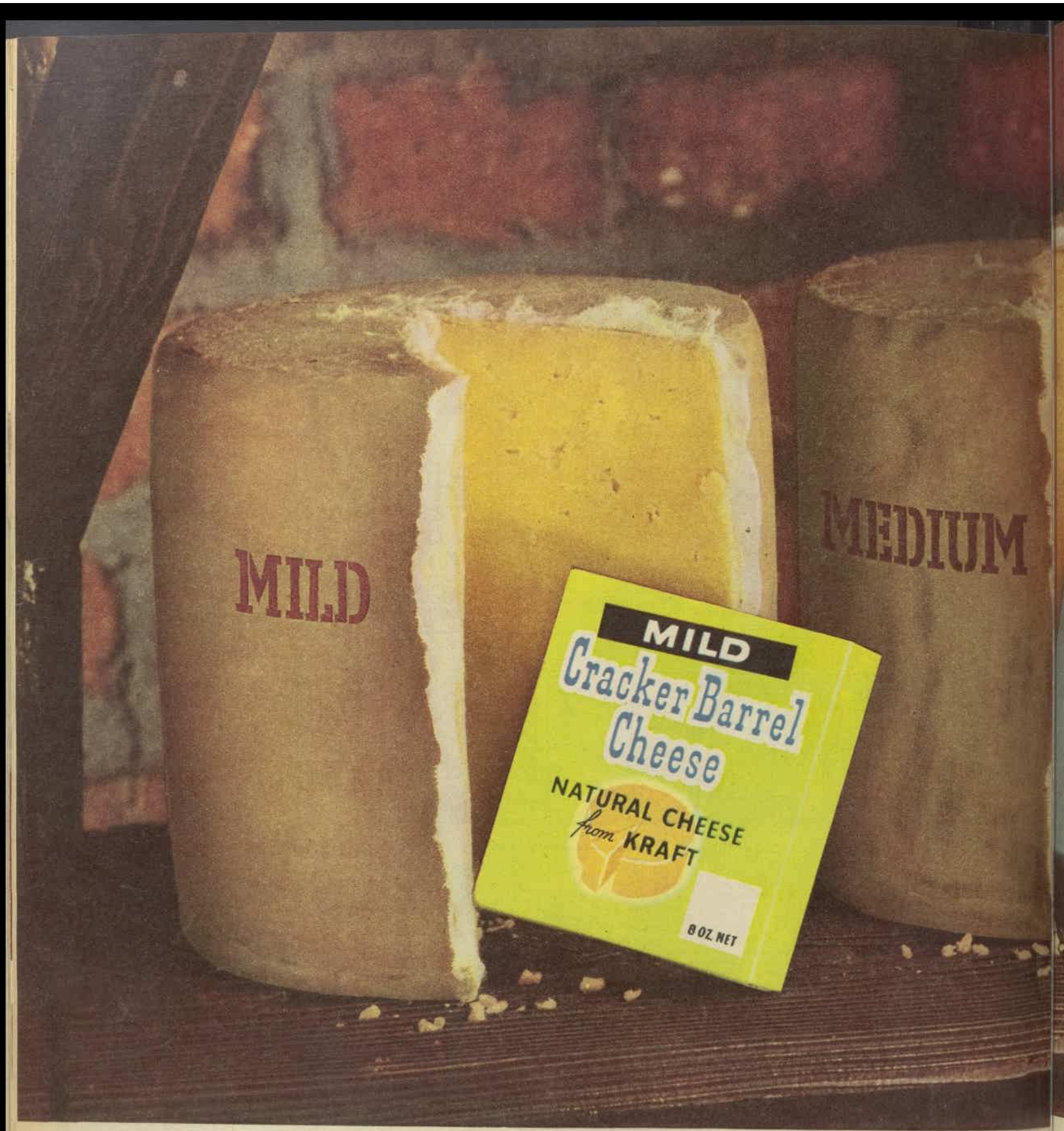

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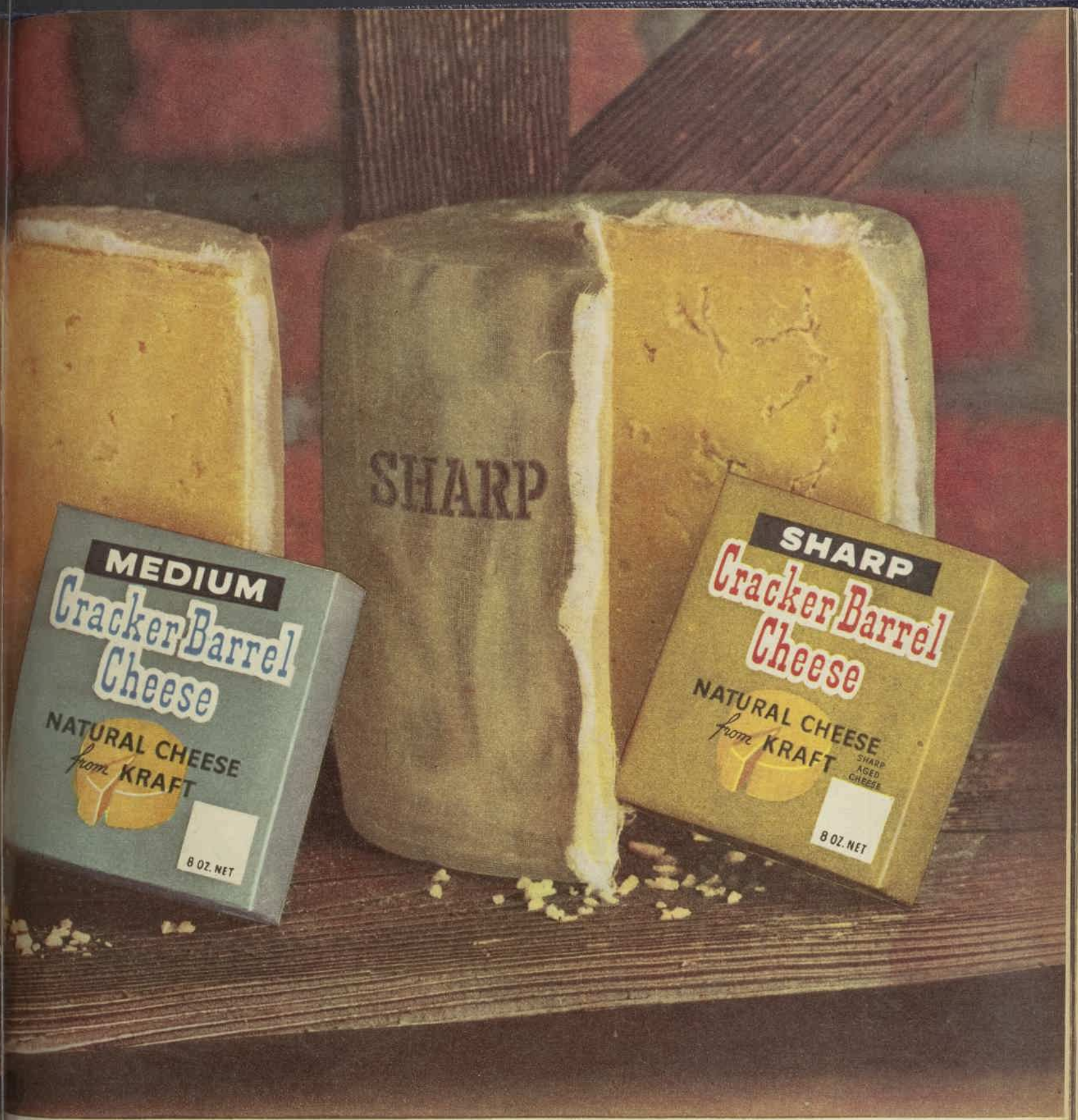

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 85

hideously bared between tautened lips, and then they lurched through the door and out into the yard.

For the moment, in the grip of an insane bemusement, she was unable to move. Then, by main force, she made herself turn and look back into the room. Find something, her dazed reason commanded her, grab up anything and run. Quick, be quick! Her gaze fell to the gears on the desk and she reached out with both hands and grasped up the one on top.

The cold weight of the metal, as if she had suddenly grasped reality itself, brought her back to a full knowledge of the awfulness that was happening and the need to do something at once. Holding the gear before her, she whirled about and ran.

She had taken only a few steps when the deafening sound of the gun stopped her. She stood there gaping, holding the filthy gear before her like some bizarre offering to the night itself, as the struggling figures parted and one of them toppled to the ground.

"Come here!" Winnie said, turning back to her. "Get over here and give me a hand."

Karen shook her head, unable even now really to believe what had happened. "No," she whispered, "No . . ."

Winnie came toward her swiftly, her footsteps silent on the hard-packed dirt. In a single stroke she knocked the gear from Karen's hand and gripped her arm.

"Come on, you—!"

Karen, unable to resist, let herself be dragged across to pumps and to the fallen figure that lay at the other side.

"He's—he looks dead," she whispered.

BREATHING heavily, Winnie stood for a moment, then, crossing around, she leaned down to the body and took hold of it beneath the arms. "We've got to get him inside."

Karen backed away. "No . . . I . . ."

Winnie looked up at her, eyes ablaze. "Get over here. Now move!"

Compelled by Winnie's ferocity, Karen moved forward and bent down to the dead man. She started to reach out to him, but at the sight of his staring, lifeless face she pulled back again.

"Grab hold!" Winnie snapped. "Someone could pull in here any minute."

Karen forced herself to reach out and take hold of the man's feet. As Winnie started to rise there was a sudden shifting of the body, and she felt a wave of nausea.

"Mother!" A voice called out suddenly. "Mother!"

In unison they froze where they were, then looked toward the shop. Connie was outlined there dimly, just inside the entrance, against the car, looking very small and frightened. They themselves were screened from her sight, for the moment, by the pumps.

"Get back!" Karen cried out instinctively. "Get back in the car and stay there. I'll come in a minute!"

The child turned in their direction and started forward. "Where is this place?" she asked querulously. "There was a big noise—"

"Get back in the car!" Karen called out more urgently. "Please, sweetheart, don't argue!"

Connie stopped, arrested by her tone. "Where's Aunt Winnie?"

"I'm here," Winnie called out. "Do what your mother tells you. Now go on."

Connie hesitated, moved a hand to her eyes in an attempt to see where they were. Then she made a small movement of acquiescence. "All right," she said, turning back, "but I'm hungry . . ."

They watched the child out of sight, waited until they heard the slam of the car door.

"Come on!" Winnie said.

When they had finally managed to get the body into the office and deposited on the floor, Winnie pointed to a panel of switches on Karen's side of the door. "Turn those off."

As Karen pressed the switches, the lights blinked swiftly out, in the yard, in the office, in the shop. The last to fade into darkness was the waving blue neon sign on the roof. Karen moved out through the door, felt the touch of Winnie's hand on her shoulder, heard the slam of the door and the snap of the lock.

"Okay," Winnie said, "let's get out of here. Of all the damn luck . . .!"

As they moved off in the direction of the garage, Karen looked out toward the highway, lost now completely in darkness—as were the two men in the mysterious blue sedan—who might just as well have never been at all.

. . . . .

Gar, looking out along the brief length of the town's main street, brought his hand down flatly on the wheel with a smart slap of impatience. The movie house had turned out its lights over an hour ago, and now the place where they had eaten dinner had also gone dark. The only places left open were the bowling-alley bar and the hamburger place in the next block.

"What happened to those women, Gar?"

"Maybe the car was banged up worse than we thought."

"It was still growling good last we saw."

"Could be they found out they had to send for parts, something like that. In a nowhere place like this—"

"Hey, that's them, isn't it?"

They watched as the car appeared under the most distant street light, hesitated at the stop sign, then came on toward them.

"Now we sit while they eat," Haggy said.

"Just hamburgers. They've still got to find some place to stay."

The car continued along the street, passed them, and entered the next block. Moving now at a steady clip, it was past the hamburger joint and into the gloom beyond almost before they realised it.

"Hey," Gar said, grabbing for the ignition, "they aren't stopping for anything."

. . . . .

Mrs. Spence took the hospital receipts from her bag, checked them to make sure they were all there, and placed them on the bureau.

"Johnny will want these."

She turned to Faye, who, now ensconced in her own bed, seemed unable to take her eyes from the slumbering infant in the bassinet. "He was so disappointed that he couldn't come himself. He had it all planned, bringing you and the baby home."

Faye looked up vaguely and nodded. 'Do you think it will mark him? I mean psychologically?"

Mrs. Spence, who had already started out to the living-room, turned back in surprise. "Johnny? Will what mark him, for heaven's sake?"

"Not Johnny, the baby. The trip home, all the traffic and noise and confusion. For the rest of his life will he go into a trauma at the sight of a bus? You just don't know about anything when you're a parent, do you? It is confusing, isn't it?"

Mrs. Spence nodded. "If you let it be, yes, it's confusing. And only one thing is really certain; you're going to make mistakes no matter how you try. So you might as well just relax and enjoy your child. And perhaps that's the best system of all. You weigh and consider and you think you've filled up all the empty places. I thought I had with Karen . . . and then when it's out of your hands . . . Well, you just do your best and hope it will help your child to be happy."

Faye, watching her mother closely, frowned. "What's up, Mum? You might as well tell me."

"What?"

"Look, something's wrong. I knew it the minute you showed up today. Now what is it?"

Mrs. Spence made a gesture, hesitated. "Well," she said finally, "I suppose it's nothing, really, but — well, Dan called last night. He tried to get me earlier—"

"Dan called?"

"Yes. He wanted to know if I had heard from Karen. He hasn't talked to her, not since Monday night, and he's worried to death, I can tell. They've had some trouble—well, it's been going on for some time—and he thought she might have changed her mind about making the move to California. Anyway, she did call while he was out, Wednesday evening, and left a message that she would call back the next evening—and he hasn't heard a word since. I know he was trying not to worry me, but—Faye, what is it? What's the matter?"

Faye stared at her mother, her lips parted as if in silent exclamation. But then she shook her head. "It isn't anything, really. It couldn't be. I didn't tell you, but just before Karen called the hospital the other night, I saw a picture of this woman on television, this Rita Sears they're looking for . . ."

"The woman in the paper? The one you showed me just before you had to go to the hospital?"

"Yes, it's the weirdest thing." Faye repeated her conversation with Karen and told about Karen's reaction of amusement. "It was just a silly idea I had, I guess. But, still, it gave me a funny feeling just now. . . . But if she and Dan had a fight—"

"But they didn't have a fight, it wasn't anything like that. Faye, when you first saw this woman on television you were positive it was Winnie White, weren't you? That was your first impression, wasn't it?"

"Well, yes, but — oh, I didn't mean to scare you. It was just one of those things that happen, I suppose, when you're feeling all confused and emotional."

Mrs. Spence's eyes searched Faye's face, as if for some sign of reassurance. Then, abruptly, she turned away.

"What are you going to do? Mother . . . ?"

Mrs. Spence turned back at the doorway. "I'm going to call the police, of course."

"But, Mother . . . !"

"I know, I know. There's probably nothing to it, and they'll probably think I'm a silly, hysterical woman. But it won't hurt them to get in touch with the White man at the apartment house and have him verify his sister's identity." She moved away into the living-room.

. . . . .

The man was small but neatly and compactly put together, so that he gave an impression of sureness and durability. His eyes were dark

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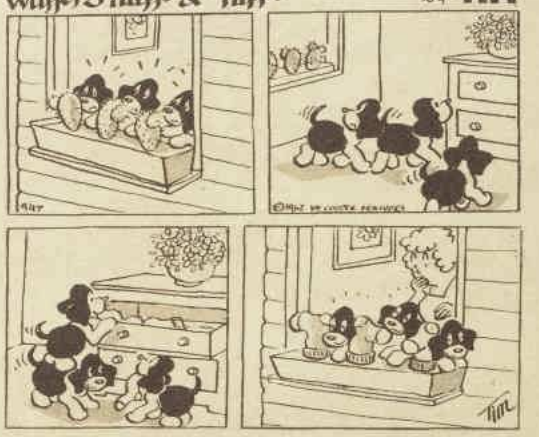
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



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—Isaiah 55.3.

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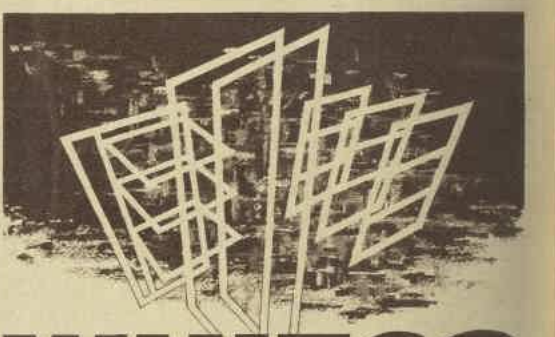

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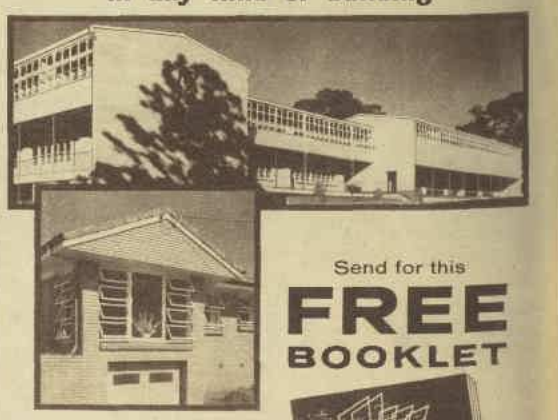

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Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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and intentionally direct. He spoke in a voice suited to facts, level and constrained, containing almost no emotional coloring. His name was Harold Cavey and, according to the identification he had presented to Dan upon arrival, he was from the FBI.

"If you should hear from your wife, if you should have any communication from her at all, even through a third party, I want you to call this number immediately." With a blunt finger he tapped the small white card he had placed before Dan on the desk. "The minute you hear, call. Don't delay for anything."

Dan stared down at the card, unable quite yet to believe the things Mr. Cavey had told him. He had been worried these last two days, very worried, but never had he imagined that Karen and Connie could be mixed up with anything like this. It wasn't possible that such things could happen to his wife and child, it just wasn't possible. He looked up dazedly at Mr. Cavey.

"But you'll find them," he insisted, "you've got to."

"We certainly mean to, Mr. Howard," Mr. Cavey said. "But we've just started looking. I came to you almost at once, as soon as we had received word of what had happened from the East. They've been out on the road for five days now, and this is a big country. If they've been driving steadily, they could even be here in Los Angeles right now. The woman intended to unload the jewellery, we know that much."

Dan nodded uncertainly. "What can I do to help? What do you want me to tell you?"

"You said you heard from your wife on Monday evening. Now exactly what did she say to you?"

Dan took in a deep breath, let it out again slowly. It was hard to think of anything else, knowing that Karen and Connie were in danger, hard to remain calm and composed.

"She—she called to tell me that she and Connie were on their way out here to Los Angeles." He looked up, aware of a new quickness in Mr. Cavey's gaze. "We'd had to change our plans several times," he explained, "and—well, I guess Karen just got—impatient and decided to come on out — on her own. That's all we talked about, really."

"But she did tell you about the Sears woman, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes. She said there was someone with them — naturally. She said it was Mr. White's sister — and that they were sharing the driving. She called her some name . . . I don't remember what it was."

"Winnie? Winnie White?"

"Yes, Yes, that was it — Winnie."

"But there was nothing to suggest that your wife was aware of this woman's real identity — or that she was afraid or worried?"

Dan's frown deepened. He hadn't really listened to Karen at all that night; he had been too wrapped up in his own affairs, too concerned with the fact that Mr. Cooper was being inconvenienced by her call, too annoyed.

"I'm afraid there wasn't anything I noticed."

"You said she called from Pittsburgh?"

"Yes. Or—wait a minute—no, I remember, she said they had passed Pittsburgh. They were at some motel."

"But you don't know which one? She didn't mention the name?"

"I—no, I don't believe so." Dan made a small gesture of apology. "She might have, I just don't remember."

Mr. Cavey gazed at him unwaveringly for a moment, as if in annoyance. "Did you speak to your daughter?"

"I—" Dan shook his head. "No, it was late . . ."

"Did you ask to speak to her?"

DAN put a hand out to his desk, carefully. "No, I didn't. As I said it was late and—well, I was preoccupied with other things. I don't remember whether we actually talked about Connie at all or not."

Mr. Cavey leaned back in his chair. "Now, Mr. Howard, the Sears woman is using your wife and daughter as a cover to get her across the country. That much is obvious. That means that they are indispensable to her, at least for the time being, and therefore not likely to be harmed by her. There's every possibility, actually, that your wife and daughter are completely unaware of who the woman is and are enjoying a relaxed, pleasant drive out here. It's to Rita Sears' advantage that they should be."

"But not hearing from Karen like this . . ."

"You said she called Wednesday evening and left a message for you."

"Yes, but she said she'd call back and she didn't."

"That needn't necessarily be significant. There are all sorts of perfectly ordinary things that might have prevented her calling. But the point is that you may very easily hear from her today. And if you do, the burden will be on you to handle the call in the proper way. It wouldn't be wise, I think, to alarm your wife by tipping her off. She could get upset, particularly with the child there, and do something foolish. And make no mistake, Rita Sears is deadly dangerous. If things are as we hope they are, they're best left that way.

"The ideal, of course, would be for them to complete a perfectly normal journey, part company when they arrive here in Los Angeles, and leave us a clear path to Rita. So if you do hear from your wife you must have a perfectly normal conversation with her, except that you must find out, as nearly as you can without arousing suspicion, exactly where they are and what route they're taking. Let it go at that, don't try for anything else. Leave the rest of it up to us."

"Yes, of course, but—" Dan broke off as the telephone rang with a sudden shrillness.

"I have a call for Mr. Cavey, Mr. Howard," Miss Pauley said briskly, "the gentleman who's with you now. It's urgent."

Dan thanked her and reached the phone across the desk to Mr. Cavey. "It's for you."

Mr. Cavey accepted the instrument without surprise, and as he talked Dan seized upon the opportunity to sort out his panicked thoughts. His first reactions were of fright, for Karen and Connie, and of self-recrimination, but recognising these feelings as wasteful emotional indulgences, he refused to let them take hold of him. It was quite possible, just as Mr Cavey suggested, that Karen and Connie, blissfully unaware and offering no threat to the Sears woman, were perfectly safe.

But that wasn't the only possibility. Mr. Cavey could be as confident as he liked about Karen's silence, but he didn't know Karen, didn't know of the difficulties that had existed between her and Dan lately. Dan could not lull himself into a feeling of complacency. Something had gone wrong, he had known it for days now, even without the knowledge of this dangerous involvement with Rita Sears. But what could he do about it?

As Mr. Cavey concluded his conversation, something in his expression made Dan feel a new quickening of fear. "Is there news?" he asked.

Mr. Cavey sighed, as if he had been holding his breath against some pending decision. "I don't like to tell you this, Mr. Howard . . ."

"Have they found them?"

Mr. Cavey shook his head. "No, not yet. But we've got our lead. Much sooner, I must say, than we had expected."

"But what's wrong?"

Mr. Cavey paused, then went on. A young man, he said, Frank Opel, had been found shot to death this morning at his place of business, a garage-service station about a hundred miles east of Denver, on Highway 36. Later in the day a rancher, Marvin Bundy, had turned up with a story about two women and a little girl whose car he had pulled out of a ditch and whom he had led to Opel's garage for repairs.

The women and the child answered to the general descriptions of Karen and Rita Sears and Connie, and the car checked out, too.

The time of death appeared to be some time around midnight, a time at which they could very likely have still been at the garage.

"On the desk in Opel's office," Mr. Cavey said, getting to his feet, "there was an old newspaper with Rita Sears' picture on the front page. When they got our bulletin on Sears up there, they put two and two together and got in touch. I'm

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 21

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, orange, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ A romantically hectic week—new and sudden ties could be formed, old associations abruptly terminated. There will be the urge to splurge. Watch your money and your impulses.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, blue, orange. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ Abrupt endings to romances, lovers' quarrels, a tendency to paint the town red, and financial loss are all indicated toward the end of the week. Friction with friends.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, pink, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Until Sunday the stars favor romance, finance, and partnership. From then on the Gemian enters turbulent waters. Marriage matters are threatened, so sit tight.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ A romantic episode on Sunday could be threatened with bad temper. Monday and Tuesday are adverse. Watch health, expenditure, and your job. Don't quarrel, and drive carefully.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, orange. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ A Jekyll and Hyde week. It begins propitiously for romance, finance, speculation, and courtship; later all affairs encounter adverse influences. There could be loss through fire or theft.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Little emphasis on romance this week, but there are favorable vibrations for things of the mind on Saturday. After Sunday destructive aspects will tax your self-control.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, pink, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Saturday and Sunday are your best days—one for finance, the other for travelling and seeing relatives. From Monday on watch your job, health, the enmity of others.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, green. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ Saturday could prove an unusually romantic day. Make the most of it, because Cupid begins to take a hiding from then on. Don't speculate, watch your purse, start nothing new.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gamb. colors, red, turquoise. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ On Friday you enter an ascendant cycle, but it would be fatal to begin anything new in this period. Prepare to control your impatience and impulses. Just take it easy for a while.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, pink. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ The week has one romantic high-spot—Saturday. Use your caution and patience on Monday and Tuesday. Beware of accidents and enmity. You could benefit from friends.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ Until Sunday love, courtship, luck, and marriage are favored. Then the picture suddenly reverses. Adverse influences cause disruption, friends could involve you in strife.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gamb. colors, green, cerise. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ A pleasant weekend, then a period of turmoil. Old partnerships could be abruptly severed. There could be sudden changes in matters affecting career and marriage relationships.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 90

sorry, Mr. Howard, but that just about knocks our hopes for a nice quiet trip for your wife and daughter right into a cocked hat, doesn't it?"

Dan stared up at the man. The room appeared suddenly to be closing in on him; he couldn't seem to breathe properly.

"What—what are you going to do?"

"Try to pick them up. If they left Opel's garage some time around midnight and continued to drive straight through the night, they must be about two or three hundred miles this side of Denver by now. We can safely assume they're still headed in this direction, I think."

"But there isn't—"

"Every law - enforcement agent in the area will be alerted just as soon as possible. They'll be given full descriptions. The car is damaged now, a crumpled fender, a smashed grille, so it should be easy to spot. It probably won't be long before we get some action."

"And then what?"

"Whoever spots the car will have instructions to just put out the information, so that it will be checked through from then on, town to town. Meanwhile, we'll get ready for them. If possible we'd like to check them through to the California border and pick them up there. They have to stop at the inspection station there, and it should be safer. We'll probably be able to close in on the Sears woman before she realises what's going on."

"But — something could happen, couldn't it—something could go wrong before they ever get that far?"

"Something can always go wrong, of course. If there's any sort of—incident—I'll get there myself just as fast as I can. And you can be sure I'll see to it personally that you're kept informed. But let's not ask for trouble we don't have yet. Now I've got to get going."

Dan got up quickly and followed the man to the door. "Mr. Cavey . . ."

Mr. Cavey stopped, looked back at him. "Yes?"

"If you do get word in time—and you go to—to pick them up—you could take me along, couldn't you? I could help, maybe—I could identify the car. And Karen—this must be terrible for her, going through a thing like this . . ."

A flicker of expression came into Mr. Cavey's face, but it passed too swiftly for identification.

"If it should develop that you're needed for—some reason, then, yes, you'll be taken along. Meanwhile, in any case, you'll be notified. That's all I can promise you."

Dan, alone suddenly in the stillness of the office, turned back to his desk with an odd feeling of disembodiment. For all the violent discord he felt inside, there was no sound anywhere. Even his footsteps, falling on the thick, rich pile of the carpet, were perfectly silent.

. . . . . .

The scene outside was less majestic now than the one through which they had travelled during the night.

Some time after two in the morning they had passed through Denver, stopping at a remote all-night diner, where Karen had got sandwiches and coffee and milk for them to take along in the car. On leaving the city Winnie had taken Route 6, which reached west, on a southward slant, into Utah. Around four thirty, in the darkest and coldest hours of the night, they had passed the summit of the Great Divide.

Shortly after that, making sure that Connie, now asleep in the back, was tightly wrapped up, Karen, leaning back on the seat next to Winnie, closed her eyes in an attempt to get some sleep herself. Using the time they had lost in the accident as an excuse, she had tried to explain to Connie, against her fretful protests, why it was necessary for them to keep on travelling like this. In the end Connie had given in, but only on the assurance that it would bring them to California and Dan much sooner than they had planned.

Karen had dozed then, fitfully, close always on the edge of waking, and when just a couple of hours later the first rays of the morning sun came into the car, she awakened fully and stayed awake. As she turned and saw Winnie at the wheel, she was stung anew with the frightfulness of the thing that had happened back there in the night.

Once she had believed there would never be another moment in her life as terrible as the one in which she had learned of Dan's relationship with Hazel Conway. How silly, she thought now, what a trivial thing Dan's little, human mistake had been. All that had been needed to put things right again was a little forgiveness, for the greater damage had been done only to her vanity.

But back there, in the night, a man had been killed, a life cancelled out as if it had never been, and no amount of forgiveness and belated understanding or anything at all could ever, ever restore it. Please, Karen thought in desperate supplication, let us be together again — Dan and Connie and me—and nothing will ever separate us again. I won't let it.

They passed through a town, hushed and pink with the light of sunrise, a cluster of tidy buildings dwarfed against a rugged, rocky countryside, casting long, brave shadows across the highway. Karen, checking their location on the map, discovered that they were travelling toward Utah in a northerly direction, headed evidently either for Provo or Salt Lake City.

Shudderingly, she wondered if anyone had arrived at the garage yet, if anyone had looked through the unwashed window of the office and seen the thing they had left sprawled on the floor.

Less than an hour later they came to another town, found a restaurant open, and

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

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stopped for breakfast. Connie's mood, upon being awakened, contained a special quality of sullen misgivings. Karen noted this worriedly; it was an indication that the child sensed that something "serious" was wrong and was disturbed by it. Later Connie returned to her place in the back of the car with no protest that she wanted to sit up front.

When they left the restaurant Karen, from habit, started toward the front of the car and the driver's seat, then stopped and looked back at Winnie. After a moment's hesitation Winnie nodded and handed over the keys.

"I guess I'll climb in the back," she said levelly, "with Connie."

Karen met the threat in her gaze and nodded. "You must be tired."

"I might just give my eyes a rest."

A quick check of the map told Karen why Winnie was willing, at this juncture, to relinquish the wheel; there was almost no traffic on the highway at this hour, and there were no towns listed for more than a hundred miles. Any chance she might have to summon help was all but non-existent. However, there was the possibility that Winnie might fall asleep, and the thought brought a small resurgence of hope. This was soon dispelled, though, when it became apparent that Winnie, sitting with her eyes closed, was instantly sensitive to even the slightest alteration in the car's progress; the faintest change of speed or direction and her eyes came watchfully wide open at once.

After a couple of hours, as they approached the next town, Winnie roused herself, announced that she was ready to take the wheel again.

Getting in beside Karen, she opened her bag, extracted from it some sort of pill that Karen couldn't see, and popped it into her mouth.

In the town, they stopped at a lunch counter and again bought sandwiches to take along in the car. After a second stop for petrol, they were on their way again. As they continued on, the landscape became briefly greener and then oddly dry and rock-strewn.

By mid-afternoon the strain of continuous travel had begun to tell on all three of them. Connie's frequent outbursts of complaint were swiftly getting to be almost more than Karen, with her own straining nerves, could endure. Winnie, who had earlier retreated into an uncommunicative shell, emerged just once to snap at Connie to shut up, and stay shut up. Connie, her small face crumpled into a mask of hurt bewilderment, subsided into her seat and was still.

At nightfall, when they reached Spanish Fork, they stopped again for food and petrol, then left the town on an altered course, turning away from Provo only a few miles away, taking Route 50 in a southerly direction toward the border of Nevada.

Again, as they came to a prolonged stretch without towns, Winnie yielded the wheel for a time to Karen, rested for a bit in the back seat, then returned to take over again. Hours, it seemed, passed unbroken by any sound but that of the laboring motor. Gradually the scene outside, seen in fragments under the beam of the probing headlights, became flatter and more barren.

. . . . .

It was late when they came into the town, well after dark, and they nearly passed through without spotting the car parked next to the grocery. Haggy, however, saw it in time, and Gar pulled in sharply at the end of the street, next to a deserted building that, according to the sun-faded sign at the front, had once been a hardware store.

The town, through the years of its existence, had taken on the tired-out, defeated look of its surroundings. It was comprised not of blocks but of two brief disordered rows of buildings gathered at either side of the road like the weary, ragged sentinels of some routed army. The building, dappled with signs, beside which the women's car had stopped, served multiple duty as a grocery, a dry-goods emporium, and a post office. Beyond were a garage-service station, a pool hall with a lunch counter at the front, and a building, more respectable than the others, belonging to the telephone company.

Opposite were a drugstore, glutted with merchandise and dust-covered display cards, a bar and two other buildings, both dark, one of which was evidently some sort of lodge and social hall. The other was the defunct hardware store in the shadow of which Gar had parked.

THE only street lighting, beyond that which emanated from the buildings themselves, was supplied by a single large bulb, suspended over the centre of the road on a sagging cord stretched between store fronts, shaded by a loose enamelled reflector. Most of the buildings were of ancient clapboard construction. All of them bore overhang shelters at the front. Gar, leaning back in his seat, looked across at the car with a deep frown of speculation.

"They inside, in the store?" he asked. "You see?"

"I don't know, man," Haggy said. "I just had time to pick up the car. This driving, driving, driving, night and day, it's hard."

Gar nodded. "And switching highways all the time, it's hard to tail out in this open country, you have to stay so far back."

"Back or front, you got it all to yourself. Who else would want it?"

"But there's something up with that woman. The way she's heading, she's figuring to make it into California through Death Valley. She's playing it scared all of a sudden."

"The desert," Haggy said in disgust, "what a creeper! Hey, look, man, I'm hungry. I've gotta have something to eat. How about I drift back on that pool palace and pick us up some stuff?"

"Wait and see what's going on first. I'm going to take a stretch."

"Me, too, man, me, too."

They left the car and came together again in the shadows at the corner of the building, where they could have a better view of the car.

"I think they're just sitting there."

"Looks like it."

"Crazy."

A moment passed, then Haggy asked, "What kind you want?"

Gar looked around at him. "What kind of what?"

"Sandwiches, man."

"Oh — anything. Ham, cheese, egg, any damn thing. Haggy, don't bother me about sandwiches. There's something screwy going on here, and I want to know what it is."

To be concluded

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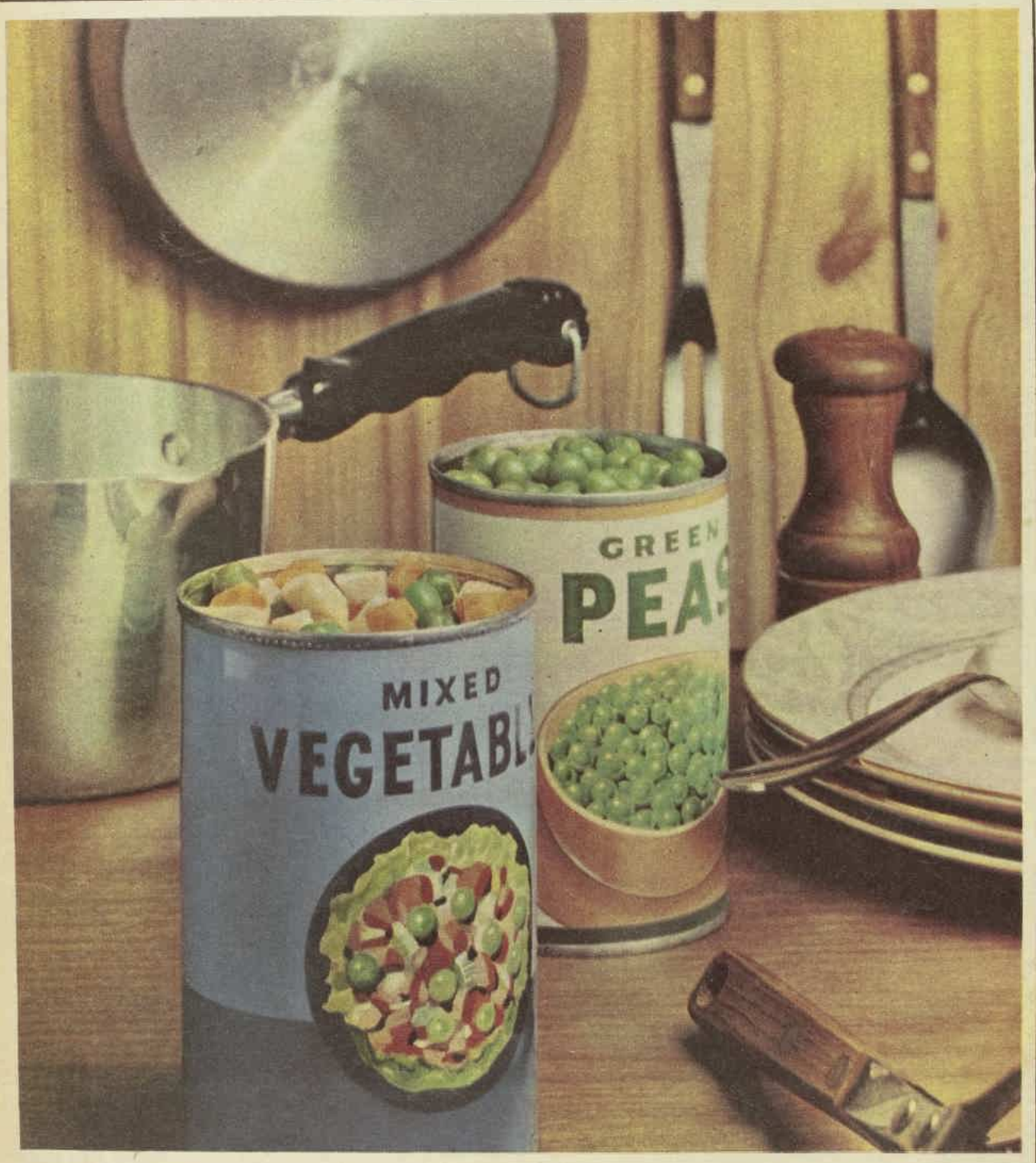

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

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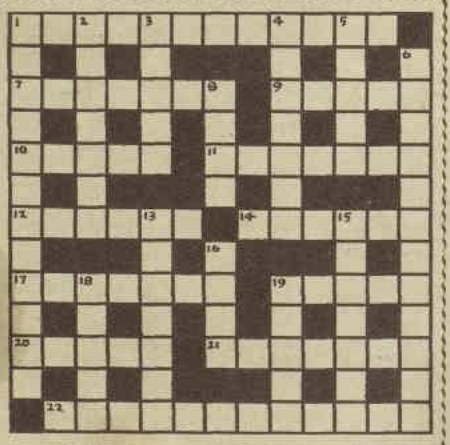
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This manly come-down occurred in 1871 (7, 2, 3).
7. I cancel (anagr., 7).
9. Pillage about a classical farewell (5).
10. Pale as a layer (5).
11. Surviving trace mostly of men and an ant (7).
12. Do I rat? Yes, but it becomes dexterous (6).
14. Divine messengers, whose hind legs are broken (6).
17. Lean, but not thin (7).
19. These dwelling-places don't seem to have any rise (5).
20. Capital of Central Province of Kenya (5).
21. Remit in boundary marks (7).
22. For a limb followed by a prognostic on an introductory discourse (12).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. What are customarily made in the line of duty, especially when travelling (12).
2. Brimstone (7).
3. By way of in a French watering-place on Lake Geneva (5).
4. Beware in front, chaps! We are the supervisors (7).
5. Turkish city on the River Seihun (5).
6. Unimportant meeting, which would not reach even a quarter ( ), 7).
8. Listeners upset are included (4).
13. The beginning of a word starts in it (7).
15. State of high spirits, and is not a lie (7).
16. Fast granted for temporary use (4).
18. Bright, mostly a dramatic king (5).
19. Public place in Rome with a spiritual ending? (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

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